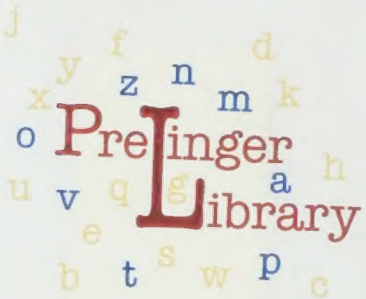
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# ST. NICHOLAS

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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VOLUME XXVI.
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# ST. NICHOLAS:

## VOLUME XXVI.

### PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1898, TO APRIL, 1899.

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"JIMPSON, SIGHTING A CLEAR SPACE, SPED THROUGH. HE COULD FEEL THE FIELD TRAILING AFTER HIM, AND COULD HEAR THE SOUND OF THE FALLING MEN."

(SEE "THE 'ARRIVAL' OF JIMPSON," PAGE 10.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVI. NOVEMBER, 1898. No. 1.



# THE "ARRIVAL" OF JIMPSON

BY RICHARD STILLMAN POWELL

## I.—THE DEPARTURE.

THE rain fell in a steady, remorseless drizzle upon the rain-coats and umbrellas of the throng that blocked the sidewalks and overflowed on to the car-tracks; but the fires of patriotism were unquenchable, and a thousand voices arose to the leaden sky in a fierce clamor of intense enthusiasm. It had rained all night. The streets ran water, and the spouts emptied their tides between the feet of the cheerers. The lumbering cars, their crimson sides glistening, clanged their way carefully through the crowds, and lent a dash of color to the scene. The back of Gray's loomed cheerless and bleak through the drizzle, and beyond, the college yard lay deserted. In store windows the placards were hidden behind the blurred and misty panes, and farther up the avenue, the tattered red flag above Foster's hung limp and dripping.

Under the leafless elm, the barge, filled to overflowing with departing heroes, stood ready

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for its start to Boston. On the steps, bareheaded and umbrella-less, stood Benham, '95, who, with outstretched and waving arms, was tempting the throng into ever greater vocal excesses.

"Now, then, fellows! Three times three for Meredith."

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Meredith!" A thousand throats raised the cry; umbrellas clashed wildly in mid-air; the crowd surged to and fro; horses curveted nervously; and the rain poured down impartially upon the reverend senior and the clamorous freshman.

"Fellows, you 're not *half* cheering!" cried the relentless Benham. "Now, three times three, three long Harvards, and three times three for the eleven."

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Har-vard, Har-vard, Har-vard! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Leven!"

Inside the coach there was a babel of voices. Members of the eleven leaned out and conversed jerkily with friends on the sidewalk. Valises and suit-cases were piled high in the aisle and held in the owners' laps. The manager was checking off his list.

"Cowper?"

"Here."

"Turner?"

"All right."

"Truesdale?"

"Hey? Oh, yes; I 'm here." The manager folded the list. Then a penciled line on the margin caught his eye.

"Who 's Jameson? Jameson here?"

"Should be Jimpson," corrected the man next to him: and a low voice called from the far end of the barge:

"Here, sir." It sounded so much like the response of a school-boy to the teacher that the hearers laughed with the mirth begot of tight-stretched nerves. A youth wearing a faded brown ulster, who was between Gates, the big center, and the corner of the coach, grew painfully red in the face, and went into retirement behind the big man's shoulder.

"Who is this fellow Jimpson?" queried a man in a yellow mackintosh.

"Jimpson? He 's a freshie. Trying for right half-back all fall. I suppose Brattle took him along, now that Ward 's given up, to substitute Sills. They say he 's an A 1 runner, and plucky. He 's played some on the second eleven. Taunton told me, the other day, that he played great ball at Exeter, last year."

The strident strains of the "Washington Post" burst out on the air, urging the cheerers to even greater efforts. They were cheering indiscriminatingly now. The trainer, the rubbers, the coaches, even the bulldog "mascot," had received their shares of the ovation. But Benham, '95, with his coat soaked through, was still unsatisfied, and sought for further tests. Two professors, half hidden under umbrellas, had emerged from the yard, and were standing at a little distance, watching the scene.

"Three times three for Professor Dablee!" The cheers that followed were mixed with laughter, and the two professors moved off, but not until the identity of the second had been revealed, and the air had filled with the refrain of "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Pollock!"

"They look as though they ought to win; don't you think so?" asked one of them.

The other professor frowned.

"Yes, they look like that; every eleven does. You 'd think, to see them before a game, that nothing short of a pile-driver or dynamite could drive them an inch. And a few days later they return, heartbroken and defeated."

Across the square floated a husky bellow:

"Now, then, fellows! Once more! All together! Three times three for Harvard!"

The band played wildly, frenziedly, out of time and tune; the crowd strained its tired throats for one last farewell slogan; the men in the barge waved their hands; the horses jumped forward; a belated riser in Holyoke threw open a front window, and drowsily yelled, "Shut up"; and the Harvard eleven sped on its way up the avenue, and soon became a blur in the gray vista.

"Say, Bob, you forgot to cheer Jimpson."

The wearied youth faced his accuser, struck an attitude indicative of intense despair, and then joyfully seized the opportunity.

"Fellows! Fellows! Hold on! Three times three for Jim — Jim — who 'd you say?"

"Jimpson," prompted the friend.

"Three times three for Jimpson! Now, then, all together!"

"Say — who's Jimpson?" shouted a dozen voices at once.

"Don't know. Don't care. Three times three for Jimpson!"

And so that youth, had he but known it, received a cheer, after all. But he did n't know it — at least, not until long afterward, when cheers meant so much less to him.



"LOTS A WINE-IN-THE-BOTTLE BEHIND THE BIG MAN — SEE?"

### II. — A LETTER.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., November 19.

DEAR MOTHER: I can imagine your surprise upon receiving a letter from this place, when your dutiful son is supposed to be "grinding" in No. 30 College House, Cambridge. And the truth is that the dutiful son is surprised himself. Here am I, with some thirty-five other chaps, making ready for the big football game with Yale to-morrow. Here is how it happened:

Yesterday morning, Brattle — he 's our captain — came to my room, routed me out of bed, and told me to report to the coaches for morning practise. You know, I 've been trying for substitute right half-back. Ward, the regular, sprained his knee in the Dartmouth game, and a few days ago it went lame again. So now Sills has Ward's place, and I 'm to substitute Sills. And if he gets laid out — and maybe I ought to hope he won't — I go in and play. What do you think of that? Of course Sills may last the entire game; but they say he has a weak back, only he won't own up to it, and may have to give up after the first half. Gates told me this on the train. Gates is the big center, and weighs 196. He is very kind, and we chummed all the way from Boston. I did n't know any of the fellows, except a few by sight — just enough to nod to, you know.

We left Cambridge in a driving rain, and a big crowd stood out in it all, and cheered the eleven, and the captain, and the college, and everything they could think of. Every fellow on the first and second elevens, and every "sub" was cheered — all except Mr. Jimpson. They did n't know of his existence! But I did n't feel bad — not very, anyhow. I hope the rest of the fellows did n't notice the omission, however. But I made up my mind that if I get half a show, I 'll make 'em cheer Jimpson, too. Just let me get on the field. I feel to-night as though I could go through the whole Yale team. Perhaps if I get out there, facing a big Yale man, I 'll not feel so strong.

You know, you 've always thought I was big. Well, to-day I overheard a fellow asking one of the men, "Who is that little chap with the red cheeks?" I 'm a midget beside most of the other fellows. If I play to-morrow, I 'll be the lightest man on the team, with the exception of Turner, our quarter-back, who weighs 158. I beat him by three pounds.

Such a hubbub as there is in this town to-night! Everybody seems crazy with excitement. Of course I have n't the slightest idea who is going to win, but to look at our fellows, you 'd think they would have things their own way. I have n't seen any of the Yale players. We practised on their field for an hour or so this afternoon, but they did n't show up. There was a big crowd of Yale students looking on. Of course every fellow of us did his very worst; but the spectators did n't say anything — just looked wise.

Most of the fellows are terribly nervous to-night. They go around as though they were looking for something, and would cry if they did n't find it soon. And the trainer is the worst of all. Brattle, the captain, is fine, though. He is n't any more nervous than an alligator, and has been *sitting still all the evening*, talking with a lot of the old graduates about the game. Once he came in the writing-room, where I 'm sitting, and asked whom I was writing to. When I told him, he smiled, and said to tell you that if anything happened

he 'd look after my *remains* himself! Maybe he thought I was nervous. But if I am, I 'm not the only one. Gates is writing to his mother, too, at the other table.

Give my love to Will and Bess. Tell Will to send my old skates to me. I shall want them. There is fine skating on Fresh Pond, which, by the way, is a lake.

We 're ordered off to bed. I guess some of us won't sleep very well. I 'm rather excited myself, but I guess I 'm tired enough to sleep. I 'll write again when I get back to college. With bushels of love to all,

Yours affectionately, TOM.

### III.—THE "ARRIVAL."

JIMPSON sat on the ground, and watched with breathless interest two charging, tattered, writhing lines of men. Jimpson felt a good deal like an outcast, and looked like a North American Indian. Only legs and face were visible; the rest of Jimpson was enveloped in a big gray blanket with barbaric red borders. Some two dozen counterparts of Jimpson sat or lay near by, stretching along the side-line in front of the Harvard section of the grand stand. Behind them a thousand enthusiastic mortals were shouting pæans to the goddess of victory, and, unless that lady was deaf, she must have heard the pæans, however little she approved of them. The most popular one was sung to a well-known air.

"As we 're strolling through Fifth Avenue
With an independent air,
The ladies turn and stare,
The chappies shout, 'Ah, there!'
And the population cries aloud,
'Now, are n't they just the swellest crowd,
The men that broke Old Eli at New Haven!'"

And a mighty response swept across the field from where a bank of blue rose from the green of the field to the lighter blue of the sky. It was a martial air, with a prophecy of victory:

"Shout aloud the battle-cry
Of Yale, Yale, Yale!
Wave her standard far and high
For Yale, Yale, Yale!
See the foe retreat before us,
Sons of Eli, shout the chorus,
Yale, Yale, Yale, Yale, Yale!"

Harvard and Yale were doing battle once more, and thirty thousand people were looking on. The score-board announced: Harvard, 4; Yale, 0. Yale's ball. 15 minutes to play.

The story of twenty minutes of the first half is soon told. It had been Yale's kick-off. Haag had sent the ball down the field to Harvard's 20-yard line, and Van Brandt had gathered it in his long arms, and, with Meredith ahead, had landed it back in the middle of the field. But the fourth down gave it to their opponents after a loss of two yards, and the pigskin went down again to Harvard's territory, coming to a stop at the white line that marked thirty-five yards. Here Harvard's new half-back kick had been tried, and the ball went high in air, and the field went after it; and when the Yale full-back got his hands on it, he was content with a bare five yards, and it was Yale's ball on her 40-yard line. Then happened a piece of ill luck for the wearers of the blue. On the second down, Kurtz fumbled the pass, the ball rolled toward Yale's goal, and Brattle broke through the opposing left-tackle and fell on it.

And while a thunderous roar of joy floated across the field from the followers of the Crimson, the teams lined up on Yale's thirty yards. Twice Meredith tried to go through between center and left guard, and a bare yard was the reward. Then Van Brandt had run back as for a kick; the ball was snapped, passed to Sills, Harvard's right half-back, and, with it safely under his arm, he had skirted the Yale left, and fallen and wriggled and squirmed across the goal-line for the first touch-down.

Then ensued five minutes of bedlam, and after the victorious seats had settled into excited complacency, Van Brandt had tried for goal. But success was too much to hope for, and the two teams trotted back to the middle of the field, with the score 4 to 0. Then had the sons of Eli shown of what they were made, and in the next ten minutes the ball had progressed with fatal steadiness from the center of the field to the region of the Crimson's twenty yards. And now it was Yale's ball on the second down, and the silence was so intense that the signal was heard as plainly by the watchers at the far end of the field as by the twenty-two stern-faced warriors who faced each other almost under the shadow of the goal-posts.

"*Twelve, six, twelve, fifty — two!*"

And the backs, led by the guards, hurled their weight against Harvard's right tackle; and



"THE SIGNAL WAS CALLED. HE HEARD IT OUT ALL RIGHT, AND LOOKED HIS MAN TO WHERE HE WAS NEEDED."

when the ball was found, Baker held it within a few inches of the 10-yard line.

The cheers of Yale had now grown continuous; section after section passed the slogan along. The stand across the field looked to Jimpson like a field of waving blue gentians. On the Harvard seats the uproar was less intense, and seemed a trifle forced; and the men near by were breathing heavily, and restively creeping down the line.

Again the lines were formed. Jimpson could see the tall form of the gallant Gates settle down into a hunchback, toad-like position to receive the coming onslaught. Billings, the right tackle, was evidently expecting another experience like the last. He looked nervous, and Gates turned his head and spoke to him under cover of the first numbers of the signal.

The guards were back of the line again, and their elbows almost brushed as they stood between the half-backs. Silence reigned. The referee skipped nimbly out of the way.

"*Seven, seventeen, eighty-one, thirty!*"

Again the weakening tackle was thrust aside, and although the Crimson line held better, the ball was three yards nearer home when the whistle blew, and Billings, somewhat dazed, had to call for a short delay.

"First down again," muttered a brawny sub at Jimpson's elbow. "Why does n't he take Billings out?"

Again the signal came. Again a jumbled mass of arms and legs for a moment hid the

result. Then the men on the stand overlooking the goal-line arose *en masse*, and a mighty cheer traveled up the field, growing in volume until Jimpson could not hear his own groans nor the loud groans of a big sub. Back of the line, and almost equidistant of the posts, lay the Yale full-back; and the ball was held tightly to earth between outstretched hands. The prostrate players were slowly gaining their feet; but Billings and Sills lay where they had fallen. Then Brattle stepped toward the side-line, holding up his hand. With a leap Jimpson was on his feet. But the big chap beside him had already pulled off his sweater, and now, tossing it into Jimpson's face, he sped gleefully toward the captain.

Jimpson sat down again in deep disappointment; and a moment later, Billings, supported on either side, limped from the gridiron, amidst the cheers of the Harvard supporters. Sills was on his feet again, and the trainer was talking to him. Jimpson could see the plucky fellow shaking his head. Then, after a moment of indecision, the trainer left him, the whistle sounded, the Crimson team lined up back of the line, and Kurtz was poising the ball for a try at goal. The result was scarcely in doubt, and the ball sailed cleanly between the posts, a good two feet above the cross-bar; and the score-board said, "Harvard, 4; Yale, 6"; and there were three minutes more of the half.

Back went the ball to the 55-yard line, and loud arose the cheers of the triumphant friends of Yale. Gates kicked off, and Warner sent the ball back again, with a gain of ten yards. Sills caught it and ran, but was downed well inside Harvard territory, and the half ended with the ball in Yale's hands. Jimpson seized his blanket, and trotted after the eleven to the quarters. He found Gates stripping for a rub-down.

"Well, my lad," panted the latter "could you discern from where you were just what kind of a cyclone struck us?" But Jimpson was too much interested for such levity.

"Do you think I 'll get in this half, Gates?"

"Can't say. Take a look at Sills, and judge for yourself."

That gentleman was having his lame back rubbed by a trainer, but he appeared to Jimpson good for at least another quarter of an hour.

It seemed but a moment after they had reached the rooms that the word of "Time 's up, fellows," was passed, and renewed cheering from without indorsed the fact. But a moment or two still remained, and that moment belonged to Brattle. He stood on a bench and addressed the hearers very quietly:

"We 're going to kick, this half, fellows. I want every man to get down the field on the instant, without stopping to hold. I don't think they can keep us from scoring at least once more; but every man has got to *work*. When the time comes to put the ball over the line, I expect it to go over with a rush. Let every man play the best game he knows, but *play together*. Remember that lack of team work has often defeated Harvard. And now, fellows, three times three for Harvard!"

And what a yell that was! Jimpson went purple in the face, and the head coach cheered his spectacles off. And then out they all went on a trot, big Gates doing a coltish hand-spring in mid-field, to the great delight of the Crimson's wearers. The college band played; thirty thousand people said something all together; and then the great quadrangle was silent, the whistle piped merrily, and the ball soared into air again.

Jimpson took up his position on the side-line once more, and watched with envious heart the lucky players. For the great, overwhelming desire of Jimpson's soul was to be out there on the torn turf, doing great deeds, and being trampled under foot. He watched the redoubtable Sills as a cat watches a mouse. Every falter of that player brought fresh hope to Jimpson. He would have liked to rise and make an impassioned speech in the interests of humanity, protesting against allowing a man in Sill's condition to remain in the game. Jimpson's heart revolted at the cruelty of it.

Some such idea as this he had expressed to Gates, that morning; and the big center had giggled in deep amusement; in fact he had refused to recognize the disinterested character of Jimpson's protest.

"Don't you think," Jimpson had pleaded, "that I might ask Brattle to give me a show in the second half?"

"No, I don't," Gates had answered bluntly,



"HE ... AGAIN ... STRAIGHT ... HIS WEIGHT ... SHIFTS ... AND ... THE CAPTAIN WAS ... HOLDING HIS HEAD." (SEE PAGE 11.)

"You 're an unknown quantity, my boy; as the Frenchies say, you have n't 'arrived.' For a player who has n't 'arrived' to try to give the captain points would be shocking bad taste. That 's how it is. Sills is a good player. As long as he can hold his head up, he 'll be allowed to play. When he 's laid out, Brattle will give you a show. He can't help himself; you 're the only chap that he can trust in the position. And look here; when that time comes, just you remember the signals, and *keep your eyes on the ball.* That 's all you 'll have to do. Don't take your eyes off the leather, even if the sky falls!"

Jimpson remembered the conversation, and thought ruefully that it was easy enough for a fellow who has everything that heart can desire to spout good advice to chaps on the side-lines. Perhaps if Gates were in his (Jimpson's) place he 'd not be any too patient himself. The score-board said fifteen minutes to play. Sills still held up his stubborn head, and Jimpson's chances grew dimmer and dimmer as moments sped.

Harvard's kicking tactics had netted her long gains time and again, and twice had she reached Yale's 10-yard line, only to be grimly held and hurled back. Yale, on the other hand, had only once reached scoring-distance of their opponent's goal, and had been successfully held for downs. Veterans of the game declared enthusiastically, between bets, that it was "the snappiest game of the decade!" and supporters of Harvard said among themselves that it was beautifully conducive to heart-disease. Perhaps never had the two colleges turned out teams so evenly balanced in both offense and defense. The bets had become "one to two that Harvard does n't score again."

Harvard's quarter had given place to a substitute, and her left guard had retired injured. Yale had fared no better, possibly worse, since her crack full-back had been forced to yield to a somewhat inferior sub. And now the hands on the score-board turned again, and only ten minutes remained.

The ball was down near Harvard's 40-yard line, and when it was snapped back, Sills took it for a "round-the-end run." But Yale's big left half-back was waiting for him, and the two went to earth together near the side-line and almost at Jimpson's feet. And then it was that that youth's heart did queer feats inside him, and seemed trying to get out. For Sills lay awhile where he had fallen, and when he could walk the doctor had sent him from the field. Brattle beckoned to Jimpson. With trembling fingers Jimpson struggled with his sweater; but had not a neighbor come to his assistance, he would never have wriggled out of it before the game was called.

Brattle met him, and, laying an arm over his shoulder, walked him a few paces apart. Jimpson's heart, which had become more normal in action, threatened another invasion of his throat, and he wondered if everybody was looking on. Then he stopped speculating, and listened to what the captain was saying.

"We 've only eight minutes to play. The ball has *got* to go over, Jimpson. I 've seen you run, and I believe you can make it if you try. The ball is yours on the second down. Try the right end; don't be afraid of swinging out into the field. Whatever you do, don't let go of the ball. If Turner puts you through the line, keep your head down, but jump high. Now, go in, lad, and let 's see what you can do." He gave Jimpson an encouraging slap on the back that almost precipitated that youth into the quarter, and Jimpson saw the broad backs before him settling down, and heard the labored breathing of the men.

"*Ninety-one, twenty-eight, seventy-three, sixty-four — six!*"

Jimpson suddenly found himself pushing the left half-back against a surging wall of tattered blue. Then some one seized him about the waist, and he picked himself up from the ground eight feet away from the scene of battle.

"That 's what comes of being so small and light," he growled to himself, as he trotted back. But the thirst of battle was in Jimpson's soul, and he marked the Yale end who had treated him so contemptuously.

The try between right-tackle and end had netted a bare yard, and Jimpson tried to look self-possessed while his back was running with little chills and his throat was dry as dust. The next chance was his, and he waited the signal anxiously, to learn whether the pass was direct or double. The other half-back imperceptibly dropped back a foot. The quarter looked around. The lines swayed and heaved.

"*Twenty-seven, sixty-three, forty-five, seventy-two — five!*"

Jimpson leaped forward; the left half-back darted across him, the quarter passed neatly, and, with the Harvard left-end beside him, he was sweeping down to the right and into the field. The Yale end went down before the mighty Cowper; and Jimpson, sighting a clear space, sped through. He could feel the field trailing after him, and could hear the sounds of the falling men. Before him in the distance, a little to the left, came the Yale full-back. Almost upon him was the Yale left-half, looking big and ugly. But, with a final spurt, Van Zandt ran even, and gave the shoulder to the enemy; and as they went down together, Jimpson leaped free, and, running on, knew that at last he was left to shift for himself. Of the foes behind he had no fear; of the full-back running cautiously down on him he feared everything.

But he clutched the ball tighter, and raced on straight as an arrow toward the only player between him and the goal that loomed so far down the field.

He heard now the mighty sound of voices cheering him on, saw without looking the crowded stands to the right; and then something whispered of danger from behind, and, scarcely daring to do so, lest he trip and fall, glanced hurriedly over his shoulder into the staring eyes of a runner. And now he could hear the other's short, labored gasps. Before him but a scant ten yards was the full-back. Jimpson's mind was made up on the instant. Easing his pace the least bit, he swung abruptly to the left. He well knew the risk he ran, but he judged himself capable of making up the lost ground. As he had thought, the pursuer was little expecting such a deliberate divergence from the course, and, as a result, he overran, and then turned clumsily, striking for a point between Jimpson and the left goal-post. The full-back had noted the change, of course, on the instant, and was now running for about the same intersecting point as the other. The three runners formed a triangle. For the moment the pursuer was out of reckoning, and Jimpson could give all his skill to eluding the full-back, who faced him, ready for a tackle.

And here Jimpson's lighter weight stood him in good stead. Clutching the ball tightly, he made a feint to the left, and then flung himself quickly to the right. As he did so he spun around. The full-back's hand reached his canvas jacket, slipped, and found a slight hold upon his trousers; and Jimpson, scarcely recovered from his turn, fell on one knee, the full-back also falling in his effort to hold. At that moment the pursuer reached the spot, and sprang toward Jimpson.

The shouts had ceased, and thirty thousand persons were holding their breath. The next moment a shout of triumph went up, and Jimpson was speeding on toward the Yale goal. For as the last man had thrown himself forward, Jimpson had struggled to his feet, the full-back following, and the two Yale men had crashed together with a shock that left the full-back prostrate upon the turf. The other had regained himself quickly, and taken up the pursuit; but Jimpson was already almost ten yards to the good, and, although his breath was coming in short, painful gasps, and the white lines seemed rods apart, the goal became nearer and nearer. But the blue-stockinged runner was not done, and the cries of the crimson well-wishers were stilled as the little space between the two runners grew perceptibly less.

Jimpson, with his eyes fixed in agony upon the last white line under the goal-posts, struggled on. One ankle had been wrenched in his rapid turn, and it pained frightfully as it took the ground. He could hear the steps of the pursuing foe almost at his heels, and, try as he might, he could not cover the ground any faster. His brain reeled, and he thought each moment that he must fall.

But the thought of what that touch-down meant, and the recollection of the captain's words, nerved him afresh. The goal-line was plain before him now; ten yards only remained. The air was filled with cheers; but to Jimpson everything save that little white line and the sound of the pounding steps behind him was obliterated.

Success seemed assured, when a touch on his shoulder made the landscape reel before his eyes. It was not a clutch — just fingers grasping at his smooth jacket, unable as yet to find a hold.

The last white line but one passed haltingly, slowly, under his feet. The fingers traveled upward, and suddenly a firm grasp settled upon his shoulder. He tried to swing free, faltered, stumbled, recovered himself with a last supreme effort, and, holding the ball at arm's length, threw himself forward, face down. And as the enemy crashed upon him, Jimpson tried hard to gasp "Down!" but found he could n't, and then — did n't care at all.

When he came to he found a crowd of players about him. Faces almost strange to him were smiling, and the captain was holding his head. His right foot pained frantically, and the doctor and rubbers were busy over him.

"Was it — was it over?" he asked weakly.

"Easy, old chap — with an inch to spare," replied the lips above. "Listen!"

Jimpson tried to raise his head, but it felt so funny that he gave up the effort. But, despite

the woolen sweater bunched up for a pillow, he heard a deep roar that sounded like the breakers on the beach at home. Then he smiled, and fainted once more.

But the score-board had changed its figures again: Harvard, 8; Yale, 6. Touch-down. Harvard's ball. 3 minutes to play.

And the deep, exultant roar went on, resolving itself into "H-a-r-vard! H-a-r-vard!"

The band was playing "Washington Post." Harvard Square was bright under a lurid glow of red fire. Cheering humanity was packed tight from the street to the balustrade of Matthews, and from there up and across the yard. Cannon crackers punctuated the blare of noise with sharp detonations. The college was out in full force to welcome home the football heroes, and staid and prim old Cambridge lent her quota to the throng. From the back of Gray's the cheering grew louder, and the crowd surged toward the avenue. The band broke ranks and skeltered after. A four-horse barge drew up slowly at the curb, and, one after another, the men dropped out, tightly clutching their bags, and strove to slip away through the throng. But each was eventually captured, his luggage confiscated, and himself raised to the shoulders of riotous admirers. When all were out and up, the band started the strains of "Fair Harvard," and thousands of voices joined in. The procession moved. Jimpson, proud and happy and somewhat embarrassed, was well up in the line. When the corner was turned and the yard reached the roar increased in volume. Cheers for the eleven, for Harvard, for Brattle, were filling the air. And then suddenly Jimpson's heart leaped at sound of his own name from thousands of throats.

"Now, fellows, three long Harvards, and three times three for Jimpson!" In the roar that followed Jimpson addressed his bearers.

"Won't you please let me go now? I — I 'm not feeling very well, and — and I 'm only a sub, you know."

The plea of illness moved his captors, and Jimpson was dropped to earth, and his valise restored. There was no notice taken of him as he slipped stealthfully through the outskirts of the throng, and as he reached the corner of Holden Chapel he paused and listened.

To the dark heavens arose a prolonged, impatient demand from thousands of Harvard throats. The listener heard, and then fled toward the dark building across the street, and, reaching his room, locked the door behind him. But still he could hear the cries, loudly and impatiently repeated: "We — want — Jimp-son! We — want — Jimp-son! Jimp-son!"



"WE WANT JIMP-SON!"

# MARGARET CLYDE'S EXTRA.

By Isabel Gordon Curtis.

It was becoming dark and still in the composing-room of the "Riverpoint Gazette." One compositor after another had put on his hat and coat, turned out the electric light over his case, and gone home. Nobody was left in the long room but Phillips, the foreman, and Margaret Clyde. He was an elderly man with a pleasant face and gray hair. Margaret was sixteen—a slim, fair girl, whose sweet expression and quiet manners made her liked in an office where all but herself were men. She and Phillips were usually the last to leave the composing-room. He stayed to see that everything was right, and Margaret waited to walk home with him. They lived a mile away, in adjacent streets and it was generally three in the morning before the last form went downstairs.

"Ready, Margaret?" he called pleasantly, through the darkness.

She had been washing her hands at the sink, but she came slowly down the room to where he stood.

"I 'm not going home this morning," she answered hesitatingly.

"Bless me! —why?" he asked in surprise.

"I 'm going to Lancaster on the five-thirty train, and mother thought I might as well stay here until train-time; it 's so much nearer the station."

"Oh, that 's it, is it?" said Phillips, cheerily. "Will you be back before night?"

"Yes; I 'm coming home on the four o'clock train," she answered.

"Well, that 's all right. You need a holiday, I guess."

"It is n't a holiday, exactly," she explained. "My uncle lives there, and he — wants to see me."

Margaret was intensely honest, and she felt as if she was deceiving Phillips.

"Anyway, a day's change won't hurt you. I 'm going now. Won't you be afraid to stay here alone for two hours?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Margaret; "I 'll lock the door, and the pressmen are downstairs, you know."

"Well, good morning"; and Phillips left, shutting the door that led out into the street.



"THROUGH THE GLASS SHE SAW THE [illegible]"

Margaret went to get her lunch-box and a glass of water. She made a tidy, paper-covered table of the proof-reader's desk, and unfolded the New York evening paper that Phillips always saved for her to take home. It was dated "May 6, 1898," and Margaret read in a large scare-head on the front page: "Still No Word from Dewey."

Riverpoint is a mere spot on the American map, a city of forty thousand people; but just

at that time it shared in no small measure the anxiety that thrilled the whole continent. A captain of one of the ships in Dewey's fleet called Riverpoint his home. He was a much-



"SHE HAD LEARNED TO SET TYPE WITH WONDERFUL DEFTNESS."

beloved citizen, and his wife and family lived there. Among his crew were seven boys from Riverpoint. One was Lieutenant Warde, a popular young fellow; the others were seamen, who had mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, brothers, and children there. The news had come of the great battle at Manila, but the townspeople waited for the death-list; and there were men and women in Riverpoint whose faces grew careworn with dread.

Every day, Margaret saw some one tap at the door of the editor's room. He was a man whom everybody loved and trusted. Women came to him whose sons and husbands were in Dewey's fleet. They had grown to distrust the bulletins, but they relied implicitly in Editor Schell's knowledge of the situation. He was never too busy to talk to them. Margaret had often seen him turn from a laborious editorial to greet them, to assure them in his hearty, cheering way that "no news was good news, and when it did come it would be the best." But even his face began to grow grave when people talked of Manila. Lieutenant Warde seemed almost like one of his own sons; he had grown up with his boys; and as the week wore on he grew restless and looked anxious. Margaret had watched him that night while she was straightening up her case. She had finished the last revise, and the last form had gone to press. Boyne, the telegraph operator, sat by his instruments, and Editor Schell leaned over him.

"No news," said Boyne, reluctantly. "They don't believe there will be anything now before noon."

"Dear me! this is growing almost unbearable," said Mr. Schell. "I 'll wait fifteen minutes longer before you say 'Good night.'"

Once in a while he came to the door of the editorial room to glance out at Boyne. He sat impassively by the instrument, returning its occasional "tap, tap, tap"; but he scarcely looked up. Once he shook his head, and Mr. Schell returned to his desk without a word. At three they turned out the lights. Boyne said "Good night" to the other end of the line, and then they went out together into the darkness.

Margaret read column after column of the news from Cuba, Key West, and Washington. It seemed to her as if she had read it all before, and she put away the paper while she ate her meager luncheon. Then she tidied up the desk, and laid her head on her arms. She was growing drowsy. She wondered if she could take a short nap. Her train would not leave for an hour and a half yet. It was growing lonely in the deserted composing-room.

She woke up suddenly, thoroughly dazed for a moment. She imagined she had heard a noise. The presses were still rumbling downstairs, and the gray dawn was stealing hazily into corners of the composing-room. It was five by the large clock. The noise came again. Somebody was beating and shaking the outside door. Margaret was frightened, and for a moment she turned to run to the press-room.

The noise grew louder. It was an impatient, determined pounding, first of hands, then feet. She flew to the door. Through the glass she saw the dim figure of a boy in a blue messenger uniform. He thrust a yellow envelope into her hand, cried excitedly, "News from Manila!" turned to mount his wheel, then disappeared down the dim street.

Margaret felt stunned. She knew something ought to be done, but what? It was so far to Phillips's home; Mr. Schell lived in a suburb three miles from the office; and there was nobody in the press-room who could set type. She wished the boy had not left so quickly.

Margaret hurried to the proof-reader's desk, where an electric light glowed. She tore the yellow envelope open, and read the fifty or sixty words on the thin sheet of paper.

"All well at Manila. Not an American lost." She felt as if Dewey had sent her the message direct, and an excited "Oh!" echoed through the empty room. What was she to do? Margaret glanced at the clock. It was five minutes past five. Time was precious, and she felt she must do something. A few days ago she had worked on an extra. Some important news had come in when Phillips and she were alone. She had helped him to set the story in large type, and stood by while he fitted it in the upper part of the front page. There were a few exciting minutes, and Margaret had worked breathlessly. Phillips said some kind words afterward about her efficiency, and it had made her happy for all day long.

She flew to the case where the large block letters were kept that had adorned the first pages of the "Gazette" recently. She was working as if life depended upon her movements. She had learned to set type with wonderful deftness during two years' work, and in ten minutes she was standing over the words that later that morning sent a wave of relief and thankfulness through America. She hurried down to the press-room. The regular edition was nearly ready. The men were running off the last thousand, and the nimble folder stood beside, gathering the papers into bundles.

Pomeroy, the foreman of the press-room,





"'TO SHOW YOU HOW TRULY THE "GAZETTE" APPRECIATES YOUR WORK I AM ASKED TO GIVE YOU THIS ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS,' SAID THE EDITOR." (SEE PAGE 19.)

looked up in mild surprise when Margaret dashed in.

"Well! — what are you doing here?"

"Come," she cried excitedly, "come upstairs with me at once."

"The place is n't on fire, is it?" he asked half seriously.

"No; it 's the news from Dewey," she answered hurriedly.

"Here, Thompson," he shouted to a man at another machine, "I must go upstairs a moment — you take my place."

He followed Margaret up the steep stairs to the table where a gleam of light fell on a half form of large type, headed by block letters. He read the type almost at a glance:

DEWEY IS ALL RIGHT!
REVENUE-CUTTER "McCULLOCH" AT HONG-KONG.
300 SPANISH KILLED AND 400 WOUNDED.
NOT AN AMERICAN KILLED, BUT 6 SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.
ENTIRE SPANISH FLEET DESTROYED!

NEW YORK, May 7. The "———" in an extra edition just published, prints the following special despatch from Hong-Kong: "I have just arrived here on the United States revenue-cutter McCulloch with report of the American triumph at Manila. The entire Spanish fleet of eleven vessels was destroyed. Three hundred Spanish were killed, and four hundred wounded. Our loss was none killed, but six were slightly wounded. Not one of the American ships was injured."

He grew wildly excited, and a shout rang through the deserted building. There was not a man in the "Gazette" office more patriotic or better posted on the war situation than the foreman of the press-room,—he had spent his youth in the navy during the Civil War,—and his shout of triumph was heard downstairs above the din of the rumbling press.

"Who set this up?" he asked, and he looked curiously at Margaret.

"I did."

"All alone?"

"Yes."

"When did the despatch come?"

"Fifteen minutes ago," she said, with a glance at the clock.

"Well, you 're a brick, and a girl at that!" he cried. "But we 've got to rush this out"; and hurrying to the tube, he shouted: "Hey, Bill!—don't let that stereotyper go!"

Margaret helped him while he divided the first page of the morning paper and filled in the upper part with Dewey's memorable message. She followed him downstairs, and listened to the cheers from the grimy men by the presses when he told the news. In less than ten minutes the second edition was being thrown from the press and eagerly gathered up by the men, who realized what glad news this would bring to Riverpoint.

"Three cheers for Dewey!" cried Thompson, excitedly.

The presses rumbled on, and, mingled with their din, rose hearty applause for the hero of the Pacific. Pomeroy turned and laid his blackened hand on Margaret's fair head.

"And now, boys," he said, "three cheers for Margaret Clyde. It is n't every girl of sixteen that could have done this sort of job in fifteen minutes. She did n't lose her head for one second, and I 've an idea we 'll beat the 'Times' on this story."

There were other cheers, almost as loud and hearty as those for Dewey; and Margaret leaned against the stairs, frightened and crying.

"There, there; no tears!" cried Pomeroy's deep voice. "You 're a fine, brave little worker. If I had a girl who had done the work you have this morning, I should be proud of her. Now," he added, putting half a dozen "Gazettes" in her arms, "none of us can leave yet, so get on your hat and go to Mr. Schell's. This news will be especially welcome to him."

Margaret hurried upstairs; then Pomeroy guided her past the dozen frantic newsboys who had heard of Dewey's despatch and were struggling to get papers.

"You skip down to the corner of Exchange Street," said the pressman, "and catch the five-forty car to Oakwood. They may refuse to take you, as it carries only the men to Smith and Twitchell's; but you wave one of these papers to the conductor, and he will take you to Schell's, I 'll warrant."

Margaret ran down the street breathlessly. The car was coming. It rushed past her. The conductor shook his head, but she raced after it, calling out: "News from Manila! Please take me on."

The car stopped. The crowd of men inside had heard her, and were pushing anxiously to the door. She divided some papers among them, and a hearty shout went up from all.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the conductor, kindly, when the noise had subsided.

"To Mr. Schell's, at Oakwood. He is editor of the 'Gazette,' and he has not heard the news yet."

"He 'll he mighty glad," said the conductor. "Here, men, give this little lady a seat."

They rose almost in a body, and Margaret took the corner by the door, while the men set their dinner-pails back on the floor, and renewed their eager discussion of the news.

Margaret was glad to rest. She hugged the precious extra under her arm, while she thought of the excitement of the half-hour since she had waked from her nap at the proof-reader's desk. Then, suddenly, she remembered that the train to Lancaster had gone, and her heart sank. Three days ago her Uncle Keith had written to say that Margaret might have a place on the "Lancaster Star," and earn eight dollars a week. There had been a long debate at home over the news. Margaret had shed a few tears at the thought of leaving the "Gazette." Phillips had got her in there. He had always taken an interest in her, and had taught her all she knew. She was only fourteen when she began, and she had learned

the work quickly. But they could not afford to pay her more than six dollars a week now, and money was needed sorely at home. She had planned to go to Lancaster and decide about the work offered her there, then return and give the "Gazette" a week's notice. But the place would not be kept for her later than Saturday. There was not another train until too late, and she thought sadly of her mother's disappointment.

"Here 's Mr. Schell's house," cried the conductor.

Margaret walked up to the porticoed door between green lawns and tall forest trees. She rang the bell three times before a sleepy-eyed maid came to the door.

"Here is a paper for Mr. Schell," said Margaret.

"Mr. Schell is never to be waked till twelve o'clock," the maid answered crossly.

"It is news from Manila."

"Oh, well, I 'll tell Mrs. Schell"; and the maid shut the great door with a bang.

Margaret sat down on the steps to wait for the car. It probably would not return for a half-hour, but she did not mind waiting; it was lovely and green here in the country, and a pleasant change from the stuffy upstairs tenement she called home. They had had a pretty little cottage on a pleasant street before her father died; but now, even with her mother going out to sew, and with her wages, it was not easy to make both ends meet, the three younger children had so many wants.

She was sitting with her elbows on her knees and her face in her hands, watching a blackbird bathing at the fountain, when she heard the door open. Mrs. Schell stood there asking her to come in. Margaret rose slowly. She had a real awe of the editor's beautiful wife. She had often seen her in the office. She wore exquisite gowns, drove about in a carriage, and had everything, Margaret fancied, that heart could wish for.

"My husband will be down in a minute," she said kindly. "Robina should not have left you on the piazza. It was very welcome news you brought us. How did you come here?"

Margaret was telling her of the ride when Mr. Schell entered.

"Bless me! was it you who brought the news, little girl?" he said cordially. "Well, it was good of you. Helen, please tell Robina to hurry with breakfast. I 'm going to the telephone."

Margaret sat in the cozy library, while Mr. Schell was spreading the news.

"Poor Mrs. Warde!" he said, smiling at Margaret, as he waited for an answer to his third call. "The news you brought has made her happy. She had n't heard it before.

"Hello, there! Who is it? Pomeroy? Well, tell Phillips to speak to me.

"Phillips is n't there? Where did he go?

"Why, who got out the extra?

"Margaret? What, Margaret Clyde? Well, good-by."

He crossed the room to where the little girl sat, and he stood looking down at her with a genial smile. His wife stood beside him.

"So you are the heroine of this 'beat'?" he said quietly.

Margaret's face flushed and the long lashes drooped over her gray eyes. She felt bewildered. She had not thought she was doing anything wonderful. She rose from her chair, when Mr. Schell shook hands with her in his hearty way. His wife bent down and kissed her. It was almost too much for the little girl, and the tears dimmed her eyes.

"Did you do it all alone?" the editor asked gravely. "Tell me about it."

She clasped Mrs. Schell's hand tightly, and in a low voice she told the story.

"When did the extra go on the streets?" asked Mr. Schell.

"At five-forty, sir. The boys were taking it just as I left."

"Why did n't you call me up over the telephone when the despatch came?"

"Oh, sir,"—and Margaret clasped her hands together tightly,—"I forgot all about the telephone. All I thought of was just how to get a paper on the street as soon as possible."

"Upon my word,"—and Mr. Schell's smile deepened into a laugh,—"you have the making of a great editor in you, and that is what you will be some day, or I am mistaken. Now you must stay to breakfast with us. I want to ask you more about this morning's work. Then

you will drive into town with me, for I shall have to go to the office before eight."

Margaret followed them shyly to the bright dining-room. The breakfast-table was very different from the one at home. It gleamed with silver and cut glass; golden daffodils were shadowed in a mirror centerpiece; and the delicious breakfast made the little girl hungry.

"By the way," said Mr. Schell, as he carved a juicy steak, "how did you happen to be at the office at five o'clock?"

Margaret's face flushed, and she stammered something about an early train.

"Never mind," he said cordially; "it does not matter. It was a lucky thing for us, though, that you were there."

Margaret's conscience was troubling her. She felt she had not been true to the employers who had given her the first chance and treated her kindly for two years. She plucked up courage, and told the whole story of the position offered her in Lancaster; of how she wished to help her mother; of the children to be clothed, fed, and educated. She told it with the serious gravity of a little mother.

Mrs. Schell looked up quickly at her husband. She was generous and impulsive, and the sweet-faced child had already found a warm place in her heart.

"I 'm glad you did n't go," said Mr. Schell, emphatically. "We cannot spare you yet."

Margaret felt very happy when the editor showed her into the beautiful carriage, and his wife kissed her good-by, adding cordially that some day soon she would drive into town and bring the younger children home with her for a day at Oakwood. Everywhere, during their ride through the green country roads, Mr. Schell shouted greetings to passers-by, and each one had some enthusiastic word to say about Dewey and Manila. They stopped on Exchange Street to speak to Mayor Hurd.

"I want to congratulate *you*, Schell," cried the mayor, "as well as Dewey. I was up early, and got the news at six. The 'Times' is just getting on the street. It was a great beat."

"Here 's the little girl who did it, mayor," he said gravely,—"Miss Margaret Clyde"; and he told the story in a few words.

The mayor took off his hat and bowed to Margaret as courteously as she had seen him bow to Mrs. Philip Sutherland, the leader of Riverpoint society.

It was a happy girl Mr. Schell left at Rid Street, and it took Margaret an hour to tell the mother why she did not go to Lancaster.

When Margaret went to the "Gazette" office at four o'clock, everybody had something pleasant to say to her. As she came from the dressing-room in her black apron and sleeves, she gave a cry of delight, for her case was covered entirely with red roses—fragrant, fresh, lovely blossoms, such as she had often gazed at longingly in front of the florist's window. There was a card beside them, and in Mr. Phillips's writing she read: "From the composing-room, in honor of Margaret's extra."

She laid her hot face in the blossoms, when a cheer rang through the room. The flowers were so cool and delicious and beautiful, and she was so happy!

"Mr. Schell wants you," said Mr. Phillips.

She lingered by the door of the editorial room irresolutely. Her heart was beating, and she felt as if her voice had gone. Mr. Schell rose and led her into his office. Three gentlemen sat there whom Margaret had heard the men speak of as "stockholders." Each shook hands with her and said kind words; then she heard Mr. Schell speaking to her.

"I have sent for you, Margaret," he said, "to tell you how thoroughly we appreciate what one little girl did for us this morning. We sold thousands of papers before any other paper had brought the news to Riverpoint. It was a beat we shall always be proud of. You did the right thing at the right moment. To show how we appreciate your work, I am asked to give you one hundred dollars."

He laid a small chain purse in Margaret's hand. She could see the gleam of gold through its meshes. "And I have also ordered Mr. Phillips to pay you hereafter ten dollars a week. He tells me you are a steady, excellent worker, so we cannot spare you to Lancaster. What, crying? Bless me! that will never do. Why, we are as proud of you as we are of Dewey himself!"

# THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

By George A. Henty.

## Chapter I.

After many troubles, and having been several times on the verge of ruin, the colony of Virginia appeared, in the beginning of March, 1622, to have surmounted its difficulties, and to be on a fair way toward prosperity. In 1609 the number of colonists had been reduced to sixty, and these were on the point of embarking for Newfoundland when Lord Delaware arrived with supplies and more emigrants. In 1611 fresh arrivals, including a large number of women as well as men, raised the number to 700, and the colony then advanced rapidly in prosperity.

Friendly relations had been maintained with the Indians, this being due chiefly to the marriage of John Rolfe and Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, the most powerful chief in Virginia. This chief died in 1618, and was succeeded by his younger brother.

The settlements of the colonists were scattered over a wide extent of country on both sides of the James River. The largest of these villages consisted of wooden huts raised round a large and substantial building, the abode of Mr. Reginald Neville, who had been one of the settlers that had come out in 1607. He brought with him in a craft of sixty tons that he chartered for the purpose, fifteen farm-laborers and their wives, together with implements of husbandry and a store of commodities likely to be pleasing to the natives.

Neville, a gentleman of much resolution and energy, had emigrated in consequence of a quarrel that had taken place between himself and one of the Scotch noblemen who had come to England with James I. In spite of the lack of success that attended the previous expeditions, he believed that there was a great future for those who were early in the field in the colony; and the fact that those who had been taken out by Grenville, in 1585, had, after great hardships, been brought back to England by Sir Francis Drake; that fifty taken out the following year by Grenville all perished; and that of a hundred and fifteen others left there the following year no trace whatever could be found in 1590, in no way shook his belief in the future. Consequently, when he decided upon leaving England, he disposed of all his property, and joined the little party who went out in 1607 under the auspices of the London Company.

It was not long before he separated himself from the others. They were persons of very different rank and quality, quarrels frequently sprung up among them, and all would have perished had not one of their number, John Smith, a man of great energy, assumed the direction of their affairs. Reginald Neville saw at once that if success was to be obtained, it was only to be found by separating himself entirely from these people. And accordingly he journeyed with his own party some fifty miles south of the James River,— or, as it was then called, the Powhatan,— and purchased from the chief of that name a tract of ground, in exchange for the clothes, axes, and other articles he had brought out for that purpose.

The plantation, called Cumberland by its owner, in remembrance of his native country, stood within a mile or two of the site now occupied by Cumberland Court-house, a name familiar to the world from its associations with the Civil War. The river near which it stood, and which served as their highway to Jamestown, was the Appomattox. Here he had lived undisturbed and unmolested during the various troubles between the colonists and the Indians.

He had, two or three months before leaving England, lost his wife; and it was this, as much as anything else, that had induced him to break up his home and adventure into a far

country. He had brought with him his child who was less than a year old. The baby was tended by the woman who had been his nurse. She had just married one of the young men whom Mr. Neville took out with him.

Mr. Neville's life at the little colony that he had founded was a quiet and peaceful one. The men he had brought with him were all married; he had picked his men judiciously; and none of them had ever sought to leave him, the troubles and misadventures of the main body of colonists plainly enough showing them that they were far better off with their master than they would be were they to embark in affairs on their own account.

The government of Reginald Neville was patriarchal in its character. Each couple had their own dwelling, and a portion of ground that they could till on their own account, having one day's liberty in each week for the purpose. All were fed from a common store, and provided with all that was necessary. He had brought with him several pigs and some poultry; they had greatly increased in numbers, and now provided no small portion of the meat for the general consumption. Game was abundant in the forests, and could be obtained from the Indians for a few beads, a small mirror, or other trifles. The men raised in the fields an abundance of grain for their wants, and the surplus could always be exchanged with the Indians. The principal crop, however, after it had been discovered that the soil and climate were suitable for it, was tobacco, which was sent to England as opportunity offered, and fetched good prices, since, in spite of the opposition of the king, it was rapidly growing in favor there.

The women aided in the lighter field work, and in the gathering in and curing of the leaves; they spun and wove the linen, the flax being grown for the purpose on the plantation. All wore soft leathern garments, purchased from the Indians, who were highly skilled in the preparation of the skins of the animals the men killed in the chase.

Besides superintending the general work of the little colony, Reginald Neville devoted himself to the education and training of his son.

"It is well, Guy," he said to the lad, who was extremely fond of outdoor exercise, and was skilful in the use of the bow, and of the harquebus, and the pistol, "that you should learn many things that do not appear of much use here; for as the colony fills with newcomers, many of our own degree will come out to make their home here, and you would blush to find that you could not make a good figure among them. Moreover, it is possible that the Indians may become alarmed at the increase in our numbers, and may make common cause against us; so, as has happened before, we may be attacked in such numbers that we cannot make head against them. Those, then, who could do so would have to return to England, or go to the colony farther north, or to the island of Newfoundland; and if you could not hold your own as an English gentleman, capable of serving in our army or of holding an appointment in the colonies, things might go hard with you. Moreover, it behooves one of good blood always to bear in mind that wherever he may be, or in whatever circumstances, he is yet an English gentleman, and must bear himself in all ways as worthy of that rank."

In 1620 Mr. Neville, having been down to Jamestown with the boats laden with the last crop of tobacco, returned, bringing with him, to the astonishment of Guy, a negro lad some eighteen years of age.

"I have bought him," his father said. "A Dutch ship-of-war had sailed in just before I arrived there, and had landed twenty of these blacks, whom they offered for sale. As you know, I do not approve of selling human beings like cattle, and have always refused to buy any of those sent out, for various offenses committed at home, to be sold here for service. This case is different. This lad has doubtless been either sold by his countrymen or kidnapped by the Dutch; and, were he free, could do naught here but work in the fields for his living, with, perhaps, some rough master, who might cruelly ill-use him. Assuredly he will not be misused here. Doubtless he will soon learn to speak our language, and I intend him to be an indoor servant in place of John Davis, who is now old enough to be put to field work. I intend him, also, to be specially your own attendant when

you go abroad. You are getting to be adventurous, Guy, and several times have caused me uneasiness by being so long away in the woods. I know that you have picked up a good deal of Indian woodcraft from young Ponta, the chief's son; but many things might happen which would render it advisable that you should have some one with you. You might get mauled by one of these great cats in the forest, or you might be tripped up by a trailing plant or a projecting root of a tree, and break or sprain a limb, and might die before you could be found. The young fellow looks good-tempered and intelligent. When I bought him, a week ago, he had a sullen, hopeless look; but when he saw that I meant kindly to him, and when by signs I assured him that he would be well treated, he speedily plucked up heart. Without being ordered, he aided with the boat as soon as we started. He had evidently never taken hold of an oar before; but he fell into it rapidly, and did fully his share of work as we came up the stream, and when we landed at night, he tried in every way to make himself helpful to me. I think that we shall find him very useful."

"He is very ugly, father. I never saw any one with a black face like that," Guy said.

"I have seen them at home, Guy. They have been brought home by Bristol ships that trade along the African coast, and they are, I am told, to be met with in Egypt, and are found rowing in the Moorish galleys. It seems that all Africa, save the northern coast, is peopled by men of this color, and many of them have been bought by merchants from the Moors, and are held in esteem as servants in Venetian, Genoese, and Spanish families."

The negro more than justified Master Neville's prediction. He very speedily picked up a knowledge of English, and performed all his household duties with a quickness and alacrity that contrasted very favorably with the slower movements of the boys who had hitherto, one after another, assisted Jane Harris in the duties of the house. Jane herself lived with her husband and family in a house of their own hard by. She came in to cook, and her two eldest girls assisted her in the general arrangements. It was evident, however, that, although willing and eager to do any work allotted to him, Shanti — for such, they made out, was his name — was never so happy as when he accompanied Guy upon his rambles in the forest.

He soon showed that in his native country he had been accustomed to the chase, for the first day he was out he manufactured a rough bow and arrows; and although this bore no comparison, as a weapon, with the English longbow that Guy carried, Shanti was able at a short distance to bring down a bird with unerring aim. Guy's bow was a source of much astonishment to the negro. Although firearms were fast superseding the bow in England, the latter was still largely used as a pastime, and on every village green shooting was regularly practised. Guy, who had been taught to draw a tiny bow at the age of five, could now draw one of almost full strength, to the astonishment of the young negro; for, although more than four years his senior, and a powerful young fellow, he found that he could scarce bend the bow that Guy could without effort draw to the ear.

A few days after his arrival, Guy took Shanti down to the stream, where, in the hollow of a fallen trunk, lay a small birch-bark canoe that Ponta had made for Guy. Shanti gave a cry of surprise and delight as he drew it out, and expressed in unmistakable gestures his admiration at the lightness and make; and Guy gathered that, although accustomed to canoes of some sort in his own land. Shanti had never seen anything approaching this in lightness and skilful manufacture. Kneeling down beside it, he examined it most minutely, inspecting every fastening, and touching with extreme care and gentleness the fragile covering. He drew back as Guy lifted the boat and placed it in the water, being evidently afraid of injuring it by his touch.

He stood by and watched how Guy seated himself, or rather knelt, in it, and then, on Guy's nodding to him, took up the other paddle, and as carefully took his place. When Guy began to use his paddle, Shanti dipped his own very cautiously in the water, being apparently doubtful whether in so frail a construction it would be safe to use his strength; but after a few strokes, finding that all was well, he began to work hard, uttering two or three wild cries of satisfaction; and Guy was astonished at the

speed with which the canoe flew along, its speed being even greater than when the young redskin chief had rowed with him.

## Chapter II.

Two years had passed, and Guy was now nearly sixteen; and although Shanti still performed general work in the house whenever Guy was there, Shanti was his inseparable companion at other times, and, with good food and kind treatment, had developed into a powerful young man. On his expeditions he still carried a bow and arrows, although he had learned to handle harquebus and pistol. He did not take to the sword, but greatly preferred a heavy ax, which he always wore in his belt, and which in his hands seemed a most formidable weapon. It had, indeed, proved so; for on one occasion, they came suddenly upon a great panther engaged in devouring a deer that it had killed. It turned suddenly, on hearing their footsteps, and, without a moment's hesitation, sprung at Guy. Taken wholly by surprise, the latter, in endeavoring to evade the spring tripped and fell; the animal passed harmlessly over him, and was in the act of turning to seize him, when Shanti's ax fell with such tremendous force, just behind the head, that it almost severed the spine, and the great cat fell over dead without a struggle. On hearing what had happened, Reginald Neville had at once drawn up a paper giving the black his freedom. At first the latter absolutely refused to accept it.

"Shanti no wish to be free," he said. "What he do widout a massa to take care ob him?"

"You would stay with us just the same, Shanti, but you would be paid wages, like other free men."

"What Shanti want wid wages, massa? He got clothes, he got food, he got eberyt'ink dat he wants. Shanti have no use for money."

"Yes, you have all that," his master agreed; "but I should not like the man who saved my son's life to remain a slave; therefore, if only to please me, you must take this paper. It need make no difference to you. Put it away somewhere where you can find it if you need it. Everything can go on just the same as before. My son will value your services even more than ever. He has long regarded you as a friend rather than as a slave; but for him also it would be pleasanter to feel that your services are rendered from affection, and not as a duty."

"Bery well, sar; me take de paper and hide him away; den it can't do any harm. Shanti gib his life willingly for young massa, just the same as if you write no paper," he replied.

One day, in the middle of March, 1622, Ponta, who had not visited the settlement for some time, met Guy as he was about starting — for once unaccompanied by Shanti — to look at a party who were at work planting freshly turned up soil with tobacco. Ponta came and stood by Guy without speaking.

"Why, Ponta," the lad said in the Indian language, which he and his father had both come to speak fairly, "'t is fully three moons since you were here last!"

The young chief took the hand Guy held out to him.

"Ponta could not come before," said he. "He has made a long journey. It was at sunrise yesterday that he left his village to hunt the deer, as he said. None know that he has come hither. He has been with his father at the village of the great chief, Powhatan's brother. He is not like his brother, who was friends with the English after one of them had married his daughter, Pocahontas."

"He has always appeared very friendly," Guy said. "My father visited him but three months ago, with the usual presents, and he received him as warmly as usual."

"Wise man has two faces," the Indian said. "Things have changed in the four years since Powhatan died. Many ships come up river, all full of white men and women, and their houses are scattered all over the land where the Indians have hunted ever since they came into the land, so far back as their traditions tell them; and the Indians see that if this goes on their land will all have passed into the hands of the white strangers. There is much talk about it among the chiefs; and even my father, though always friendly with the wise sachem, your father, who has been true to his word and just in his dealings, is troubled in his mind, and his face has become dark toward

the whites. I am but a young chief, and am not invited to the great councils of our tribes, and know nothing for certain as to what is said there; for the warriors are silent if I approach one of the fires, and I feel that they doubt me; for it is known that I have been much here, and am a friend to you and your father. However, I fear that there is danger, and have come to warn you. I know not what is the danger, but I fear that there is trouble at hand."

"I thank you deeply, Ponta, for coming to warn us; but I trust that, although they may feel uneasy at the number of new settlers, there is no real animosity on the part of your people against us. We see no difference in the behavior of those who come here. It was but yesterday that a party arrived with some deer that they had slain. They were as friendly as usual, and departed exceedingly well pleased with the goods they received in exchange."

"An Indian is not like a rattlesnake," Ponta said shortly. "He does not make a noise to warn an enemy when he is going to strike. I have no more to say. I have told you all I know. There is danger. When it will come, or how, I know not. But it will come; and not upon this place only, for all know that your father has always been just and honorable, and none bear him ill will personally; the danger is a general one, and threatens all the whites in our land. When one sees a dark cloud one can tell that a storm is coming, but none can say where the bolts of the great Manito will fall, or whom they will strike."

"Will you not come in and have a meal before you start back again?" Guy urged, as the Indian held out his hand.

He shook his head. "I killed a deer yesterday," he said, "and have some venison still in my hunting-bag. I have a long journey back, and may lose time; for I must, when I enter camp again to-morrow morning, have the haunches of at least a couple of deer to show that I have been hunting. Besides, were I to stay even for a short time, some of my countrymen might arrive; and were these to report that they saw me here, it might be suspected that I had come to warn you, and might cost me my life. Farewell. Tell your father what I have said. I know not what had best be done, but he is wise, and will decide for himself. I can only say, danger threatens. More than that I know not." And he started at a rapid pace that showed how little the long journey that he had performed had affected his sinewy frame.

"Back so soon, Guy?" his father said, when his son entered the house. "I thought that you had gone to the new plantation."

"I was on my way there, sir, when I met Ponta."

"Why, where is he? Why did you not bring him in?"

"I asked him in, but he would not come, sir." And Guy then related the conversation that he had just had. Master Neville was silent for a minute or two after he had finished.

"It is a serious matter, Guy," he said, at last; "but I hope that the young chief's fears are unfounded. We have heard no whisper of trouble until now; and had aught come to his ears, the governor would have sent round to all the outlying villages and plantations to warn us to be on our guard. I can well understand that the arrival of so large a number of settlers as have come over in the last two years has caused uneasiness among the Indians. It is only natural that it should be so; and I regret to say that the behavior of many is by no means calculated to cause a continuance of the friendly relations we have had for the last fifteen years with the Indians. Instead of behaving as if, as is truly the case, they were settled upon ground rightfully belonging to the Indians, they bear themselves as if they were here by right of conquest, and treat the Indians as if they, instead of we, were interlopers. The friendship of Powhatan has been so valuable that men have forgotten what happened before, and that no less than five times the colony was destroyed, twice not a single survivor remaining to tell the tale. Since his death, his brother has given no cause for us to suppose that his feelings toward us differed from those of Powhatan. But it was the same thing before. The Indians appeared friendly enough, until they suddenly fell upon the colonists and slew them all."

"Ponta seemed sincere," Guy said.

"Although I in no way doubt that this

friendly young chief has some cause for believing that there is danger in the air, his news is not certain enough for us to relinquish all that we have done during the past fifteen years, and to leave our houses, our plantations, and all we possess to the mercy of the first band of redskins that come along," said Mr. Neville. "It will be well to take precautions. When they return from their work, this evening, I will summon all the hands together, and tell them that there is an unfriendly spirit abroad among the redskins, and until that abates it will be wise for us to be upon our guard. The women shall no longer go into the fields. We will connect the outside houses with palisading; a party of men shall go into the wood the first thing to-morrow morning and fell trees for the purpose. All shall henceforth carry arms when they go to their work. I will serve out among them the twenty harquebuses that I brought out with me, and at night four shall always be placed on watch. I will to-morrow morning send off a messenger to Jamestown to inform the governor that I have heard a report that there is a feeling of uneasiness among the natives, and that danger may come of it. I am afraid that such a warning, in the face of the apparent good will shown by them, will have but slight effect. Still, it may cause him to make further inquiries; and should any confirmation of it be obtained, he will doubtless send warning to all the outlying settlements. I have no fear that Jamestown and the other principal places will not be able to repulse any attack, but it will



"I INTEND HIM TO BE [illegible] IN ALLEGIANCE AND YOU TO ACQUIESCE," SAID [illegible] FIRMLY.

go hard with the settlers scattered over hundreds of miles on each side of the river."

For the next three or four days, the men, aided by the stronger boys, worked hard at raising a palisade connecting the outlying houses and buildings together. While so engaged, Indians came and went, as usual, looking on with an air of surprise at the work that was being done. However, they asked no questions, and went off apparently well satisfied with their usual presents of tobacco, in addition to the goods exchanged for their fish or meat. In four days the work was complete, and the men went out, as before, to the fields, six of them always remaining behind to protect the village in case of a sudden assault. At night the guards were changed every few hours, Guy or his father going round several times to see that the sentries were watchful.

The evening of the twenty-second of March was dark and threatening.

"I think we shall have a storm, Guy," his father said, when, at ten o'clock, he returned from making his round. "There is scarcely a breath stirring."

Guy went round at one o'clock. The night was intensely dark, save when flashes of lightning beyond the hills lit up the scene momentarily, while the roll of thunder was almost unbroken. As his father would go out at three, Guy now turned in to sleep until daybreak. It seemed to him that he was no more than soundly asleep when he was roused by Shanti's voice.

"Jump up, massa! De redskins are upon us!" Shanti exclaimed.

"Nonsense, Shanti. It is the roar of the thunder," Guy mumbled dreamily.

"No, no, massa," Shanti said, shaking him. "Master Neville run off, and he shouted to Shanti to wake you and tell you dat de redskins are attacking, all round!"

Thoroughly awake now, Guy sprang up from his bed. He had lain down the night before partially dressed.

"Put on doublet, Marse Guy. White shirt no good on dark night."

Mechanically, Guy thrust his arms into his doublet, his feet into his shoes, buckled on his sword, caught up his harquebus, dropped his two heavy pistols into his pockets, and ran out.

For a moment he was bewildered by the din. The storm was still at a distance; but the air rang with shouts and yells, and the screams of women. Now and then a harquebus was fired; but from the sounds it was but too evident that the defense had already broken down. There was a tone of triumph in the Indian yells; flames were rising at two or three points; and there could be no doubt that the redskins had crawled up unseen, and that their presence had been unnoticed by the sentries until they were already pouring over the palisades and making their way into the houses.

As he was still hesitating in which direction to run, he heard a stentorian shout in his father's voice: "To the house, every one of you! We must fight it out there. The village is lost!"

Already, frightened women, carrying their children, were rushing toward the house.

"See that all the shutters are closed and safely barred, Shanti! I will stand here so that I can guard the door until the men arrive," cried Guy.

The light of the flames brightened rapidly, and Guy could see the fugitives pouring out from every house, while at the end of the little street a few men gathered together were fighting desperately against a crowd of dark figures, whose tomahawks now and then flashed in the light of the flames.

Suddenly some Indians rushed out from between the houses, to cut off the retreat of the little party. Guy took a steady aim, and fired; and a moment later Shanti's harquebus was discharged. Two of the Indians fell, and the rest turned to meet this new and unexpected attack.

"Here are your bow and arrows, massa. Shoot quicker with them. Gun too slow."

Arrow after arrow was discharged with great rapidity, and Shanti's bow also twanged fast; and the Indians, astonished at the deadly discharge of arrows, leaped back into shelter with much diminished numbers. Still facing the foe, Master Neville and his party retreated steadily. When they came within a short distance, Guy and the negro joined them. They had reloaded their harquebuses, cramming them to the muzzle with bullets, and the discharge effected such



"GUY WAS ROUSED BY SHANTI'S VOICE . . . JUST AS MASSA' IS HELPING YOU . . ."

terrible execution among the Indians that, for a moment, those able to do so ran back.

"Now is your time! Into the house!" the master shouted: and before the Indians had again rallied, all were within the door, and the heavy oaken bars were up.

(To be continued.)

## A SMALL BOY'S PROBLEM.

By Lilian Dealing.

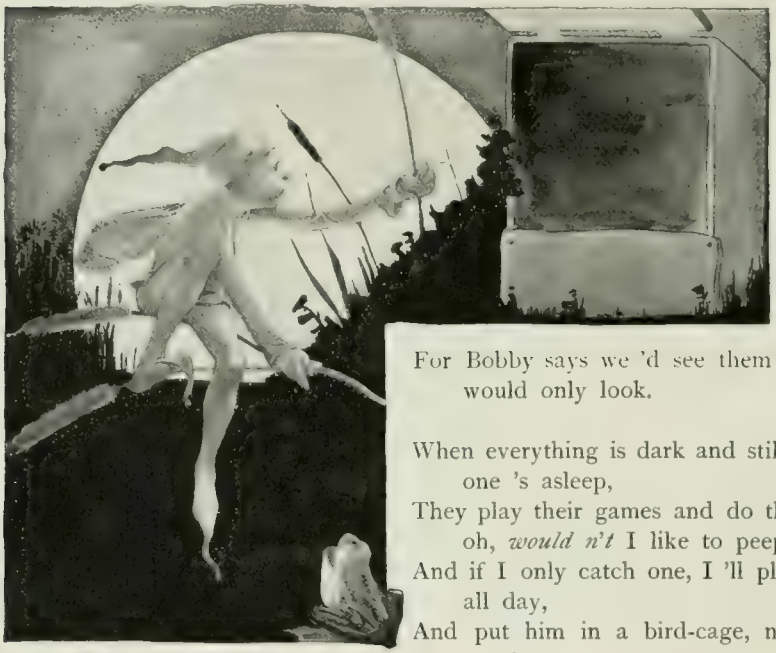
I wonder how I 'd like it,
And I wonder who I 'd be,
Supposing I was somebody else,
And somebody else was me!

I wonder, I just wonder,
What boy I 'd like to be—
Supposing I did n't like him,
When I found that he was me!

# CATCHING A BROWNIE.

By Helen M. Chase.

I 'll tell you what I 'm going to do, as soon as ever I can;
You 'll be surprised, Aunt Sarah, when you see my brownie man!
I 'm going to set a trap for one in the meadow near the brook;



"I 'M GOING TO SET A TRAP FOR ONE."

For Bobby says we 'd see them there, if we would only look.

When everything is dark and still, and every one 's asleep,
They play their games and do their work — oh, *would n't* I like to peep!
And if I only catch one, I 'll play with him all day,
And put him in a bird-cage, nights, so he won't run away.

I hope the trap won't really hurt, to make him sore or lame,
But if it pinched him just a mite, perhaps he 'd grow quite tame



"HE MIGHT HAVE MY DOLLY'S BED"

While he was getting better. He might have
my dolly's bed;
I 'd 'tend that she was traveling, and play
with him instead.
I 'd give him all my candy, and the frosting
on my cake,
And sometimes, on a pleasant day, a little
walk we 'd take
Together up to your house. Oh, would n't
you like to see
A real live brownie, who could run and play
like me?

And do you s'pose the teacher 'd let me
bring him into school?
I 'd tell him not to talk, you know, for
that 's against the rule;
But would n't the scholars stare and laugh
and turn around to see
A really *truly* brownie sitting there upon my
knee!
I 'd get a tiny little slate, and a pencil just
so long,
And he might do his 'rifmetic; but of
course he 'd do it wrong —
For brownies that live in brownie-land don't
have any lessons to do;
Sometimes in school, Aunt Sarah, I wish
that I was a brownie too!

And at recess the boys and girls would crowd
around my seat.
"Oh, *where 'd* you get him?" the boys would
say; the girls, "Oh, is n't he sweet?"
And then they would begin to tease: "You
may have these peppermint drops,
If you 'll let me hold him a little while"; or,
"You may have one of my tops
To *keep*, if you 'll let me take him home a
minute, to show the folks."
I would n't really let 'em, but I know how
they would coax! —
Only Myrtle, 'cause she 's my cousin, and
Hattie, and maybe Roy,
If he would be *very* careful — though I 'm
'fraid to trust a boy.

My brownie may eat his supper off my dolly's
china plate;
But he could n't wear her dresses, for she is
slim and straight,
While he 'll be plump, like Santa Claus; but
her carriage he might use.



"I 'll get a tiny little slate, and a pencil just so long, And he might do his 'rifmetic; but of course he 'd do it wrong — For brownies that live in brownie-land don't have any lessons to do"

How cute he 'll be, Aunt Sarah, with his cap
and pointed shoes!
And when I wheel him down the street, they 'll
all come out to see.

Good-by, Aunt Sarah; where 's my hat? No, I can't stay to tea;
For I must hurry 'cross lots, through the meadow path, and look
For some of the brownies' footprints in the sand down by the brook.



"I KNOW HOW THEY WOULD COAX."

## IN OUR LANE.

THERE 's a little gray bird in the apple-tree,
And every day,
When I go to play,
I stand for a minute to hear him sing,
And I peek for the nest where the apples cling,
And look for his home that he 's hid from me,
Where the big red apples cling.

And early, early, when daylight comes,
I watch the sun-
Flecks, one by one.
I lie for a minute, and think how sweet
It is to live in this little street,
With a pretty bird to feed with crumbs,
And a boy next door, and things to eat.

Once mother said: "Who loves you true?"
I did n't say
Just right away,
But stood for a minute, then said: "Oh, yes;
The cunning little gray bird, I guess!"
But I don't think mother meant *that;* do you?

*Marie L. Van Vorst.*

# BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY.

By E. H. House.

## Chapter I.

### CLEOPATRA'S FISHING-PARTY.

In the library of a fine old Boston mansion an elderly gentleman stood, surrounded by a group of boys and girls. All were in the liveliest spirits, except one lad who kept himself a little apart, and seemed unwilling to join in the general merriment.

"Come, Harry," said the elderly gentleman, with a good-natured smile, "don't worry any longer. Let us have a jolly half-hour before dinner."

"You would n't be jolly, Uncle Claxton," answered the disconsolate youngster, "if you had been left alone to write a stupid history composition while all the others went out sailing in the harbor."

"Did they tell you to write a stupid one, Harry?" asked Uncle Claxton. "Then no wonder you are blue."

"Don't plague a fellow, uncle," Harry answered. "You know what I mean. All history is stupid. I hate it!"

Harry Carey certainly had a boy's good reason to feel unhappy. His brothers and



LOVES AND QUEENS IN THE WORLD'S FAIR WITH ITS CITIES.



CLEOPATRA'S FISHING-PARTY. MARK ANTONY CATCHES A SALTED FISH.

(SEE "BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY," PAGE 34.)

sisters had just returned from what they called a fishing-party,— though, in fact, they had not created much havoc among the fish of Boston harbor,— to which they had been invited by their favorite uncle, Claxton Percy. This uncle was a famous sailor, and to join him on a boating excursion was one of the greatest privileges the children ever enjoyed. But on the present occasion Master Harry had been compelled to stay at home. He was wofully behindhand with his lessons in history, and his school-teacher had ordered him to make up a heavy deficiency by writing a short account of the Roman conquest of Egypt. Having forgotten all about this task until almost the last hour, his mother had required him to give up his Saturday afternoon's sail, and to occupy himself with a study for which he certainly had no fondness.

Uncle Claxton had pleaded earnestly for his nephew's release, but Mrs. Carey had thought it not wise to consent.

"He has been careless too often," she said, "and his teacher is greatly dissatisfied. If you really wish to do him a good turn, Claxton, you will persuade him to work harder hereafter. All the children are anxious to please you, and your word would go farther with Harry than anybody else's in the world. It is only the history that he slights. In other studies he does well enough, but history has always been his bugbear."

"I suppose he finds little in it to interest him," Uncle Claxton suggested. "The school histories are often too much condensed to captivate a boy's imagination. They have to be, of course. Perhaps I might put a little gilding on the pill, by giving him an anecdote. now and then, after his own fancy. If he could be made to understand that history has its amusing features, he might think it less tiresome. What do you say?"

"It would be the greatest kindness," answered Mrs. Carey, "if you could overcome his dislike to it in any way. Will you try?"

"To be sure I will. We shall have plenty of chances between now and the holidays. I hope we soon shall have him in a better humor with the annals of the past."

Mindful of his promise, the good-hearted uncle now sought to turn his dejected nephew's thoughts into the desired channel.

"What do you mean, Harry, by hating history?" he demanded. "Do you hate the battle of Bunker Hill?"

"Of course not!" Harry replied.

"Well, that is history, if anything is."

"It 's different, uncle; I know all about Bunker Hill. Grandfather Child has told us just what *his* grandfather did in the battle; and, besides, we have been there with you, ever so many times. But Egypt and the Romans — they are dreadful; and even Bunker Hill does n't amount to much in a school-book."

"I see," said Uncle Claxton. "You find the school-book dry, because it gives only outlines. But by and by you will get the whole story in other books, and perhaps go to Egypt as you now go to Bunker Hill. You must have your outlines to start with, and then you can fill them out hereafter. There 's plenty of good 'filling,' even now, in your father's library."

"But I 've lost my fishing-party," cried Harry, still nursing his grievance. "I can't find anything in Egyptian history to make up for that."

"How far have you gone, my boy?

"As far as Antony and Cleopatra. Antony was a great fighter, and he could beat old Brutus at declamation, any day; but I don't believe he knew anything about fishing."

"Perhaps not," answered Uncle Claxton. "Cleopatra said the very same thing, when she went sailing with him in Alexandria harbor. She told him — but I suppose it does n't interest you to hear what she told him."

At this the other children broke into loud outcries: "Yes, it does, uncle!" "Did she really say so?" "How did it happen?" "Oh, tell us; do tell us!"

"No, no. Harry hates history. We must n't be hard on Harry." Uncle Claxton's eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"Not your kind of history," said Harry, beginning to brighten a little; "and not if it has fishing in it. Come, uncle, you might do something for me, after what I have gone through this awful afternoon."

Again the outcries were repeated, until Uncle Claxton gave signs of consenting.

"I 'll tell you, lads and lasses, if only to show you there are many delightful stories in history, if you choose to hunt for them. Do you suppose that people were always solemn and stately in ancient times?"

"Not if they had to write compositions on Saturday afternoon," said Harry; but his face was no longer a picture of misery, as he pressed forward with the others to hear the expected story.

Uncle Claxton seated himself comfortably. "When Antony first went to Alexandria as a mighty general," he began, "Cleopatra thought it necessary to keep the conquering hero in good humor by offering him all sorts of diversions and pastimes, which he tried to repay as well as he could. One day he gave orders for a great fishing expedition, very much to Cleopatra's delight, as fishing was one of the sports she excelled in. Antony was either unlucky or unskilful on this occasion, for he brought up nothing, while the Egyptian queen never dropped her line without catching a prize worthy of an expert. He was so disgusted at his failure that he tried to make matters look better by playing a trick on his companion. He secretly sent some divers down into the water, to fasten fish upon his hook, and then pulled them in with a fine show of triumph, calling everybody to observe how successful he was. Unfortunately for him, Cleopatra had observed more than he wished. She kept quiet, however, and pretended she had never seen so skilful a fisherman in her life. She said so much in Antony's praise, and held him up as such a master of the sport, that when she invited him to go out again the next day, he tried to excuse himself, fearing that he would certainly be detected. But she insisted, and he was obliged to take the risk, or confess that he was not so clever as he seemed."

"He might have tried the same game once more," interposed Harry, who considered that the tale was for his especial benefit, and told particularly to him.

"That is what he meant to do," continued Uncle Claxton, "but Cleopatra was too bright for him. She had a diver of her own on board, and sent him into the sea with a big salted fish, like those which are now sold in the market. This was hung upon Antony's hook, and as soon as he felt the weight, he began to dance about, crying that he had a bite before anybody else, and hauling in his line as proudly as if he had won a battle. You can imagine his dismay when the dead fish, split open and salted, bobbed out of the water, and all his followers shouted with laughter."

"Good for Cleopatra!" exclaimed Harry. "I 'd like to try that joke myself, the first time I get a chance."

"How did Antony like it?" asked Percy Carey, the oldest of the boys, and his uncle's namesake.

"He did n't like it at all. He was red-hot with anger. But Cleopatra, who was always quick-witted, contrived to pacify him with compliments and flattery, saying that his strength was in capturing provinces, kingdoms, and cities, and that after winning all the glories of war he ought not to grudge a poor African queen her humble exploits with the hook and line. Then he forgave her, as he always did, no matter what trick she might play."

"Is that story true, uncle?" inquired Harry's youngest sister, Louise.

"As true as most history of the kind, my dear. Ancient writers believed it. There is no reason why it should not have taken place."

"It shall take place again, if I can manage it any way," exclaimed Harry. "It can be done without a diver, and it is too good a trick not to be repeated."

"I dare say it has been repeated often enough," said Uncle Claxton. "I know of one case in modern times, when another famous man of the same name was the victim. It happened in California, not many years ago."

"Who was it, uncle? Tell us about it."

"You might call him Marcus Duus, if you like. That is pretty fair Latin for the name he goes by, though it is n't his true name. His friends made fun of him, just as Madam Cleopatra and her court made fun of the Roman warrior. But I shall not try to tell how it happened. Our American Mark will perhaps do that himself some day, and I should make a poor figure spinning a yarn that belongs to him."

"I know who he is," cried Percy. "Duus means 'two,' and two is the same as —"

"Bravo, Percy!" interrupted Uncle Claxton. "Nothing like being up to the mark in your dead languages. But I would n't say anything more, if I were you. Better wait till the great humorist is ready to talk about it on his own account."

At this point little Dick Carey, the smallest of the nephews, drew attention to himself by an unexpected but extremely practical question.

"Did Antony and Cleopatra eat the salt fish?" he demanded — whereupon everybody burst out laughing.

"You need not make fun of me," said the little fellow, defiantly; "salt-fish dinner is the best in the world."

"Right you are, Dicky," agreed his uncle. "Let us hope they had it served that very day."

"If they did, they were luckier than we are," pursued Dicky. "I wonder why we never get one nowadays."

"I might go down to Long Wharf and catch one in a shop," suggested Percy. "Perhaps mother would have it cooked for us."

"Many persons have forgotten the old-fashioned salt-fish dinner," said Uncle Claxton, "but not I. Do you miss it, you young people?"

They missed it very much, they all declared. And well they might. Prepared according to the time-honored New England rule, it is a feast to treasure in memory.

"Then you shall have one with me. When shall it be?"

A shower of thanks fell on Uncle Claxton; for a visit to his house, apart from any question of dinner, was a delight nearly equal to a sail in the harbor. But as to when it should be, that was for him to say.

"I mean," he explained, "how soon can I arrange it? When I leave you this evening I go straight to the railway station, without returning home. I must be in New York tomorrow, and stay there four or five days. Listen to me, Percy. Will you remember to run out to Dorchester on Monday, and tell my man Jerry that you will dine with me next Friday? I can be back by that time."

"Will I remember? I should think I would, uncle. Is that all I shall say?"

"Say that five of my boys and girls are coming to early dinner on Friday. That 's enough."

"But, uncle — the cook —" hinted little Dick, in a hesitating way. He was troubled lest the material of the banquet should be overlooked, yet timid about taking a liberty, even with his indulgent relative.

"Yes, Dick; the cook?"

"The salt fish, you know, uncle," Dick went on, looking knowing.

"Do just what I told you, Percy," said Uncle Claxton, smiling benevolently.

"Oh, Dick!" exclaimed the two girls of the party, in reproachful tones.

Dick looked rather ashamed of his forwardness, but all he did was to get close to his uncle and hug him around the knees. His father and mother came in at that moment, and the subject was not referred to again. What happened on the following Friday, and whether Dick had or had not cause for anxiety concerning the dish he longed for, shall be related in the next chapter.

## Chapter II.

### The Dinner of Lucullus.

When Uncle Percy's juvenile guests arrived at his house, a little before the dinner-hour, they were surprised to find that he had not yet returned from New York. Some of the youngest among them were much disturbed by his absence; but Percy, the oldest boy, was of stouter faith, and reminded them that their uncle had never been known to disappoint anybody, least of all his nephews and nieces.

"Don't you remember," he said, "how uncle wrote us, last summer, when he was out West, that he would take us to the theater the next Thanksgiving afternoon? We did not hear from him again for three months; but he came for us at half-past one, all the way from California, just as he had promised. What do you say to that?"

Before they could say anything a sound of wheels was heard outside, and looking out of the window, they saw their uncle spinning up the avenue in a buggy.

"Ready for dinner?" he cried, as he entered the hall door. "I am as hungry as a hunter.

Let me brush away the dust, and we 'll begin at once."

It was not until fifteen minutes later, when a huge dish of salted cod appeared, followed by the proper assortment of potatoes, beets, and carrots, with the requisite accompaniment of melted butter and hard-boiled eggs, that the doubts by which Dicky Carey had been tormented throughout the week were entirely set at rest. Then he smiled contentedly, and remarked:

"It 's beautiful, Uncle Claxton, but I don't see how you did it."

"Did what, Dick?"

"How you let your cook know what we were going to have," Dick answered.

"Oh, *that* 's the puzzle," said Uncle Claxton. "Don't you think you can guess?"

"Perhaps you sent a letter."

"No; I have been too busy to write."

"Telegraphed, then."

"Try again, youngster."

But neither Dick nor any of the others could explain the riddle. The only new suggestion came from Louise Carey, aged ten, who thought it might be magic.

"It is the simplest thing in the world," said Uncle Claxton. "If you were anywhere near as old as I am, you would not need to ask. Very few people hold to the custom now, but when I was a boy, half the families in Boston always had salt fish on Fridays. I have not given it up, that 's all; and whoever dines with me on Friday gets that dish, with apple dumplings to follow."

"That is splendid!" exclaimed Harry. "When I have a house of my own I will fix a different dinner for each day in the week, and astonish the folks I invite just as Uncle Claxton has astonished us."

"And ice-cream at least twice every week," added Percy, who was struck by the brilliant possibilities of the plan. "What a capital idea! I never thought of it before."

"Plenty of other persons have," said his uncle. "It is n't a new notion, by any means. It has been done in more ways than you can count."

"How do you mean, uncle?"

"Ask Harry; he is the historian of the household," was the laughing reply.

"Oh, uncle, I say!" protested Harry.

"Don't tease him," begged his elder sister, Amy. "He has been working ever so hard since he heard about Cleopatra's mischief."

"Digging away like anything," added Percy.

"Digging for antiquarian nuggets, I suppose," said Uncle Claxton.

"Yes; but I have n't found any yet," Harry replied, as if a little disappointed.

"Take a turn at Lucullus, my lad, and you 'll discover that he knew a trick about dinners worth two of mine."

After this statement the young people made it plain that their uncle would have no peace until the curiosity he had excited was fully satisfied.

"Let a starving man eat his meal first," he said, "and then you shall hear all about it."

Uncle Claxton, did not make them wait long, and before the children had gone far with their first supply of the delectable salt-fish combination he was ready with his tale.

"You must understand," he began, "that Lucullus was very fond of fine dinners — more so than was good for him, in his later years. In early life he was one of the greatest of Roman generals, and at middle age he had kingdoms at his feet. But, like many public men of that period, he was pursued by envious enemies, and instead of making a stand against them, he gave up all his glory, and devoted himself to idle luxury. Although he was enormously rich, he amazed his friends by the amount of money he spent in feasting them. No matter at what hour a visitor called, a costly banquet was always ready to be served. People who were intimate with him often tried to catch him unprepared; but no one ever succeeded. The most artful trap of all was set by Pompey and Cicero; but Lucullus was too sharp, even for these able men."

"Do you mean," asked Harry, his eyes round with astonishment, "do you mean the great Pompey and Cicero we hear so much about at school?"

"The very same; those were the men. Did you think that Pompey was always fighting battles, and that Cicero did nothing but speak pieces in the Senate? Oh, no. They used to vary those occupations by strolling about the

Forum on pleasant afternoons, and one day they met Lucullus, strolling like themselves, and laid a plan to take him by surprise. They said they had a particular favor to ask. He promised to do anything in his power; and then they proposed to dine with him that very day, on condition that he should make no preparations and give no instructions, but let them share the ordinary meal intended for himself. Lucullus had not expected this. Though he was extravagant enough, even when wholly alone, he could not bear to entertain guests without a good deal of extra extravagance on their account. So he tried to make an appointment for the next day; but they would not listen to him. Then he wanted to call his servants, and they objected to this also, suspecting that he might contrive to give some secret orders. They insisted that he should not open his lips to any one besides themselves, but just ramble around until dinner-time, and then take them directly to his dwelling. Here he made a stand. He protested, reasonably enough, that they demanded too much. He had left home without even saying that he should go back there to dine. At least his friends must allow him to announce that he would return at the customary hour; otherwise there might be no food provided at all. They saw no harm in this, and, after consulting together, agreed that he could send that one short message, and nothing more; but he must employ a stranger to do the errand, and must speak to him in their hearing, so that they could guard against any suspicious words or private signals. Lucullus pretended to be extremely troubled, and declared that they deserved nothing fit to eat; nevertheless he consented, and, calling a public messenger, gave this direction: 'Go to my house, and tell the steward to serve dinner in the Apollo, as usual.' Pompey and Cicero were delighted. They kept close to their host through the rest of the day, feeling sure that, though they would have an excellent meal, they had prevented him, this time, from making one of the gorgeous displays in which he reveled.

"When, at last, the three entered the dining-room, the sight of the table almost took away their breath. It was decorated with a magnificence they had not dreamed of. But this was nothing to what followed. Course after course of the rarest food was set before them, with wines that were almost beyond price, until, at the end, they calculated that the cost of the repast could not have been less than a sum equal to ten thousand dollars in our money of to-day."

"Why, that is a small fortune to spend for one dinner!" exclaimed Percy.

"You may say so, indeed. They were quite right in their reckoning. Lucullus had outwitted them, and carried his point, exactly as he wished."

"How, uncle? Tell us how!" the children cried.

"Think it out for yourselves," said Uncle Claxton. But the only attempt at a solution came from Dick, who, after pondering deeply, caused an outburst of mirth by remarking that perhaps it was Friday. Dick evidently imagined that the explanation which had cleared up the mystery of his uncle's dinner might be good enough for anything in ancient Rome.

"No, no, Dicky," said Uncle Claxton; "that's not the secret. You must remember the message which Lucullus sent to his steward—that he would 'dine in the Apollo.' He had several dining-halls, named after various Roman gods, and all differently arranged, for different kinds of feasts. He had only to mention which of these he would occupy to let his servants know what preparations were necessary, and precisely how much money should be spent. It was the rule that a dinner or supper in the Apollo should cost a sum equal to about ten thousand dollars of our American money, and it was at this rate that Pompey and Cicero were entertained. They did not learn till long after how Lucullus had managed the affair."

"It seems monstrous," said Percy, "that so much should be paid for a single dinner."

"So it does, my boy; and when you consider that in those days money was worth ever so many times what it is now, and that a sum equal to ten thousand dollars in Rome was equal to perhaps twenty-five or thirty thousand in Boston, it looks all the worse. But that was the way of Lucullus. If he had given them only his ordinary dinner, I dare say they would

have had more than a dozen hungry men could eat. He was excessively displeased, once when he was all by himself, because the servants set before him a comparatively simple meal. They excused themselves on the ground that there were no guests; but this did not help them. 'Do you not know,' said their lordly master, 'that Lucullus dines to-day with Lucullus?' From that time no attempts at economy were made in his mansion."

"I have heard that speech quoted before," said Amy Carey; "but I never knew where it came from, nor what it meant."

"Are you sure you know now?" Uncle Claxton inquired. "A great many people have found it hard to decide the question. Did he mean, 'I have come to-day to dine with Lucullus,' or 'Lucullus has come to-day to dine with me'?"

"Does it make any difference which he meant?" asked Percy.

"Why, in one case he might mean that he, the owner of the house, had a distinguished guest, namely, Lucullus. In the other, that he, Lucullus, was the guest of the master of the house. Which was it, do you think?"

The point was altogether too fine for most of the young folks, and they stared at one another in silence, one or two thinking hard, some trying to think, and the youngest wondering what there was to think about. Before their reflections had carried them very far, Uncle Claxton's voice was heard again.

"Come, children," he called out. "Lucullus dines with Lucullus. Which was which, and who was who? What do you say, Harry?"

"Uncle, to tell you the truth," Harry replied, "it has put my head in such a whirl that I have n't an idea left. Everything seems upside down."

"Well, Percy, how do you decide it?"

"It depends upon when you ask me, uncle. At first I had it one way, and then the other. A minute ago I was quite determined, but now — I think I 'll give it up, if you please."

"Come, Amy; we must look to you."

"I have made up my mind," said Amy; "but it is n't easy to tell. It must be either, 'I have invited Lucullus, and we should give him the best we have,' or, 'Lucullus has invited me, and so, for my sake, and perhaps for his credit, too, there ought to be a fine dinner.'"

"Very good; and then?"

"It seems more natural that Lucullus should mean he was receiving a visitor than that he himself was the visitor. But if I go over it too often I am afraid I shall be all mixed up, and not know what to say."

Uncle Claxton nodded pleasantly. "I think you have it right, Amy. My idea is the same as yours. It is n't worth much study, anyway. I asked you only because it was a point that people used to debate ages ago, and argue about till they were tired. Considering that the ancients set up to be philosophers, they certainly occupied some of their time with queer discussions. What do you think of a dispute by learned scholars over this question: 'Did the chicken exist before the egg, or the egg before the chicken?'"

"Why," exclaimed Harry, "that 's what the fellows at school ask each other!"

"Very likely," said Uncle Claxton. "So they did when I went to school. But it was asked by grown-up men in Greece nearly two thousand years ago, and perhaps two thousand years before that. The Greeks were fond of that sort of amusement. But it is n't good enough for us. Here are our dumplings coming; let us make the best of them, without asking antiquated conundrums, or even inquiring, as did King George III., how the apple got inside the crust. Dumplings are too good to need any verbal sauce of that kind."

*(To be continued.)*

# CHUGGINS, THE YOUNGEST HERO WITH THE ARMY.

*(A Tale of the Capture of Santiago.)*

By H. Irving Hancock.



"'YOU 'RE MR. ROOSEVELT, ARE N'T YOU?' CHUGGINS ASKED." (SEE PAGE 48.)

The sun, beating fiercely in his face, caused him to open his big, round eyes. Chuggins was awake, though at first he did not realize where he was.

Then it all came back to him. This land, with its dense forests of trees, unlike any he had seen before, with the prickly cactus, the cocoanut palms and the giant palms, the mango-trees, and great tangled mazes of jungle all about — this land was Cuba.

And Chuggins was there with the army. He had longed to come, and resolved to come, and had come. This little roly-poly youngster had a long line of fighting ancestors. His father

had carried a musket through the Civil War; his grandfather had fought in the War of 1812; his great-grandfather had served with Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga. With such an ancestry behind him, Chuggins had felt called upon to take part in the war for the liberation of Cuba; and after surmounting untold difficulties, here he was!

How the name of "Chuggins" had come to him not even the little fellow himself remembered; probably the boys had so nicknamed him, and the name had been popular because it seemed to fit his round, stout little figure to a T. He was a Vermont boy, and had lived with an uncle and aunt in the southern part of the good old Green Mountain State. When war was declared, Chuggins, who knew and gloried in his ancestral history, decided that he must get to the front, somehow.

His uncle and aunt laughed at him. They always laughed good-humoredly at these suddenly conceived schemes of Chuggins — when they did n't scold him.

"But I 've got to go," pleaded Chuggins. "There were three Sperrys before me who fought in the service of their country, and of course I can't go back on a record like that."

In an unthinking moment Uncle Nat gave his consent. He did n't mean it; he did n't dream that the boy would go; but Chuggins never waited for the old man to change his mind. Setting out on foot, he tramped down into the western part of Massachusetts. There was a volunteer regiment, afterward famous, being organized there. By dint of persuasion, the little fellow got into the camp as chore-boy. By sheer hard work and unfailing good nature he kept his unpaid position with these soldiers. He went to Framingham with them, afterward to Lakeland, and then to Tampa, Florida.



"A BRONZED OFFICER, PRESENTING A SPLENDID PICTURE OF MANHOOD, RODE ALONG ON A SPIRITED HORSE." (SEE PAGE 43)

But here a great disappointment was in store for the boy. Colonel Clark flatly refused to take any small boy to Cuba with the regiment.

"You had better go home," said the colonel, kindly. "If you have n't any money with you, we will manage in some way to raise a purse to pay your fare."

In despair, Chuggins fled away from the regi-

ment. Tramping over to Port Tampa, he interviewed the steward of one of the great transport-ships lying in the canal there. Now these ships, being under hire to the government, were all managed as cheaply as possible. It seemed to the steward that a good deal of work could be got out of this healthy-looking youngster. Chuggins was engaged to go to Cuba on the steamship, "for his keep." He was careful not to make any promises about coming back on the same conditions.



"REMEMBER THE "MAINE"" [SEE PAGE 43]

For the first day or two after the boy left home little was thought of his disappearance. He was "an odd youngster, but would be back in a day or two." When this prediction failed, Uncle Nat bestirred himself, but in vain. He could gain no trace of his nephew's whereabouts. A day or two before the great troop-ship sailed out of Port Tampa, Chuggins wrote to his uncle and aunt, telling them what he had done, and where he was going, adding naïvely in a final paragraph:

"I thank you very much for letting me go to the front."

So the boy had got as far as Daiquiri, where General Shafter debarked the most of the fine army that he was to lead against Santiago. Here a new complication arose. Ship's captain and steward absolutely declined to let the young helper go ashore. To a boy as determined as was Chuggins this refusal meant little. On the first day of the landing of troops, horses also were sent ashore. From one of the great open ports forward a wide gang-plank ran down until its edge touched the water. Blindfolded horses were led down this plank by means of a long halter made fast to the stern of a life-boat. Once they were in the water, the horses had the bandages taken from their eyes. They were headed straight, and left to swim ashore.

Chuggins stood watching this novel sight as dark came on.

"I 'm just as good as any horse," he observed, in confidence, to himself.

Having settled this point, he waited until it was quite dark. Then, getting upon his hands and knees, when no one was looking he crept

down the plank. Plash! and he was in the water. He was quite at home there, too. Striking out lustily, he was soon ashore.

Chuggins was on Cuban soil. He felt happy — exultant. Soon after he began to feel scared. Suppose the ship's captain or steward should send ashore and capture him? To be sure, he had not agreed to go back with the ship, but he had heard that shipping laws were queer things, designed principally for the oppression of seafaring workers. To render himself as secure as possible from the defeat of his plans, he went through two or three groves of trees before he settled upon a small clearing as his abiding-place for the night.

It was here that the boy awoke, with a strange, startling sense of the newness of his surroundings. It soon wore off, however, for Chuggins was hungry. Through the trees he had a glimpse of the transports, riding at anchor in the open harbor of Daiquiri. That told him where the town was.

He set out, walking briskly. Close into the town, he came upon a company of engineers preparing their breakfast of bacon, coffee, and hardtack.

"Where do you get your food?" the boy stopped long enough to ask.

"Over at the commissary," replied one of the soldiers, pointing to where a great white tent stood, down near the pier.

"Will they sell any there?"

"Civilian, ain't ye?" queried the soldier.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I reckon they 'll sell ye some, if ye 're polite."

Chuggins started on his way again, walking more swiftly than before, and keeping a tightly closed hand upon his whole stock of money— a quarter that he had earned back in Tampa.

There was a swarm of busy men round the great commissary tent. Most of them were American soldiers, but there was a smattering of civilians, and, what interested Chuggins most of all for the moment, a number of ragged Cuban soldiers, who had been hired to pack provisions over the mountain trail to the soldiers of Uncle Sam, already pushing far up into the hills, where the Spaniards awaited them.

Watching his chance, the boy made his way up to the counter, behind which two officers, a sergeant, and a number of civilian helpers were tremendously busy with apportioning out army rations, and checking them off.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded a sharp voice in Chuggins's ear.

"If you please, can I buy something to eat here?" asked the boy, holding up his only coin.

"Where do you belong?"

"I came ashore from one of the ships," answered Chuggins, with evasive truthfulness.

"Better get back there, then, where there 's plenty of food," replied the commissary sergeant, gruffly.

"But I 'm not going back," protested the boy, stoutly. "I 'm going to stay ashore; and I 'd like to buy something, for I 'm hungry."

"So 's the army," retorted the sergeant, as he began to check off the items on a list that he held in his hand. "How old are you?"

"Thirteen, sir."

"Then you 'd better get back to your ship. It 's no place for you here on shore."

"Can't I buy something to eat now? I 'm desperately hungry."

There was something so pleading in the youthful voice that the commissary sergeant softened sufficiently to reply, with gruff kindliness:

"I 'm sorry, my lad, but we 've orders not to issue an ounce of food to any one until we 've provided for the three regiments that are up in the hills without rations. Come back in three or four hours, and I 'll try to do something for you."

Three or four hours! That was a long time for a boy to wait who already felt woefully faint with hunger. But Chuggins felt that it was of no use to argue with the commissary sergeant. Turning away, he walked up the hill on which most of the houses of the town stood. Here he came upon a group of men who looked warlike enough. Most of them were dressed very much like soldiers, in brown canvas suits, and wore leggings, sombreros, cartridge-belts, and huge revolvers. Two or three of them carried repeating rifles, besides. These young men were bustling about. Chuggins knew two or three of them to be war correspondents for the

newspapers; he had seen them in the camps at Tampa. It was natural enough, therefore, to conclude that they were all correspondents.

One of them was bargaining with half a dozen ragged Cuban soldiers to bring a lot of baggage up from the pier.

"I 'd like a chance at that work, sir," proposed Chuggins, thrusting himself forward.

"You look strong enough," replied the correspondent whom he had addressed, looking down kindly at the little fellow.

"Oh, I 'm strong enough, sir; don't you be afraid about that."

"Get to work, then, and when you 're through I 'll pay you half a dollar."

"Would you just as soon make it something to eat?"

"Hungry, eh?" asked the correspondent.

"Awfully!" came the answer, with heartfelt force.

"Get right to work, then, sonny; we 'll use you right."

For almost an hour Chuggins toiled manfully, packing valises, boxes, tent-rolls, and the many other articles of a well-equipped war correspondent's baggage. By the time that this was over breakfast was ready. Chuggins sat on the ground, just as his late employers did, and quickly disposed of a tin plate full of canned beans, fried bacon, and hardtack, washed down with coffee that had no milk or sugar in it.

How good it tasted no one can imagine who was not there. And, in addition to the breakfast, Chuggins was made happy by the present of half a dollar, which he protested he had not earned, but which he was forced to accept.

"Want a job to stay here in camp and help our cooks?" asked the correspondent.

"Very much obliged, but I 'm going to the front," replied Chuggins, shaking his head.

"To the front? What in the world are you going to do there?"

"I don't know, but I 'm going there. That 's where all the Sperrys were before me."

The correspondent uttered a low whistle of surprise, but politely pointed out the trail over which the first troops had marched, and Chuggins lost no time in getting upon that trail.

Though he trudged along alone, there was no difficulty in keeping to the trail. Even had there been another road to confuse the traveler, it would have been easy enough to guess which was the right one. The soldiers had marked a trail plain enough for the "greenest" scout to follow. Here some discarded blouses hung upon a bush near the road. A little farther along, the thin bushes only half concealed the "roll," thrown away by another soldier. This roll contained, besides half a shelter-tent, a pair of blankets and a rubber poncho. It was too heavy for a soldier to carry under that broiling sun while tramping over the roughest kind of mountain roads. Still another soldier had found his leggings too hot and uncomfortable, and had thrown them aside at the first opportunity.



Chuggins picked up the discarded leggings. They fitted fairly well. He already wore an army sombrero, given him by a soldier in Tampa, and now felt quite the soldier himself.

"I 'd like to find a canteen with water in it," murmured the boy, who was now beginning to experience a lively thirst. But this he did not find. No matter how much soldiers throw away, they always keep their canteens in the tropics.

It was a hard trudge through those Cuban hills. Every few minutes the boy found himself compelled to sit in the roadside shade.

He had gone perhaps five miles, and was resting once more, when a bronzed officer, a splendid picture of manhood, rode along on a spirited horse dripping with wet and foam.

"Hello! Which way are you headed?" questioned the lieutenant, reining up short.

Chuggins, without saying a word, pointed in the direction taken by the troops.

"Don't you try it," advised the officer. "There 's real fighting going on over there."

"Which is just the reason I 'm going," muttered the boy with the trio of fighting ancestors, leaping to his feet as soon as the officer had ridden out of sight.

The way no longer seemed long. He thought but little of his thirst or of the heat. By the time that he had gone a mile farther on, he heard what sounded like a string of firecrackers exploding. The farther he went, the louder the sounds became. At first he hardly thought of the noise, but at last he came to an abrupt halt.

"Why, that 's firing!" he exclaimed. "That 's the battle! Oh, I hope our soldiers are just giving it to the Spaniards! Gracious! how loud the noise is now! They 're firing so fast that I don't believe they 're stopping to breathe."

Then a queer feeling came over Chuggins. It struck him in the region of the belt that he wore tightly strapped at the top of his trousers. It was a strange, uneasy feeling, not unlike the one he had felt on the voyage to Cuba when the water was rough.

Men were being killed, on beyond. Others were being wounded, many of them horribly mangled. Chuggins had a vivid, awful recollection of the horrors of war as told by his father — tales to which the boy had listened with fascinated terror in years gone by, when that father was alive. Thinking of those awful tales now, Chuggins felt a strong desire to remain right where he was — safe!

But there was fighting blood even in the youngest and latest of the Sperrys. Chuggins thought of the father who had gone off in '61, at the first call of President Lincoln; he thought of what some Grand Army neighbors had said of the grit and endurance of Private Sperry in those far back days; he remembered the picture of which he had always been so proud, which represented his father, at the age of nineteen, in the uniform of a Federal volunteer.

Long before he stopped thinking of those matters, Chuggins was running — running right toward the noises that made him think so strongly of the racket of a Fourth of July at home. As he ran, a wave of disappointment swept over the boy. The firing had ceased. He did not realize this all at once; but when the truth came home to him that the battle must be over, he clenched his hands, while tears came into his eyes.

"If I had n't loafed so along the road, I 'd have been there in time!" he cried angrily.

Still he kept on running. In time he came to a low, shaded road. There was a brook in his way, and, before fording the narrow stream, Chuggins bent over to gulp in a long drink of the warmish water. Then he got up on his feet again, and went forward, soon coming into the town of Siboney. There were hundreds of Cubans here, and an entire brigade of Uncle Sam's soldiers.

"What happened?" asked Chuggins, going up to the nearest soldier who looked good-natured.

"Well, we chased the Spaniards out of the town," was the gleeful answer.

"How many killed?" questioned the boy, eagerly, yet with a misgiving.

"Nary one."

"Wounded?"

"Not an American soul. There were sixteen Cubans slightly hurt, though."

There was plenty here to see, and Chuggins's eyes were busy. Some of the transports which had come down from Daiquiri were being unloaded of troops. More than a dozen small boats plied constantly between ships and shore, coming in loaded as tightly as could be, going back empty, in tow of navy launches. There was a lighter moored as close to shore as it could be, and from this two small boats were used to transfer the lighter's cargo to the shore. Chuggins eyed this lighter with an interest born of experience. It was loaded down with commissary supplies. Two or three hundred soldiers were bathing in the surf at once, while, just back of the beach, others had found a fresh-water pool. Here, half stripped, many of the soldiers washed soiled articles of clothing. Others were roaming up the sides of the hills near by, peering into blockhouses and inspecting rifle-trenches abandoned by the enemy. Occasionally a captain or lieutenant would walk through the active groups of men, to say warningly:

"Men, remember the advice of the medical

department. In this unhealthy climate you are urged to make no unnecessary exertions in the middle of the day."

But this advice was laughed at, for the most part — though the laughing was not done, you may be sure, until the officer had turned away. It was absurd to speak of Cuba's climate as unhealthy. It was not as hot as New York was in the summer. That was before our soldiers understood the climate. They knew more about it later. For the present, happy over their release from the crowded transport, they were inclined to play like youngsters on vacation.

Up in the village of Siboney, where the track led by to the railroad roundhouse, there was more fun going on. Before the Spaniards left they had tried to disable the three engines there. There were mechanics in abundance among our men. A group of them had been at work for two hours to repair the smallest locomotive of all. It was soon in running order.

"Wait a minute," sang out one of the soldiers, coming forward with a bucket of red paint and a brush which he had found in the roundhouse. "There 's no name on the thing. It ought to have a name. Some one give me a name, and I 'll paint it on."

"Shafter!" cried a soldier. "Bates!" shouted another. "Lawton!" "Kent!" Each suggester offered the name of his favorite general.

"Hold on," objected the soldier with the brush. "I can't paint 'em all on. Decide on one name, boys, and I 'll paint her."

There was another noisy discussion, which made the question seem as far from being settled as ever. Meanwhile, the man with the bucket and brush stood by, a look of comical despair on his face. Soon he espied Chuggins, lingering on the outskirts of the crowd.

"See here, youngster," called the man with the brush, "what do you say?"

"How would 'Remember the Maine' do?" spoke up Chuggins, turning a little red, but speaking clearly.

"Good enough!" answered the man, dipping his brush at once into the bucket, while a cheer went up. Then the decorator stopped.

"There is n't room enough for so long a name under the cab window," he remarked.

"Why don't you paint it on the boiler?" suggested Chuggins.

"Good again!" With a flourish, a large, red R was marked out on the boiler. There was a cheer, and another cheer for each letter that appeared — with such frantic cheering when the whole of the popular legend appeared that soldiers began to run over there from other parts of the village.

"There 's no number on this engine, either," discovered the man with the brush. "She 'll have to have a number, sure. I guess twenty-two is good enough for her."

This sally brought a burst of applause, for the painter and his comrades grouped about belonged to the Twenty-second United States Infantry.

"Where did you come from?" Chuggins felt a hand upon his shoulder, while another hand, resting under his chin, turned his face upward. The boy found himself looking up into the grizzled, seamy face of a tall, erect sergeant who was old enough to be his father and have some years to spare. Chuggins felt, somehow, that that sergeant was a man to be trusted. Evidently the sergeant formed a similar opinion of the boy, for he spoke kindly when he asked:

"You did n't run away from home to follow the army, did you?"

"My uncle said I could come," answered Chuggins.

"What did you come for?"

"To see Uncle Sam's soldiers fight, of course," replied the boy, showing the surprise he felt that such a question should seem necessary.

"Do you think this is just the place for a boy?" was the sergeant's next question.

"For a boy whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather all served their country in the army — yes, I do, sir. I don't believe there 's any other place for a boy to be who had folks like that."

"Good!" voiced the sergeant, with a flush in his own manly face. "Come over here under the tree, where it 's shady. I want to talk with you."

And talk they did for some minutes, Chuggins telling his story truthfully.

"I 've got to go over and inspect the company quarters," said the sergeant, finally, after

consulting a little silver watch that he carried inside his flannel shirt. "Sperry, I don't know just what to say to you, except that I admire your grit from the ground up to the top of your head. I want to see you again. But look out for the provost guard. If they get you, you 'll be hustled back aboard a ship."

"Is there a provost here already?" questioned the boy.

"Of course there is; and they 'll pick you up quick, if your story does n't suit them."

In camp, the provost officer and his men perform the same duties that are delegated to the police in civil life.

"They 'll be round in a few minutes, too," added the sergeant, as he walked away.

"I don't want them to send me back to any ship," thought the boy, with a thrill of alarm. He walked over to where a row of white-washed buildings stood, on the road that led up from the beach. They were deserted just now. Chuggins looked in two or three of them until he found one almost filled up with hay. It was dark in there, and looked like a good place to hide. Hardly pausing to think, the boy slipped in, and pulled the door shut. But soon his conscience began to hurt.

"This is n't right," he muttered, with sturdy self-accusation. "It 's too much like hiding or running away, and I guess the Sperrys never did much of that."

With a bound he reached the door, pulled it open, stepped outside, and slammed the door again, as if to put all temptation securely behind him.

"There 's the provost guard up at the end of the street," hinted his friend, the sergeant, who happened to pass at that moment.

"Thank you, sir," replied Chuggins; and then, so great was his dread of having his ambition frustrated that he sat down on the bench in front of the door to still the trembling of his legs. Away up the street he could make out an officer, a corporal, and eight men.

"I 'd give five dollars for a square feed of hay for this poor brute of mine," said an officer riding by to another who walked beside him.

"Done!" cried Chuggins, leaping to his feet, with all the tremble gone out of his legs.

"Don't mean to say you 've got a feed store?" demanded the officer, reining up, and smiling quizzically at the boy.

"Look in here," urged the boy, throwing open the door, upon seeing which the officer quickly dismounted and came up on the porch.

"It is n't mine, you understand," went on Chuggins, quickly. "I only show it to you."

"It 's Spanish hay, I guess," laughed the officer, "and belongs to whoever finds it."

Drawing a camp-knife, he quickly severed the lashings of the bundle, picking up a liberal allowance of the hay, which he carried out and made fast to his saddle.

"As to that five dollars —"

"I don't want it," protested Chuggins. "Do me a favor, instead."

"What favor?"

"Well, you see, sir, I 'm not attached. I want to attach myself somewhere. I can find my food, and look out for myself, and don't want pay; but I 'd like to be your striker."

"Striker" is the army name for an officer's servant.

"All right," laughed the officer, good-naturedly. "You 'll find the work quite as light as the pay you propose. When you want anything, find Lieutenant John Hansel."

"Thank you, sir"; and as the officer rode away, Chuggins brought his hand up to an army salute.

Then he sat down again, looking steadily out upon the sea, that was as blue as a turquoise, until tramp, tramp, tramp! sounded near, and a sharp voice hailed:

"Now, youngster, what are you doing here? Run away from home, or bolted off a ship, eh? I 've orders to round up all such as you."

It was the provost officer, who had halted, with his corporal and eight men, just behind him. He glared sternly at the boy, sure that he had caught a scapegrace.

But Chuggins, rising to his feet with a salute, replied:

"No, sir; I 'm a striker to Lieutenant Hansel."

"Don't believe it," was the curt reply of this semi-judicial officer.

"I 'm sorry you don't, sir, but there 's Lieutenant Hansel over there on his horse."

"I 'll ask Hansel about this business later," grunted the provost with a severe glance.

"Squad, forward!"

Chuggins was not molested. He remained in Siboney that day; and Hansel, coming just before dark for more hay, took his young striker up to one of the camps, where he gave orders for the boy's supper and breakfast. For sleeping quarters, that night, Chuggins went back to the shack full of hay.

Early the next morning, he took the trail up over the hills to the east that led toward Santiago. He had seen soldiers marching over that trail already, and knew it was the right one. He kept on sturdily, determined to go ahead until he overtook the soldiers who were pushing on to the front. And so it happened that presently he heard the noise like exploding firecrackers all over again. He was now within less than half a mile of Las Guasimas, where the "Rough Riders" were getting their first real taste of war. Heavy and continuous was the firing. Spaniards were resisting desperately. Roosevelt's men were earning their spurs.

"I lost the fight yesterday by being slow. That sha'n't happen to-day"; and Chuggins broke into a run that carried him every minute nearer to the sound of firing.

Szz-zz-zz! whizzed something by his ear. Running as he was, with every thought fixed on what was ahead, the boy did not give heed until five or six more passed close to him.

"Bullets — that 's what they are!" he cried, his eyes snapping. "Now we shall soon know what battle is like. Hullo! Gracious!"

Turning a sharp bend in the road, he had almost collided with a man, who sat there on the edge of a low bank, holding his left arm tightly with his other hand.

"Did n't see you," explained Chuggins, apologetically. "Say, you 're hurt, are n't you?"

The man wore the uniform of the Rough Riders. Blood was slowly dropping from the arm that he held so tightly.

"Just a scratch," replied the soldier, lightly. "But don't you hear the bullets whistling through the trees? There 's hot work going on. This is no place for a boy like you."

"Just the place for me," came the confident retort; "only I 'm not near enough to the front, yet, to see what 's going on."

"You could n't see a bit more up where I got this," retorted the Rough Rider, with a laugh. "It 's all ambush. Take good advice, and hurry back to Siboney."

But Chuggins stood still and shook his head stubbornly.

"I 'm sorry for you," he said. "Can't I do something for you?"

"Just what you can. Here, take this handkerchief, and tie it around my arm, just above the wound. That 's right. Sight of the blood does n't make you sick, does it, sonny?"

"Not blood that 's lost this way," came the answer, with a positive shake of the head. "Dad was a soldier — wounded three times."

He stopped and looked inquiringly into the Rough Rider's face, for the handkerchief was tied in place.

"Pick up that stick," said the man, nodding across the road. "Push it through the loop, and twist hard. Don't be afraid of hurting me. I want you to keep it up until it hurts. There, that 's enough. Now, I 'll hold the stick twisted with my good hand. It has stopped the flow of blood, you see, sonny. Much obliged. I 'm ordered back to hospital at Siboney. You 'd better come, too."

Chuggins only smiled and shook his head. With a last look at his patient, he set out at another jog-trot.

The man was right. There was hot firing going on ahead, as the boy soon knew by the constantly increasing number of bullets that whizzed within hearing as he got nearer to the firing-line. There were other wounded men, too, coming back over the narrow road. Some of them contented themselves with staring curiously at the solitary figure trudging resolutely to the front. Others urged him to go back. A few sharply commanded him to do so. But he kept on as if he had not heard them.

Then Chuggins came upon a sight that made him feel as if something were freezing inside of him. Just to the right of the road, on the very edge of it, lay a young man. He did not stir, this young soldier, nor even breathe. In the center of his forehead there was a tiny hole.

Killed in battle — a soldier's death! Frank and manly he looked, even now, when the last stillness was upon him. A smile of exultation

hovered on the face. The mouth seemed trying to frame a triumphant "Hurrah!"

"This is war," thought the boy, shivering. "It 's what has to happen to some of us. It 's nothing to cry about," he gulped down.



"'TWIST HARD,' SAID THE ROUGH RIDER."

Next, something in the dead face of that youthful Rough Rider seemed to give the onlooker an idea.

"I believe, if he could talk, he 'd say I ought to."

With a quick, nervous movement, Chuggins bent over and took up the gun that lay at the dead soldier's side. With the precision of one who has handled such a weapon before,— Chuggins had often done so in camp, back in the United States,— he opened the breech and looked in. The magazine was empty.

"You would n't mind, if you could say so," spoke the boy, softly, as he reached over, taking, one after the other, five cartridges from the other's ammunition-belt, and slipping them into the magazine. Five more cartridges, which he thrust into his pocket, and Chuggins ran down the road as fast as his feet could carry him; for the firing sounded as if the fight were shifting.

If there were bullets flying now, he did not know it — did not stop to think of them, but spurted over the rough, uneven road, full of the idea that he was to fire a few more shots for that gallant young soldier behind. It was strange how completely that idea shut out any other thought. Now the firing rang louder than ever; there were cheers mingled with it. Chuggins came in sight of an irregular mass of men ahead. They were charging through the jungle and under the trees, firing as they ran. At a quick, sharp command, they lay down, but kept on firing. Panting, Chuggins ran among them, unnoticed, throwing himself upon the ground between two of the men. Through the trees he caught just a glimpse of little brown men in blue-and-white uniforms that looked very much like bed-ticking. They were firing at the Rough Riders as fast as they could work their guns, while the Americans were giving rather more than they received.

Chuggins had no time to see whether men were being hit around him, but he knew that the hiss and chug of bullets all about him was something terrifying, and he had time to be afraid. For a few moments he shook as if with ague. It was the thought of that dead soldier's face, with the lips trying to say "Hurrah!" that made a Sperry of him again. Pushing the carbine out in front of him, trying to see the blue-and-white uniforms through the foresight, Chuggins began to fire. It was amazing how quickly that magazine was emptied!

Now the Rough Riders were up and yelling again. Onward they dashed, and the boy went with them. In the rush he was left in the second line; but just as he finished slipping in the five fresh cartridges, he reached the front rank again. He fired ahead, because the rest did; but it took him longer to empty the magazine now than it did when lying down. There was a spirited scurrying, a wild hurrahing, and the Spaniards had fled.

Now, when men began to breathe again, and rest, and look about for comrades, they espied Chuggins, or rather noticed him, for the first time. Certain of the officers were among the most curious. One of them strode swiftly over to the boy's side, rested a strong hand on his shoulder, and looked down inquiringly into his face. Something in the man's features looked familiar. Chuggins remembered a portrait that he had seen in the newspapers.

"You 're Mr. Roosevelt, are n't you?" he asked.

"Yes, my lad; but who are you?"

"Name 's Sperry, sir. Striker for Lieutenant Hansel," Chuggins breathlessly explained.

"How came you here? Where did you get that gun? What are you doing with it?"

Colonel Roosevelt did not look cross, but he

plainly meant to have the whole story. So Chuggins told it briefly, dwelling on the dead soldier whose lips seemed trying to cheer.

"I felt sure he would n't mind my taking his gun, if he could only say so, sir," wound up the young narrator. "Fact is, I think he 'd have been glad to have me put in a few more shots for him, and I 'm glad I did."

"Were n't you scared, Sperry?" asked Colonel Roosevelt, his face softening.

"Awfully, for a little while, but it wore off," came the candid reply.

Colonel Roosevelt looked at him thoughtfully. He knew that such a mere boy had no call or right to be on the firing-line, but such deeds and reasoning as Chuggins offered must perplex a lover of heroes; so he said as had the sergeant at Siboney.

"Sperry, I don't know what to say to you."

Just then some one called the Colonel away, and Chuggins wandered about in the regiment. He stayed with the troops after that, first with one regiment and then with another, getting farther and farther to the front as the army advanced, going back to Siboney only when some officer had a message to send. That life just suited the boy. There was always room for him at night in some "pup-house," as the soldiers call their little shelter-tents. He never lacked for a meal, helping in all the odd chores of camp life that he could. The gun that he used at Las Guasimas he had given up, and thus became an ordinary camp-follower again. Once in a while he encountered Lieutenant Hansel, curried that officer's horse, or rendered some other service that kept up his status as striker, and thus balked the officious persons who believed that boys should be sent to the rear, and kept there.

"We 're going to march to-night," said a regular army captain to his second lieutenant. "There 'll be time for supper, and a little lay-off just after dark, and then we go forward."

"Battle to-morrow?" asked the lieutenant. He was young and eager, having graduated at West Point only recently.

"The orders all seem to point that way," replied the captain. "I reckon we 'll be in the thick of it soon after daylight."

Chuggins, lying on his back behind a near-by thicket, heard, and pricked up his ears. But the two officers walked off out of hearing. The soldiers had heard the same news, and were discussing it in two different moods. While the younger men were eager and delighted, the old, seasoned regulars took the matter more calmly. They were interested, but not excited.

"It will come soon enough, and when it comes we 're ready," they said.

It was the 30th of June, and those who predicted battle for the morrow were right. Before dark, shelter-tents were ordered struck and rolled. After that came supper — the same kind of supper that the men had been having for a week; then, after half an hour more, "assembly" was blown on the bugles, and the regiment was ordered to fall in.

When the regiment bivouacked that night they were much closer to the enemy — so close to the front, indeed, that had they built camp-fires the Spaniards would have seen them.

"We 'll try to leave the youngster behind in the morning."

That proposition was made by one sergeant to another. Chuggins had squeezed himself into the "pup-house" occupied by the pair during the last two nights that he had been with the regiment. He had really grown to look upon them as stanch comrades; but now they were proposing to leave him out of the morrow's battle!

"How can it be done?" asked the other sergeant.

Chuggins, leaning against the other side of a tree in the darkness, heard the reply:

"The youngster is a pretty sound sleeper in the morning, you know. If we 're quiet, we 'll get away without rousing him. Take the tent down carefully in the morning. Poor little chap, I 'd hate to see him follow us across the valley and get killed!"

Chuggins was not indignant. He only felt hurt that these veteran comrades should think it best to leave him behind. And he was aware of that weakness of his for sound sleep in the early hours of the morning!

True to expectations, he was sound asleep when "reveille" went off in the morning. Smiling like mild conspirators, Sergeant Lake and

Sergeant Toohey started to strike their little tent without disturbing the sleeping boy. Toohey grumbled a bit under his breath when one corner of the tent refused to come up off the ground. He gave it a harder yank, then fell back laughing; for the boy, waking up, sat up, took a knife out of his pocket, severed the short cord with which he had tied that tent corner to his ankle, and stood up.

"Present, sir, and accounted for," announced Chuggins, saluting the two discomfited sergeants. Yawning a good deal, he went over to help some men who were cooking.

"Nothing but arrest would keep that youngster from going to the front," grunted Sergeant Toohey. "I 'm not even sure that fixed bayonets would be in his way."

"But he must n't go too near the front," protested Lake, shaking his head.

"Speak to the colonel about it," urged Toohey.

Lake looked as if he were considering the idea, then shook his head. Both had an uneasy feeling that it would be like treachery to "tell on" the boy who was determined to be a man.

Thus it was that, not very long after daylight on that famous 1st of July, when the regiment pulled out into the road in its place in the brigade, Chuggins was marching with them.

Down the last line of hills into the valley of Santiago, the long column of men wound its way, marching by twos. To Chuggins, looking backward and then forward, that long brigade looked like an army. Yet it was only one of the four brigades that assaulted the town of El Caney that day, and Caney was only one of the positions fought for.

When the column spread out into a thin line of battle, when the men, bending forward as much as possible, began to run forward, when an invisible enemy up the hill began a popping fire with guns that belched no smoke — then the battle was suddenly on.

Presently our own men halted, dropped on their faces, and commenced to fire up the hill. At whom were they firing? Where was the enemy? Only a veteran soldier could answer that question. At first there were frequent rushes forward. As the fighting-line got nearer to the invisible little brown men, the rushes were less frequent, with much longer intervals of firing from the ground. Never once — not even for a second — did the popping of repeating rifles cease. The air was full of the spiteful hiss of those infernal insects of war that stung — and often stung to death. Whenever the order came to advance, our heroes rose and crouched on, along lanes, through chaparral, and over gullies, until next the order came to lie down and fire. A strange business, this, when men spent the entire day getting closer to each other, that they might smite each other with the most ingenious instruments of death that the human mind had been able to perfect! Even Chuggins, with the blood of so many fighting ancestors in his veins, began to wonder what queer madness had caused this awful scene of noise and carnage.

Several of our bravest men lay dead within the boy's sight. The number of wounded was increasing. Some, disdaining minor injuries, kept on without pausing, while others, worse hurt, came crawling painfully back.

Sergeant Toohey, kneeling to get a better shot, suddenly toppled over.

Though his face whitened, no cry came through his lips. Instead, forcing a smile, he turned to the man next to him, saying dryly:

"That felt as if somebody struck me with a red-hot club."

He rested one hand on his left hip, which had been shot through.

So gruesome and fearful had it all become that Chuggins began to find himself afraid. He felt almost ill, was beginning to shake, when he heard a lieutenant inquire:

"Can you get to the rear unaided, sergeant?"

"I think so, sir," replied Toohey, coolly.

He began to crawl, making fairly good progress, when Chuggins, as if by an inspiration, began to creep with him.

Together they got behind a knoll of ground.

"I believe I can walk now, if the sharpshooters will let me," observed Toohey, when he saw that the boy was with him. "Found it too hot up there, did you, Chug?"

Though the boy flushed, he answered quietly:

"I came back to help you, sergeant. Going to try to walk? Lean on me."

"For the love of heaven, Chug, don't try to

walk when you 've two sound hips to crawl with. It 's like murdering yourself!"

But the boy, who was now standing steadily on his feet, answered:

"If you want to walk, lean on me."

Slowly the pair started. In a few minutes more the bullets hissed everywhere about them. Both must have borne charmed lives, for through it all they passed without being hit, until they came to a level space on the other side of bushes, where a middle-aged doctor, with sleeves rolled up, was giving first treatment to the wounded, with the aid of three hospital men.

"Serious?" asked the doctor, as the sergeant, leaning on Chuggins, came on the scene, slowly moving one foot after the other.

"Not so serious, sir, but I can wait my turn," replied Toohey.

He sank to the ground, and the boy stood by, wondering what he could do at this busy spot.

"Doc, can't I have a drink of water?" moaned one poor wounded fellow.

"You could, if I had it, my man," rejoined the surgeon; "but the last drop is gone."

The mention of water set other men with parched mouths to moaning for it.

"Can't you send and get some, Doc?"

"Not now," was the sorrowful answer. "You brave fellows are getting shot up ahead faster than we can attend to you. Stopping the pour of blood is even more important than giving water. By and by—"

Turning, the doctor got sight of Chuggins. It made him angry to see a boy needlessly exposed in this awful place.

"What are you doing here, youngster?" he demanded gruffly.

"I—" began Chuggins, slowly.

"Go back, boy. Get out of this fearful field as quickly as you can. Go back where you can't even hear a gun; do you hear?"

"I 'll go back at once, sir," replied Chuggins.

Satisfied, the doctor turned, and went to work to bind up a wound. From that patient he passed to another and another. Shattered men came in faster than he could get them mended; and the moaning for water became a chorus of agony.

"Who 's to have it first, sir?"

The doctor wheeled sharply around. His questioner was Chuggins, flushed and panting, dripping with perspiration, and almost staggering under the weight of a half a dozen canteens.

"I thought I—" began the doctor, angrily.

"Oh, I went back, sir," smiled the boy, cheerfully. "Rounded up a few canteens and took them, too, sir. "I 've found a spring not far away, and I guess I 'm going to be able to keep you in water to-day."

"Here!" begged a man burning up inside with wound-fever.

"Bring some here, too."

"Over this way, when you get time, sonny."

Dr. Chardon was vanquished by force of circumstances. He could no longer remonstrate. It would be cruelty to the wounded men to drive this sturdy little fellow out of danger.

So Chuggins stayed — stayed all through the long day, and played, without thinking anything of the sort, the part of a ministering angel. No patient under that doctor went without water to drink. Nor did the boy, once he found work to do, know the feeling of fear again, though Spanish sharp-shooters, concealed in far-away trees, shot many a wounded man under the doctor's eyes that day.

When the firing-line advanced, the doctor went with it, that he might be nearer the men who needed his aid. With him went his three hospital men — whom sharp-shooters finally reduced to one — and Chuggins.

Once, as Chuggins bent over to hold a canteen to a sufferer's lips, a bullet carried his hat away. Not until he had given a drink to two more men did he think of the missing sombrero. When a canteen was shot out of his hand and rendered useless, the boy winced, but that was all. Many a time the thudding balls, striking the ground near his feet, sent miniature showers of dirt over him; but these were only incidents.

When the last gallant charge was made, that took the stone fort on El Caney's hill, Dr. Chardon picked up his instruments and bandages, and followed in the wake of the men. At his side was the surviving hospital man; at his heels, Chuggins.

"It 'll soon be over, sir," said the hospital man, with a weary smile, "and we—"

It was then that a bullet drilled through the

hospital man's forehead, sending him to the ground, dead.

Ten steps farther, and the doctor was hit — hit so forcefully that he reeled back upon the boy, who was barely able to support him.

"That 's mean, when I 'm so badly needed!" exclaimed Dr. Chardon, irritably, and pointing to the wound in his side.

The man of surgery was obliged to apply one of his bandages to himself. The boy helped, with a knowledge born of hours of observation. It was an ugly, serious wound. Though the surgeon grated his teeth with rage at the thought of leaving so many suffering fellows behind, he found himself obliged to go to the rear. Sometimes, too, he was compelled to lean so heavily on the little fellow that the latter winced and pressed his lips tightly together. Spanish sharp-shooters sent many a hissing bit of lead and steel after them. It can never be explained how the pair got out of the valley alive. Even when they reached the field hospital near General Shafter's headquarters, they found it so overcrowded that Dr. Chardon sighed, and muttered:

"We 'll keep on to Siboney."

A dozen more miles over mountain trails, and the first two or three still made dangerous by the enemy's sharp-shooters! Chuggins and the doctor can hardly remember how they ever got over the long, weary trail. It was midnight when they arrived at the little city of white tents set up for the wounded.

Chuggins waited until he saw his friend on the operating-table in one of the tents. Then, going just outside the tent, the boy sank to the ground. In a second he was so sound asleep that he never stirred until morning.

With the remembrance of his little comrade and the yesterday's work, Dr. Chardon sent for him. Lying on a cot, his eyes more than merely moist, he grasped the boy's hand.

"Sperry," he exclaimed earnestly, "you 're a hero — one of the real kind!"

Modern surgery works wonders. In a week Dr. Chardon was going about slowly. Chuggins, who had not quitted him, was his companion in the first walks.

All along through the woods between Siboney and the hill-town of Firmesa were rude little camps which sheltered fugitives who had fled from Santiago under the fear of bombardment. All were hungry, many ill. Dr. Chardon heard of these wretched beings, and, with his medicine-case, went among them.

"Don't you come, too," he objected, when he saw Chuggins at his side. "My boy, these people may be bringing the yellow fever among us. I don't want you to get it."

"If they need you, perhaps I can do some good, too. Anyway, you 'll likely need my arm coming back."

In three days Dr. Chardon fell ill. By the time that his case was pronounced to be yellow fever, Chuggins, too, was ill. Together they made the sad journey in a freight-car up to the yellow-fever camp in the hills.

There the battle between life and death was fought. Where many died, they were spared. Some days later they came forth, wan, yellow, and emaciated, but cured. Haggard lines around the face spelled for both man and boy the words, "Duty done."

Santiago had fallen. The campaign there was over. Gladly enough both the doctor and his young friend took passage on a transport bound for New York. Reaching there, they journeyed fast on to Boston, where, in peace times, Dr. Chardon is a prosperous physician.

From the "Hub," after a rest, both went to Chuggins's old home. Uncle Nat and Aunt Martha Sperry went nearly wild with delight when they heard the whole story from Dr. Chardon's lips.

Uncle Nat scolded, you may be sure, and with a good deal of justice, no doubt, over the way in which his nephew had gained his unsuspecting consent to go to the front.

"I only wanted to see whether the Sperrys are all alike," said the boy, soberly.

Dr. Chardon asked that the boy be allowed to go down to Boston to live with him. He promised such a glowing future for Chuggins that the old couple finally consented.

"If I have n't lost my influence in this district," the doctor now declares, "I 'm going to have this youngster sent to West Point.

And that just suits Chuggins.

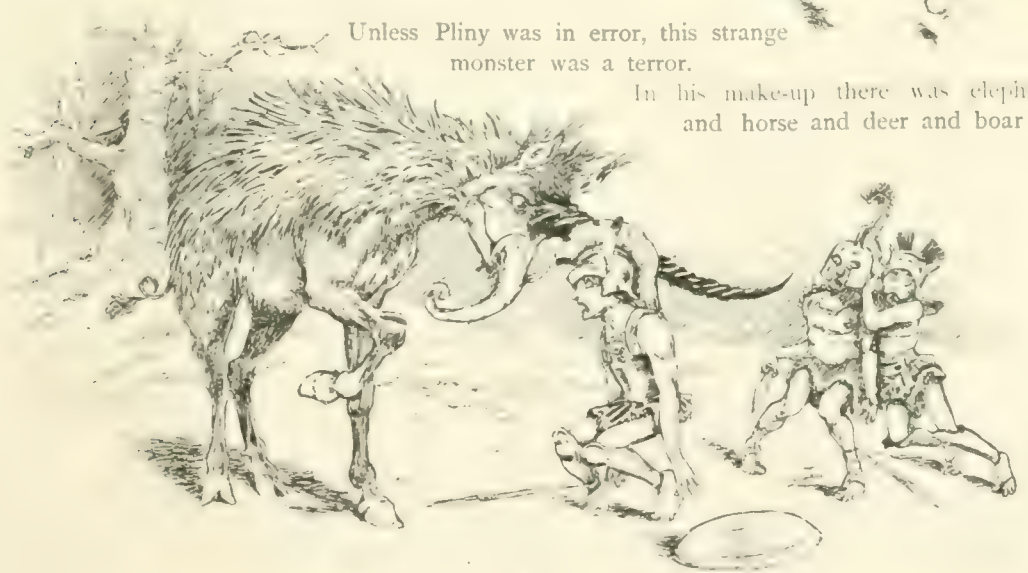
# THE CAPTURE OF THE UNICORN

By Edwin Julian.

In the dark and mystic ages, ere were written history's
pages,
In the days ere seers and sages had the paths of learning trod,
Far across the broad Atlantic there roamed monsters so gigantic
That to slay one was a labor for a king or a demigod.

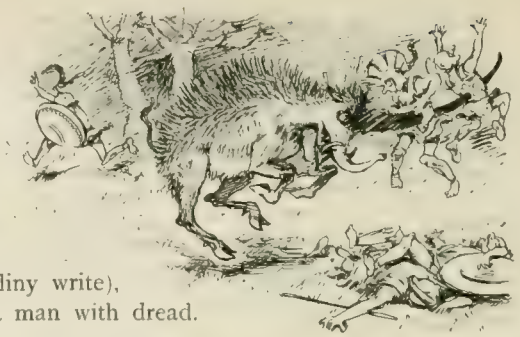
The fierce hydra, multiheaded, was a creature to be dreaded;
And the dragon bold, the Minotaur, the griffin, and the sphinx,
And the fiery chimera also thrived in that dim era
Where towers Mount Parnassus and the clear Alpheus sinks.

But a fiercer foe and greater was the man-exterminator,
Who several centuries later through the wilderness did tear.
But though he was ferocious, and his conduct most atrocious,
He finally was conquered by a maiden young and fair.

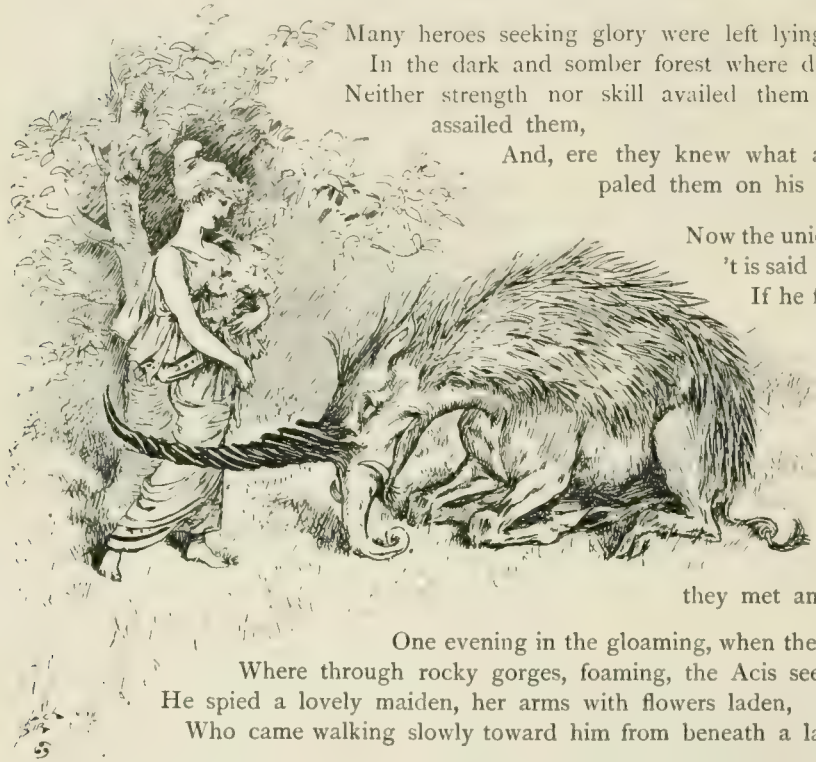


Unless Pliny was in error, this strange
monster was a terror.
In his make-up there was elephant
and horse and deer and boar;

All of these the brute resembled, and the
bravest warrior trembled
When he woke the mountain echoes with
his loud, defiant roar.



But by far the strangest feature of this
awe-inspiring creature
Was a horn of large dimensions which
adorned his deer-like head.
The horn was black and bright (for so did Pliny write),
And its terrible appearance would transfix a man with dread.



Many heroes seeking glory were left lying, scarred and gory,
In the dark and somber forest where dwelt the unicorn;
Neither strength nor skill availed them; the relentless foe
assailed them,
And, ere they knew what ailed them, had im-
paled them on his horn.

Now the unicorn loved virtue, and
't is said he would n't hurt you
If he felt assured your con-
science was in a
healthy state;
But your ancient
Greek and Ro-
man in pure
badness yield to
no man,
And when they
met the unicorn
they met an awful fate!

One evening in the gloaming, when the unicorn was roaming
Where through rocky gorges, foaming, the Acis seeks the sea,
He spied a lovely maiden, her arms with flowers laden,
Who came walking slowly toward him from beneath a laurel-tree.

And when he saw this virgin from beneath the tree emergin',
He came and knelt before her, and quickly fell asleep;
And while thus he knelt, enraptured, he was approached and captured,
And led away to slaughter as submissive as a sheep.



# A VISIT TO BISMARCK.

By Frederick W. Wendt.

Men have reigned and ruled; thousands have bent the knee and paid forced homage to tyrants and despots: but rarely has a whole people, in times of peace, shown such admiration, such devotion to a human being, as the millions of Germans have laid at the feet of their idol, Otto von Bismarck, the once all-powerful chancellor of "blood and iron."

On April 1, 1815, during the beginning of the "Hundred Days" when the destiny of Europe was once more trembling in the balance through the return of Napoleon from Elba, Otto von Bismarck opened his eyes and took his first look into a world where he was to play so prominent a part.

Bright as a boy, reckless as a student, and brilliant as a man, he passed his earlier life. Slowly the latent power of his great mind developed, and his clear perception, his indomitable will-power, executed marvels of statesmanship in most difficult times. At last, in 1871, at Versailles, before Paris, he struck the final blow upon the chain which all his life he had been forging—the union of all the German states under one supreme head. It is to Bismarck that the house of Hohenzollern owes the imperial crown.

His most cherished hopes realized, the "Iron Chancellor" now held in his hand the peace of Europe. It was Bismarck who really governed, through the Emperor William I.

The monarch died, and after a brief reign of Frederick, the grandson of the first emperor received the scepter. William II., though well-meaning, was headstrong, and had notions of his own, and when the aged chancellor of his father and grandfather would not submit to his ideas, the chancellor was told to resign.

On the afternoon of March 29, 1890, a train drew out of Berlin, and carried away from the chess-board of European politics an old man, but one still young in spirit, a man whose hand had drawn the boundary lines of many of the states of modern Europe. Bismarck sat at a train window, and saw Berlin disappear in a drizzling rain. The whole of Europe regarded the leaving of that train with anxiety.

But he had been thrown from his pedestal of political power only to be placed upon a higher one, reared for him by the love of a grateful people, in spite of the displeasure of their Emperor.

And some years ago, even the one dark cloud that hung as a censure over Bismarck's life was removed. A reconciliation was effected between him and his sovereign. On Bismarck's eightieth birthday, William II. called on his former chancellor and wished him long life and happiness.

Since then the pilgrimages to Friedrichsruh, Bismarck's home, have continued. Old and young, rich and poor, noble and humble, all journeyed out to see and hear the wonderful old man. Seldom, indeed, has a living man been so honored.

I had reached Hamburg after a most disagreeable trip across the Atlantic. Incessant storms at sea have a bad effect upon the ordinary mortal. When, during eight days, one has seen trunks and bags playing hide-and-seek with one another, and everything from a sponge to a coat jumping imaginary hurdles in a steamer state-room, the blissful steadiness of a hotel on land invites to repose. I was, therefore, not at all impressed by the over-zealous, gold-laced *portier* of a large Hamburg hotel, who evidently thought that I had arrived that Saturday evening from America for the express purpose of visiting Bismarck next day.

"Mister must visit Friedrichsruh ze Sunday morning." I told him "Mister" was tired, and did not care whether the Pope or the Czar lived next door and "had" to be seen; what "Mister" wanted was sleep — good, honest,

straightforward sleep, not the imitation slumber which was the nearest that could be found while afloat on a tossing ocean steamer.

The poor portier was surprised, nonplussed; but he had his revenge when, the next morning (Sunday), I rang my bell at seven o'clock, and inquired after the time-table to Friedrichsruh.

"Ah, it would be difficult — very difficult — for Mister to see Bismarck. The Rhenish provinces would have the day and the reception."

As soon as I heard that it would be difficult, my mind was immediately made up: I would certainly go.

Nature has blessed many of us with that doubtful quality which in the vernacular we describe by "pig-headedness." What we cannot get we want, and what lies ready before us we disdain. An apple or a peach gained by the scaling of a lofty orchard wall will, we imagine taste sweeter than the fruit to which a pleasant path has led.

An old carriage with a hungry-looking horse took me to the station, and soon I was cooped up in one of the little railroad compartments, speeding toward the Mecca of Germany.

Two distinguished-looking gentlemen sat near me. One, a white-haired giant, a veteran who had heard bullets whistle at Sedan, as I discovered later on, carried a war medal wrapped in a piece of newspaper in his pocket. In spite of his modesty, he afterward received a hearty hand-shake from Bismarck. The other, a no less imposing-looking man, a treasure in his way, for he was one of the very few I have met on my travels who spoke enthusiastically of New York and — Chicago, was kissed by Bismarck! Both, on their return, were delighted; for the honor of a hand-shake or an embrace is reserved for comparatively few.

But let us return to the railroad compartment a few minutes longer, and watch the clean, trim houses and the garden-like farms slip by. And then suddenly, in a reverie of comparison of how good and pretty it might be, were the neighborhoods of our own American cities kept a little cleaner, a little neater, a little freer from advertisements painted and stuck up by the mile, where the scenery is best, the train stops.

I looked around for the magnificent castle in which, in my mind, "idols" are usually kept.

"Können Sie mir sagen wo Bismarck's Schloss ist?" I asked an urchin.

The latter gazed at me in surprise, then pointed a grimy finger in the direction of a plain stone country house with a brick wall around it.

"That?" I fairly gasped.

I once more learned that rare birds seldom live in golden cages, and that most precious gems are often hidden in a poor exterior. A simple lodge, with a still simpler gate-keeper, guarded the worm-eaten, wooden, and battered gates in the brick wall that kept the world at large from the man whom Germany worshiped. Scratched upon the wall were names and dates.

One train after another drew up at the station platform, and finally all the delegations of the Rhenish provinces had arrived. Some of them were decidedly queer-looking, and I came to the conclusion that I would not be discovered if I mixed in with them. Marching lines, four abreast, were formed, and with unlimited confidence I stepped into the ranks. For an hour we stood there, while the souvenir-peddlers reaped a rich harvest. All at once the band struck up "Die Wacht am Rhein." The lines began to move, and in a minute more we were marching along the winding paths of the woods surrounding the "castle." At every step the enthusiasm grew, and when at last we stood before the balcony where Bismarck was to appear, keen expectation could be read upon every face.

The last verse of the song rolled out from a thousand voices, a rich, sonorous hymn of praise such as few men have heard addressed to them. When the last note had died away, the window leading out upon the balcony opened. A tall, sturdy figure, slightly bent, a splendid specimen of fourscore years, Otto von Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor," stood before us. A wild hurrah burst from the multitude again and again. Bismarck bowed and smiled, and finally raised his hand. Clear and distinct his voice rang out, a voice that any speaker half his age might have been proud to possess. Although powerful in his utterance, he spoke haltingly. Often the important word of a sentence failed to come, and then, after a pause, with a curious pressing motion of his thumbs, he brought it out. He spoke without notes, and with a marvelous

conviction; but his speeches mean even more when read in print than when spoken. He well knew that on the morrow every word would be weighed and examined by a million minds, and that he must be more than careful in every syllable he uttered. And yet, he did not dress up his speech in pretty sentences with no meaning. There was sincerity in every word. Now and then he spoke of his past. "When a reigning minister," he said at one time, "becomes very popular, there is always a question whether it is not at the expense of his official duties. I think that nobody will believe me guilty of this. As long as I have been in harness, I have always played the part of a watch-dog, and have bitten when I had to bite." Again he says: "When, as a chancellor, I had to choose among evils, I have always chosen the lesser one; it has never been my privilege to follow my ideal."



BISMARCK ON HORSEBACK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1894.)



THE DANE AND THE WOLF-DOG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1894.)

The speech was a long and interesting one, and nobody thought of the time that slipped by; they saw and heard only the central figure, Otto von Bismarck, whose every saying was as sacred to them as the decrees of the oracles were to the assembled multitudes in ancient times.



PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE YOUNG CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY SALUTING EMPEROR WILLIAM II
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1895.)

The speaker stopped, and amid loud and enthusiastic hurrahs descended the steps leading from the large balcony into the garden. There were about a thousand people, tightly



THE EMPEROR AT FRIEDRICHSRUH, CONGRATULATING PRINCE BISMARCK, ON THE DAY BEFORE THE PRINCE'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.



SCENE AT FRIEDRICHSRUH, AUGUST 1, 1892.—PRESENTS ARRIVING BY PRINCE BISMARCK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

packed, and little chance that he would come anywhere near me. Suddenly the masses parted, and, as good luck would have it, Bismarck walked straight to the place where we were standing, and I was shoulder to shoulder with him for several minutes. In a kind, genial manner he spoke to us, and shook my old Sedan-soldier train acquaintance by the hand. How steadily and clearly his eyes looked into ours!—a tear on either lash the only evidence of old age. Of course every one was anxious to be addressed. Here and there Bismarck would stop and say a few cordial words. One little snatch of conversation, I remember, made a great impression on me. Bismarck turned to one of the men near whom I stood.

"And where is your home?" he asked.

"The town of M——, your Excellency," replied the stout little Rhinelander, red in the face from excitement and pride at being honored by a remark. Then, too proud to restrain himself, he added: "And we have made your



FIRST PRESENTATION OF THE CHILDREN OF FRIEDRICHSRUH TO PRINCE BISMARCK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

Excellency honorary president of our bowling club at M——."

A faint, humorous smile came to Bismarck's face as he replied: "Ich war auch einmal ein ganz guter Kegler" ("I, too, was once a fairly good bowler").

Yes; and armies and empires fell before the bowling done by Bismarck!

Honorary president of the bowling club of M——, a village forgotten even on the maps! At first it seemed ludicrous to me, and then I saw a deeper meaning in the little incident. These honest, good-hearted burghers of M—— could pin no medal or order to "their" Bismarck's breast; but they loved him, and gave him the greatest title in their power.

It is incredible that to a man so universally beloved, the Reichstag, the German House of Representatives, should have refused congratulations to his eightieth birthday. But the people, and the Emperor himself, have since then tried, and more than succeeded, in wiping out the insult. A torrent of more than two hundred thousand congratulatory letters and ten thousand telegrams have flooded Friedrichsruh, and rare and costly gifts have filled many freight-trains to that simple country home. So numerous and choice have they been that a "Bismarck Museum," containing almost a thousand birthday presents, was opened in Berlin.

A man over eighty, yet in the prime of intellectual vigor, every few days he would greet a new gathering of admirers with a fresh, interesting speech especially adapted to the character of the listeners before him! Every time he seemed to draw and distribute from his rich fountain of experience of fourscore years just what was needed by his audience.

They have laid this grand old man to rest, to sleep, after the long life that meant so much to Germany and to the world. As I think of him, now resting peacefully beneath one of his favorite trees, that pleasant, sunny afternoon at Friedrichsruh, when he spoke to us so powerfully, stands out vividly in my memory.



FRIEDRICHSRUH, THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCE BISMARCK.



# PETS IN THE NAVY.

By Mrs. Charles D. Sigsbee.

Off Guantanamo, Cuba, were our war-ships, and among them was the little despatch-boat "Dolphin." She is a small vessel, and has only a few guns; but she had on board a very bright and funny goat, and I think you will like to hear of his doings. The men were very fond of the goat, "Billy" by name, and made him an embroidered coat, or blanket.

Billy always attends "quarters," and stands in line with the men in the morning. When they drill on shore he marches with them. He eats everything, as goats usually do, and particularly delights in rope-yarn, and bits of tobacco. At one time he made himself very ill eating two boxes of sulphur matches. His great trick is to clean out the men's pipes. He prefers hot ashes to cold, so when a man is smoking, the goat stands erect, and, putting his fore foot on the man's chest, he licks out the pipe which the man holds in his mouth.

I have not heard how Billy liked the noise of the guns in battle. He is so bright, perhaps he learned even to fire one.

There was another pet on board the Dolphin —a cat, called "Stump" because of his short tail. Poor Stump fell overboard, one day. The men lowered a boat and rescued him, but he was nearly drowned. He swallowed so much salt water that it gave him a very bad pain indeed, and that night his howls were dreadful to hear.

The next day he breathed his last, and was truly mourned by the men.

Sailors are very fond of pets, and think they bring luck to the ship.

There was a green-and-yellow Mexican parrot on board a ship. She talked much, and at times also sang. She said "Poor Polly!" and "Pretty Polly!" in a great many different tones. She called many persons by name, saying, "Mary, Harry, oh, Harry, come to supper!" "What 's the matter, Polly? What 's the r-r-row?" (She always rolled her *r*'s like a Frenchman.) She sang "Go Tell Aunt Rhody," and "I 'm Called Little Buttercup," from "Pinafore" — getting much off the key in the last part. Polly got out of her cage, one day. She could open any fastening of the door. After walking about the deck awhile, she thought she would give her wings a little exercise. So away she flew to what she thought was a nice green field; but when she tried to alight on it, poor Polly found that the field was nothing but water. She could not swim, so she fluttered and splashed squawking all the time, and was just about to drown when an oar, pushed under her by a man in a boat, saved her life.



"POLLY WAS JUST ABOUT TO DROWN WHEN AN OAR PUSHED UNDER HER SAVED HER LIFE."

A wet parrot is a most miserable object; but Polly comforted herself, while drying her feathers, with remarks about "Poor Polly!" "What 's the matter, poor Polly?" "Polly, want your head scratched?" and finally astonished us all by screaming and half crying:

"Oh — oh — my stomach 's as har-r-d as a br-r-r-ick!" doubtless referring to the effect produced by the salt water.

Almost everybody has heard of "Tom," the cat that was found on the superstructure of the "Maine" after the explosion. Tom was wounded in one foot, and was doubtless feeling very blue indeed, with his favorite sleeping-place destroyed, no friendly hands to minister to his wants, and nothing but water and ruin on every side! How glad he must have been to hear a voice that he knew, and to be taken on board the U. S. S. "Fern," in Havana harbor! A few days after, he was placed upon a chair to have his picture taken. This chair was a large wicker arm-chair which was saved from the wreck of the Maine. Tom sat in it, and tried to look pleasant, as the photographer told him. He felt peaceful, his foot was well, he had just eaten his favorite meal of fish, and the first pose was a success. A second was attempted. Tom was almost asleep, and looking very happy, when "Bruiser," the Fern's dog,— a big, rough fellow with a loud bark and sharp white teeth,— came near. Tom arched his back like a contortionist at a circus. His tail swelled, and the fur stood out till he seemed twice his natural size; and so the second picture was taken. Tom is quite a navy cat. He was brought on board the Maine by an officer who took him from the U. S. S. "Minnesota," where he had been I don't know how long. If Tom is still on board ship, he must feel very frightened when the big guns are fired, and I fear his tail will become permanently large, and his back a continual bow! However, Bruiser left the U. S. S. Fern after a while, and appeared on board the "St. Paul," at Philadelphia. He was a plucky, lively fellow, full of fun, and no respecter of persons. He would just as soon rush into the captain's cabin as into the galley. Poor Bruiser! He was only a cur, although, while he was a puppy, he concealed his plebeian pedigree. In a short time, however, he showed his cur-like qualities, and was sent on shore.

On board the St. Paul was seen one lean, black cat, which is doubtless a mascot. Lately the captain has had given him a dog, "Dixie" by name. Dixie is not a dog of high degree, but is big, lively, faithful, and affectionate.

You have heard of "Peggie," the pug-dog on the U. S. S. Maine when she was blown up. Peggie is now at Key West. She is a pretty little dog. She was a tiny puppy when first given to the captain of the Maine, a little more than a year ago, and was very full of fun and mischief. She always slept in the cabin, and amused herself by "worrying" any shoes she found, and dragging about anything she could, as most puppies do. She always followed the captain everywhere, no matter how many steps and ladders were to be climbed. This caused her to break her leg, one day. The leg was put in splints; but Peggie could not keep still enough to have it knit properly, so when she was well this leg was a little shorter than the others.

Peggie was very fond of rushing at the waste-paper basket and dragging out the contents. She would whine and cry in a very funny way when she could not get them out. She regarded with great suspicion any one in civilian dress coming on board the Maine, and barked at all who were not in uniform. She could turn a somersault if you held her head down a second.

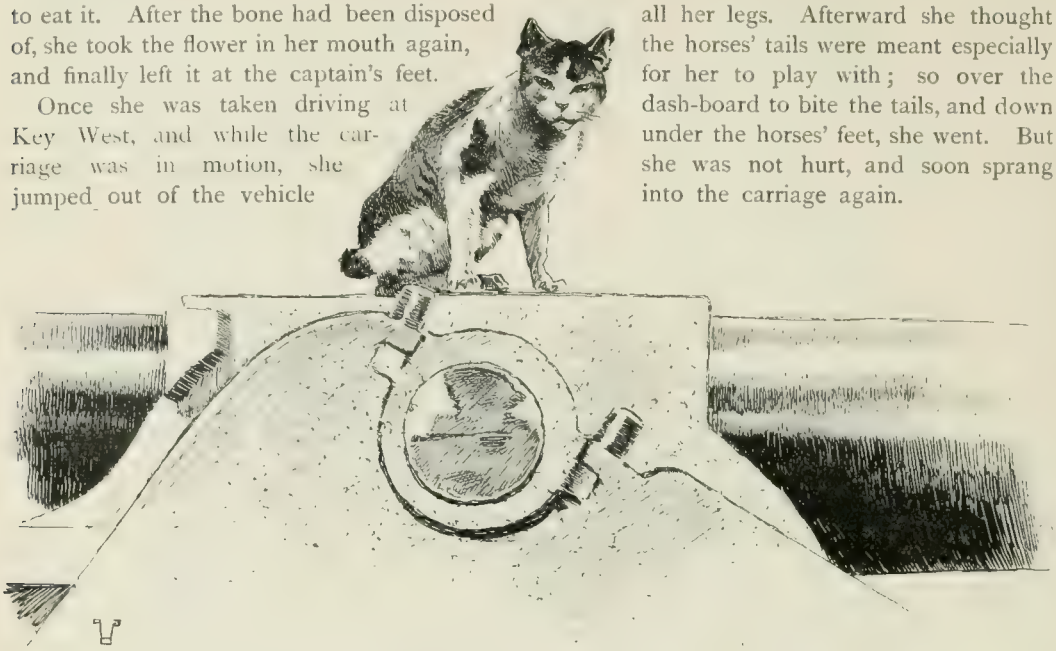
One day she came into the cabin with a chicken-bone sticking out of one side of her mouth, and a pretty nasturtium blossom in the other side.



She looked so cute that I wish I had the picture to show you. One ear stuck up and the other lay down, giving her a very comical expression. She knew just what she wanted to do.

Laying the flower carefully down in one corner, she took the bone into another and proceeded to eat it. After the bone had been disposed of, she took the flower in her mouth again, and finally left it at the captain's feet.

Once she was taken driving at Key West, and while the carriage was in motion, she jumped out of the vehicle on one side and into it at the other, until the person she was with feared she would break all her legs. Afterward she thought the horses' tails were meant especially for her to play with; so over the dash-board to bite the tails, and down under the horses' feet, she went. But she was not hurt, and soon sprang into the carriage again.



"STUMP," THE "DOLPHIN'S" CAT.

## THE RIVALS.

By Carolyn Wells.

Two well-built men, neither giant nor dwarf,
Were Monsieur Elims and Mynheer Nworf.
They lived in a town not far away,
And spent their time in work and play.
Now Monsieur Elims was loved by all —
By rich and poor, by great and small.
And Mynheer Nworf remarked, one day:
"Brother, explain to me, I pray,
Why no one likes me as well as you,
No matter what I may say or do?
I have stores of knowledge packed in my head;
I am learned and wise and very well-read;
I can dance, I can sing, I 'm extremely polite;
I am worth a large fortune all in my own right.
But still,— and this question has caused me much thought,—
While I am neglected, you 're everywhere sought."
Monsieur Elims replied: "My dear sir, that is true;
But you see, I am I, and you see, you are you.
If I receive praises, and you receive blame,
'T is doubtless because each lives up to his name."

You 'll find his defense rather puzzling, I fear;
But read their names backward — the meaning is clear.




By Mildred Howells.

Once there was a child who worried,
Fumed, and fretted all day long;
Always cross and always flurried —
Sure the world was going wrong.

"Borrowing care," her mother taught her,
"Never any good will do;
Cease to fuss and fret, my daughter,
Lest real trouble come to you."

But the maiden would not mind her
Till she woke, one day, and there,
On the pillow, close behind her,
Crouched the shadow of a care.

It was black as any trouble,
And a most unpleasant shape.
Vainly did she twist and double
In her efforts to escape.

If she ran, it followed, keeping
Ever closely at her side;
Close behind her it came creeping,
Everywhere she strove to hide.

People soon began to shun her,
For they said: "When any maid
Has such shadows cast upon her,
There 's some reason, we 're afraid."

Now, her fretful ways repenting,
Goes the child; but everywhere,
Close behind her, unrelenting,
Creeps the shadow of a care.



## HOW MR. DRAKE WENT TO COURT.

*(A Negro "Mammy's" Bedtime Story.)*

By Emma M. Backus.

MR. DRAKE was always pokin' 'bout in de puddles an' gullies, an' he fin' lots ob money; an', as he hab nowhar to spend it, he save it up, 'ca'se he no use for it in de farm-yard; an' he go roun' an' talk 'bout it, so de rest ob de fowls dey soon come to all know 'bout his money, an' some way before long Mr. Buzzard he hyar ob it.

Now, in de olden time de Eagle an' de Buzzard dey bof look jes' erlike; but de Eagle was de King ob de birds, 'ca'se he was de braves' an' stronges' ob all de whole tribe.

One day, when Mrs. Hen was walkin' roun' de barn-yard, she see er shadder oberhade, an' she squeak out, "Oh, Mr. Drake, dar de King Eagle!" She don' know no better; an' Mr. Drake he think it de King, sho. So when Mr. Buzzard come sailin' down, Mrs. Hen scrape her foot an' drag her wing, an' so do Mr. Drake an' all de rest; an' Mr. Drake he bow low, an' he say, "Good mawnin', King Eagle." Mr. Buzzard feel mighty proud when he see dey take him for King Eagle, so he glare he eye, an' walk like he got on top-boots, an' try to hol' he bill up an' look grand, twell Mr. Drake feel very 'umble.

Den Mr. Buzzard say, "I hyar yo' got some money; don' yo' want to lend it to me at intrust? I 'll pay yo' good intrust." Mr. Drake he say, "Yas; I 'll be proud to 'blige yo'." An' he scrapes up he money, an' bring it to Mr.

Buzzard, an' he say, "Hyar 's de money, King, an' I don' want no intrust; it am a great honor to lend yo' money." But Mr. Buzzard he 'sist that he goin' to pay intrust; an' he roll he eye, an' hold up he hade, an' fly erway up in de sky twell dey see nuffin but er black speck.

Mr. Drake feel proud an' set up. But er long time go by, an' he don' get no intrust or no money, or no word fum de King. An' he git oneasy, an' he say he gwine to de co't an' ax for he money. But he wait erwhile longer twell he patience all gone, den he start off on de long journey to de co't; an' on de way he pass er pore Mockin'-bird wid he foots fasten to er lime-tree, an' Mockin'-bird say, "Oh, Mr. Drake, my foots is stuck fast, an' I can' git erway!" Mr. Drake feel very sorry for him, an' he say, "I 'll help yo'"; an' he go an' fotch some water in he bill, an' soak de Mockin'-bird's foots twell he git loose; an' Mockin'-bird promise Mr. Drake if he eber hab a chance ter do him er good turn, he will recomember.

Den Mr. Drake journey on, an' toreckly he come to de seashore, an' dar was de co't on er big rock, an' King Eagle on de throne, an' all his orsifers, Hawks, Peacocks, an' uder birds, settin' down in front ob him. Mr. Drake he walk straight up to King Eagle, an' he say, "Quack, quack, quack! I want my money back!"



De King he greatly s'prised, an' he say, "What yo' mean, sar, makin' all dat racket an' 'sturbin' de co't?"

Mr. Drake he tell him he done take he money an' promised him intrust, an' den neber send no word; an' he say, "Quack, quack, quack! I want my money back!"

Den says de King, "De bird am crazy; I neber see him, nor borry money ob him"; an' he tell Mr. Peacock ter "take dat troublesome rascal off in de woods ten miles erway, an' gib him er good beatin', an' let him go."

Den Mr. Peacock and 'nother orsifer walks Mr. Drake erway, one on each side; an' when dey gits 'bout er mile erway in de woods, Mr. Mockin'-bird he sees he ole friend in such trouble, an' he studies 'bout how he gwine help him. Den soon Mr. Peacock hyar er voice in de air oberhade, shoutin', "Rain, rain, rain!"

Dat was Mr. Mockin'-bird, but Mr. Peacock don' know dat; an' dey say, "We got ter be gittin' home 'fore de rain; we might jes' as well let Mr. Drake go, an' hurry back"; 'ca'se Mr. Peacock an't gwine git he feders wet nohow, if he kin help it. So dey turn Mr. Drake loose, an' run off in great haste.

Pore Mr. Drake feel very much insulted by he treatment at co't, an' he think it 'ca'se he sech er plain, ugly bird, an' all de co't orsifers so fine; an' he don' want ter go back no mo', but he want he money powerful. So he clean up he clo'es, an' take he way back to co't, an' walk in as befo', an' say, "Quack, quack, quack! I want my money back!"

An' de King he mo' mad dan eber; an' he say, "I got ter git rid ob dis crazy bird some way"; an' he call Mr. Fox, an' tell him to "take Mr. Drake off to de woods an' eat him up." So Mr. Fox he pick up Mr. Drake, an' run off to de woods.

An' Mr. Drake think he time hab come.

But when Mr. Mockin'-bird see he ol' friend in such danger, he feel he bound ter help him; an' presen'ly a bird drap like he dade right in de path in front ob Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox say, "Hyar 's er good mouthful"; so he try to hol' on ter Mr. Drake wid he foot while he eat de bird. But when he fin' himself loose, Mr. Drake run erway, an' Mr. Mock-

in'-bird fly up on de tree. Den Mr. Fox hyar er noise like er man callin' er dog, an' he think de hunters comin', and he run off home fas' as he kin go.

Den pore ol' Mr. Drake feel so 'umble an' lost heart, an' he tell Mr. Mockin'-bird all he troubles. An Mr. Mockin'-bird tell him, tak' courage; he know dar some mistake, 'ca'se de King am honor'ble. And so dey journey back to co't once mo'; an' Mr. Mockin'-bird set up on de tree to fin' out what de matter.

Pore ol' Mr. Drake he walk up to de King, brave, an' he say up promp', "Quack, quack, quack! I want my money back!" De King was mos' 'stracted, an' he 'bout to hab Mr. Drake killed on de spot, when Mr. Mockin'-bird he see Mr. Buzzard workin' in de mud down back ob de co't, an' he say, "Oh, Mr. King, dar de feller dat pass off fo' yo' Majesty, an' borry de money!" An' de King was powerful angry, an' he call up Mr. Buzzard frum he work, an' mak' him pay Mr. Drake he money. Den he order all de fedders striped frum Mr. Buzzard's neck, an' sand rubbed in he eye. So Mr. Buzzard neber try to be taken fer King Eagle since dat day.

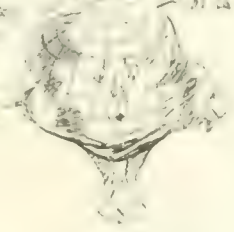


MR. MOCKING-BIRD RESCUES MR. DRAKE.

Mr. Drake say "Thank yo'" to Mr. Mockin'-bird, an' he journey back home, feelin' very proud, an' sayin', "Quack, quack, quack! I *got* my money back!"



# The Bashful Earthquake or the Last Straw.

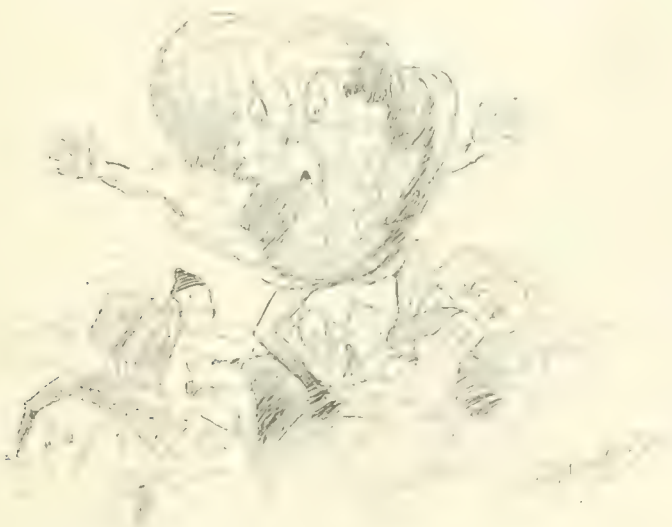


By Oliver Herford.

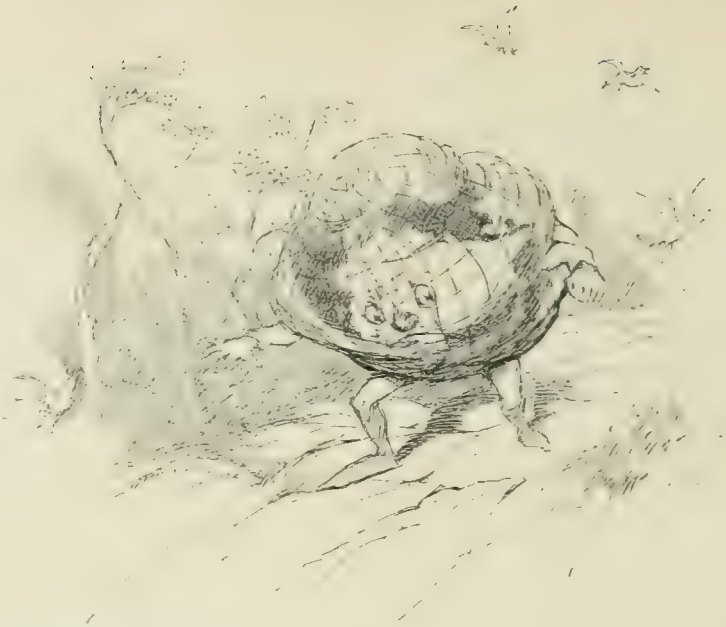
The Earthquake rumbled
And mumbled
And grumbled;
And then he bumped,
And everything tumbled—
Bumpyty-thump!
Thumpyty-bump!—
Houses and palaces all in a lump!
"Oh, what a crash!
Oh, what a smash!
How could I ever be so rash?"
The Earthquake cried.

"What under the sun
Have I gone and done?
I never before was so mortified!"
Then away he fled,
And groaned as he sped:
"This comes of not looking before I tread."

Out of the city along the road
He staggered, as under a heavy load,
Growing more weary with every league,
Till almost ready to faint with fatigue.



He came at last to a
country lane
Bordering upon a field
of grain;
And just at the spot
where he paused
to rest.
In a clump of wheat,
hung a Dormouse
nest.



The sun in the west
was sinking red,
And the Dormouse
had just turned
into bed,
Dreaming as only a
Dormouse can,
When all of a sudden
his nest began
To quiver and shiver and tremble and shake.
Something was wrong, and no mistake!

In a minute the Dormouse was wide awake,
And, putting his head outside his nest,
Cried: "WHO IS IT DARES DISTURB MY REST?"

His voice with rage was a husky squeak.
The Earthquake by now had become so weak
He 'd scarcely strength enough to speak.
He even forgot the rules of grammar;
All he could do was to feebly stammer:
"I 'm sorry, but I 'm afraid it 's me.
Please don't be angry. I 'll try to be—"

No one will know what he meant to say,
For all at once he melted away.
A mouse's rage was the final straw
To a thing that had filled a land with awe.

The Dormouse, grumbling, went back to
bed.
"Oh, bother the Bats!" was all he said.



# The Discontented Boy

By Charles L. E. Benjamin



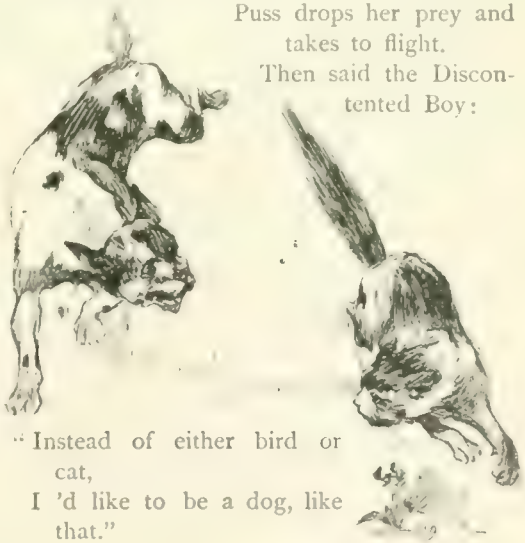
It was a Discontented Boy
Who lay upon the lawn,
And grieved because vacation days,
With all their pleasant sports and plays,
Too soon, alas! were gone.



Some sparrows near him hopped around
And, as he watched, the boy became
Filled with an envy most profound
Because the birds were free from rules,
And never even heard of schools;
And, sitting by, I overheard
This boy wish *he* was "just a bird."

Scarce had the words been said — alas! —
When, swift as lighthing, from the grass
Puss bounded, and one cruel blow
Laid one poor chirping sparrow low.
Then said the Discontented Boy:
"I really never thought of that —
Ah, well! I wish I was a cat."

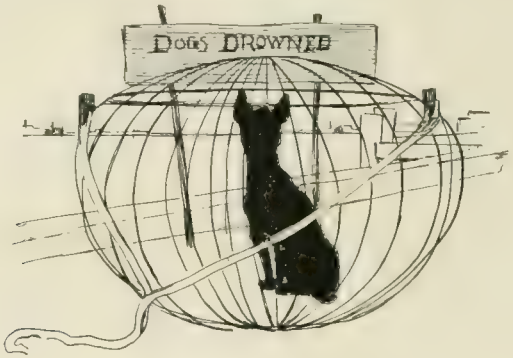
Just then a dog of monstrous size
Comes up the street — the cat he spies;
Springs for her, and half dead with fright
Puss drops her prey and takes to flight.
Then said the Discontented Boy:

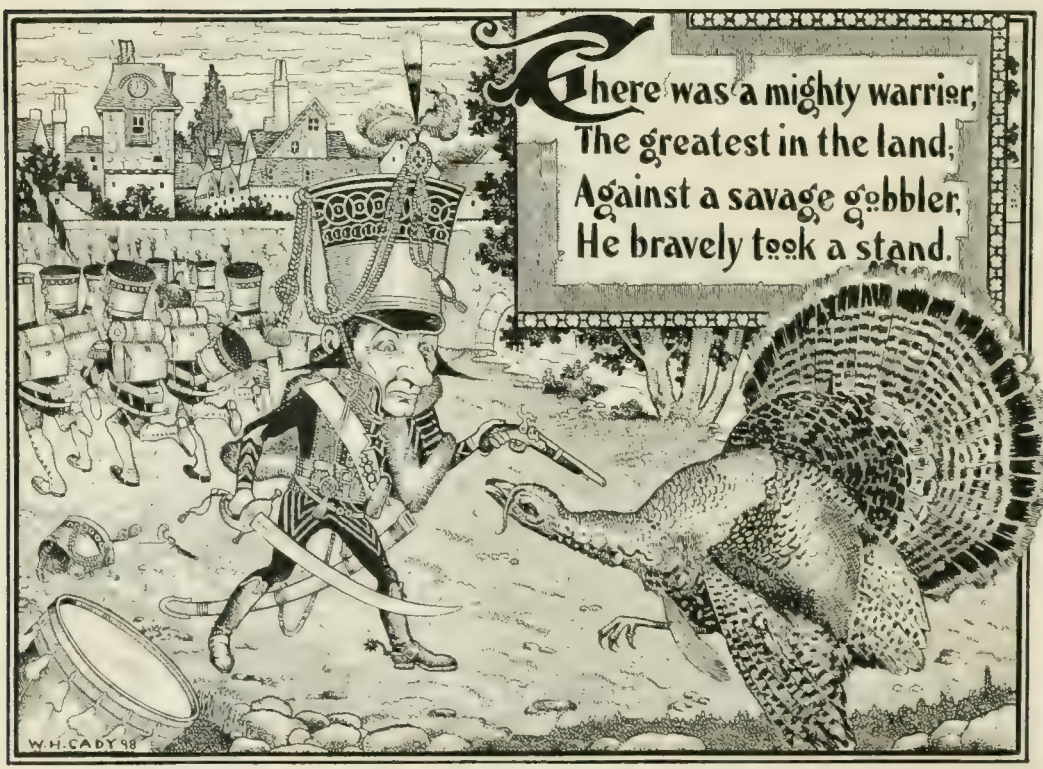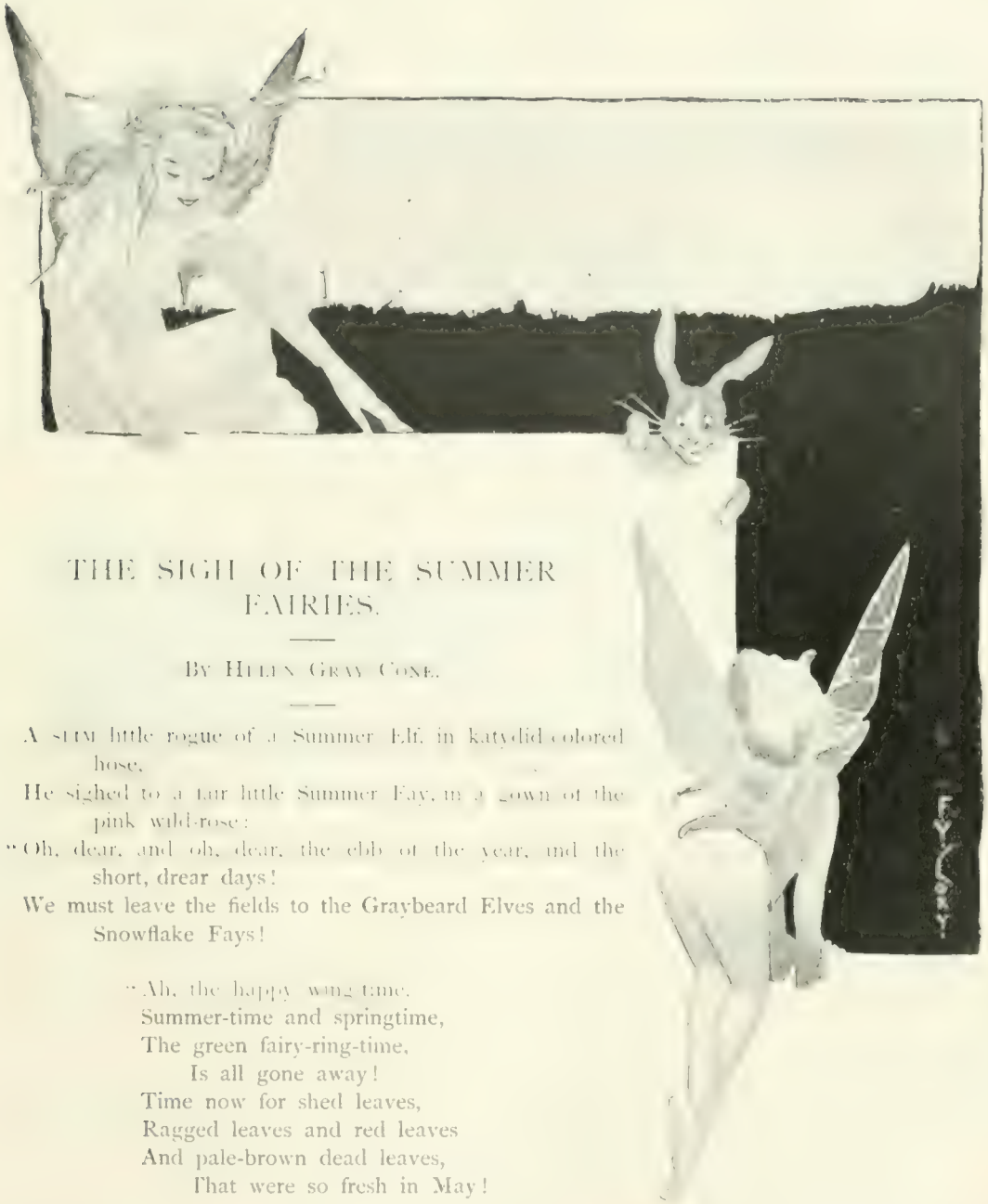


"Instead of either bird or cat,
I 'd like to be a dog, like that."

But even as he spoke, a man
Seized on the dog, and in a van
Thrust the unhappy hound.
"Where will you take him?" said the boy.
The man said: "To the pound;
And if nobody comes for him,
To-morrow he 'll be drowned."

"Ouch!" said the Boy, "I 'm *very* sure
I should n't fancy that;
Nor being pounced on, like the bird,
Nor worried, like the cat.
It seems, somehow, that everything
Has sorrow mixed with joy;
So after all I guess that I
Would rather be a boy."





# THE SIGH OF THE SUMMER FAIRIES.

By Helen Gray Cone.

A slim little rogue of a Summer Elf, in katydid-colored hose,
He sighed to a fair little Summer Fay, in a gown of the pink wild-rose:
"Oh, dear, and oh, dear, the ebb of the year, and the short, drear days!
We must leave the fields to the Graybeard Elves and the Snowflake Fays!

"Ah, the happy wing-time,
Summer-time and springtime,
The green fairy-ring-time,
Is all gone away!
Time now for shed leaves,
Ragged leaves and red leaves
And pale-brown dead leaves,
That were so fresh in May!

"Oh, merry were we at the full o' the moon, when we raced with the rollicking hares!
We pelted the sleepy owl at noon, if we came on him unawares;
And we teased the surly old burly bee, who seemed in a hurry to pass;
And we chose the wings that we liked the best to carry us over the grass!

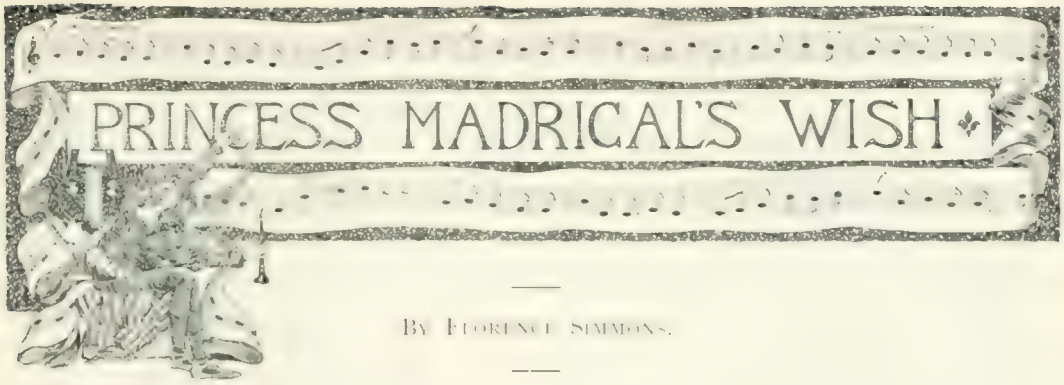
"Wings with golden freckles,
Wings with crimson speckles,
Wings with azure veining,
All have flown away.
It grieves us to remember
Their brightness, in November.
The chilly wind 's complaining,
That was so mild in May.



"TEASED THE SURLY OLD BURLY LEE."

"We must steal off to sleep with the velvet mole, or crouch in an empty nest,
Or cuddle close in some squirrel hole, for a long, warm, winter's rest;
And the Graybeard Elves and the Snowflake Fays, for a while they must have their turn,
As the silvery frostwork takes the place of the feathery summer fern.

"We shall dream of springtime,
Song-time and wing-time,
Till sunbeams warm and yellow
Shall tickle us, one day,
And wake us fairy friskers
To pull the squirrels' whiskers,
And whisper, 'Furry fellow,
The winter 's worn away!'"




By Florence Simmons.

In a far country lived a King who was a wise man and a great musician; his subjects called him Sol-Fa the Good.

To govern his people wisely, and to cultivate in them a true love for music and poetry, formed the chief aim of this good King's life; but even more than this he loved his little daughter Madrigal. Princess Madrigal returned her father's love, and did everything in her power to please him; but she was of a gay and laughing disposition, and the time which she was compelled to spend at the piano was a sore trial — Princess Madrigal called it time misspent.

To encourage the study of music, the King held a great yearly festival, when prizes were given for the most excellent composition and to the most skilled performer. These feasts were held on the Princess's birthdays, and the one which marked her tenth year will long be remembered, as on that occasion a stranger came to the court and begged the protection of the King.

There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the stranger, who was a little woman, but she told the King so sad a story that he willingly gave the permission which she desired that she might remain in his kingdom and be allowed to attend the musical feasts.

Her gratitude for the King's favor was such that she told him it was in her power to give him whatsoever he should ask for. The King, greatly delighted with this opportunity, at once desired a musical throne. The stranger seemed pleased with the King's wish, and said:

"Your Majesty shall find the throne tomorrow morning in the great hall of the castle; and," added the strange little woman, "just as long as you are good, and listen to the prayer of the oppressed, the musical throne shall play whenever you sit upon it. It shall suit its music to your mood. When you are sad it shall console you with softest melodies; and when you are happy it shall, by its magic strains, lead you on to greater joyfulness. But if you should change to your people, and be false to yourself, the musical throne shall mock you, and that will cause wretchedness of which you could never dream."

The King was greatly impressed with the words of his strange guest, and so excited that he scarcely slept at all that night; and early morning found him in the great hall, where, to his astonishment, he beheld the wonderful throne, which is still the pride of the kingdom.

Before the stranger left the court, next day, she called the Princess Madrigal to her, and offered her also a wish. But the Princess's head was full of nonsense, and perhaps she was a little bit frightened; at any rate, she could think of nothing quite worth wishing for. Her appearance was so sweet and gentle, however, that the lonely woman said:

"You may keep your wish, little Princess, and I shall grant it if the time ever comes when you really want one thing more than all others. But your one wish must be wished in my presence on your birthday night, just before the clock strikes one."

The little strange woman took up her abode in a tiny cottage on the side of a hill quite near the castle; and as the years went on, heavy vines grew over the cottage until it could scarcely be distinguished from the green hill-

side; and as no one was ever seen to enter or leave the place, it came, in time, to be called the Wishing-Witch's Cave.

When Princess Madrigal had grown to be a beautiful young woman the King was no longer young, and he desired to marry his daughter to some good prince, who should rule his people, and leave him more time for his favorite study.

In order to choose a proper husband for the Princess, a greater musical feast than common was announced for her twentieth birthday. Invitations were sent out weeks in advance to the princes of all the neighboring countries, and it was understood that the prince who should sing the most beautiful song would be chosen husband of the Princess Madrigal, and crowned king to succeed the good Sol-Fa. "For," said King Sol-Fa, "I care not for wealth, or fame, or strength; music is the greatest good; it alone can keep the heart true and tender!"

Here, indeed, was a prize worth the winning! And all the gallants of the court bent their energies upon securing it to themselves. They became nervous at the sight of an open window, and shuddered at the thought of a draft.

A certain Prince Roundelay, much famed for the wit and rhyme of his conversation, went about with his throat tied up in cotton batting, so careful had he become of his voice. But Princess Madrigal said: "What a bore it all is! I should certainly rather marry a prince who could not sing than one who could, for he would be less vain."

At last the great day came when the King, seated on his wonderful throne, received the princes. And it was a beautiful sight to see the long train, bearing guitars, harps, lutes, mandolins, zithers, and other musical instruments, each kneeling as he passed the King's throne, while a herald proclaimed his name and station.

But the Princess Madrigal was not pleased with the appearance of any of the candidates, and as her gaze wandered away from the throng, she noticed a young man standing near the door, who seemed to take no interest in the King or the procession, but kept his beautiful, sad eyes fastened upon her face.

The Princess thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen, and wondered why he should seem so dispirited. She became so curious that she finally sent a page to request him to come to her. He came at once.

"Who are you?" asked the Princess.

"I am called the Knight of the Crimson Crest," answered the stranger.

"Are you not a prince, then?" asked the Princess, withdrawing a little.

"I am a king, Your Highness!" answered the crested knight. "But I found it very dull being a king, so I have left my kingdom in the hands of my brother, who is good and wise, and a year ago I rode forth into the world, with this thought in my heart: to make wrong right wherever I could. And now I am on my way back to spend a week at my castle, to see if my brother and my people are happy."

"How very interesting!" smiled Princess Madrigal. "But where is your harp? Surely you will sing at to-morrow's feast?"

"Alas!" said the Prince, looking very much grieved, "I have no voice; I can never sing the lovely song that has come into my heart!"

"Would you like to sing?" whispered the Princess, blushing.

"Yes, indeed!" said the Prince, "for I know that you are as good as you are beautiful."

This charmed the Princess, for she was indeed very good, except about practising her scales and exercises, and she began to like the young Prince more and more; and wishing to hear further of him, she said:

"Since you cannot make music, what can you do? What have you done? Have you nothing to be proud of?"

Then the young King held up his head, and he looked very tall, while the crimson crest glowed on his helmet as he made answer:

"Nothing great have I done as yet, fair lady; but I am very proud, for I have kept the truth; in all my life I have never told a lie!"

"Why, that is the finest thing in the world!" exclaimed the Princess, who was less used to truth than to poetry. "And *I* will give you a voice, and you shall sing at the feast!"

"Oh, Princess," cried the youthful knight, his face beaming with joyful surprise, "what do your strange words mean?"



But the Princess only laughed as she said:

"Meet me here to-night as the clock strikes twelve."

That night, when all the musical clocks were chiming the hour together, the Princess met her true-hearted knight in the great hall of the castle, and said to him:

"In all my life I may have but one wish, and in all the year there is but one night and one hour when I may wish it."

The Prince was very much impressed by the earnest manner of the Princess, who had been so merry, and waited for her to continue; but in silence she took his hand and led him out into the darkness.

"We must hurry," she said, "for my wish must be made at the Wishing-Witch's Cave before the clocks strike one."

Then the Prince began to understand, and he was so happy that he could scarcely whisper.

"Dear Princess, shall you wish your wish to-night?"

"Yes," said the Princess, very softly. Then, laughing gaily, she added: "How glad I am that I did not spend my wish when I was a little girl! For when I was twelve years old I had quite determined to wish that all the pianos would vanish out of the world. I actually went as far as the door, and only the darkness kept me from going to the witch's cave."

By this time they had reached the home of the wishing-witch. The musical clocks were sounding half-past twelve.

The cave was quite dark, except for a little blue light, the shape of the crescent moon, which floated or darted about in a restless way. The Princess sang a little song very softly, and the blue crescent light stood still, as if listening, and the Princess made her wish.

Then the witch's voice said:

"This wish is the hardest that ever was wished, but I shall try to grant it." The Princess had asked that the Prince might have, for one hour, the most beautiful voice in all the world.

The blue crescent light seemed quite beside itself, and darted about so quickly that you could never tell where it would next appear; and the witch was singing a queer song. The only words which reached the Prince were:

"—The echo of the song the dying swan sings,
The feather that falls from Fancy's wings."

Then there was a moment's silence, and the witch came out of the cave, holding in her hand a tiny vial. She handed it to the Princess, saying:

"This bottle contains the charm which, if rightly taken, will produce the most wonderful voice in all the world, not only for an hour, but for all time. However, I will not deceive you," continued the witch, seeing that the Princess was beginning to thank her very warmly. "The charm is, after all, a worthless one; for although any one may swallow it, it will have its magic effect only on one who has been always truthful; one little falsehood or deceit would quite destroy the charm."

Thereupon the witch vanished, and the Prince and Princess turned toward the castle.

The Princess was thinking how hard a thing it is that a person should have but one wish, when there are so many lovely things to be desired, and felt rather blue lest her wish had been quite wasted; but she was of a hopeful disposition, and her spirits revived in answer to the Prince's words of gratitude.

"Do you feel sure," asked the Princess, "that you have always been truthful?"

"So sure," said the Prince, "that I will now swallow the charm, and shall not try to sing a single note until to-morrow when I stand in the presence of the King!"

"Dear me!" sighed the Princess, "what an advantage you have had in not being brought up at a rhyming court!"

As they parted the musical clocks chimed one.

Next morning the festival began quite early, as there were many princes and many songs; and good King Sol-Fa was extremely happy, for he could never hear too much music.

Many of the singers acquitted themselves nobly, and just as the song of a beautiful dark-eyed prince was dying away in sweetest melody, the crimson-crested knight came forward, with no musical instrument in his hand.

"And who comes here?" asked the King, in surprise, "and what does he wish?"

The knight made bold answer:

"I am King Fearless, and I love your daughter. I would sing a song to gain your favor."

He smiled confidently at the Princess Madrigal, who was trembling with fright, and throwing back his head, he sang a song of such power and sweetness that the King wept with delight, and the Princess almost fainted for joy, and the musical throne played an accompaniment of such rare harmony that the King almost held his breath lest he should miss a single note.

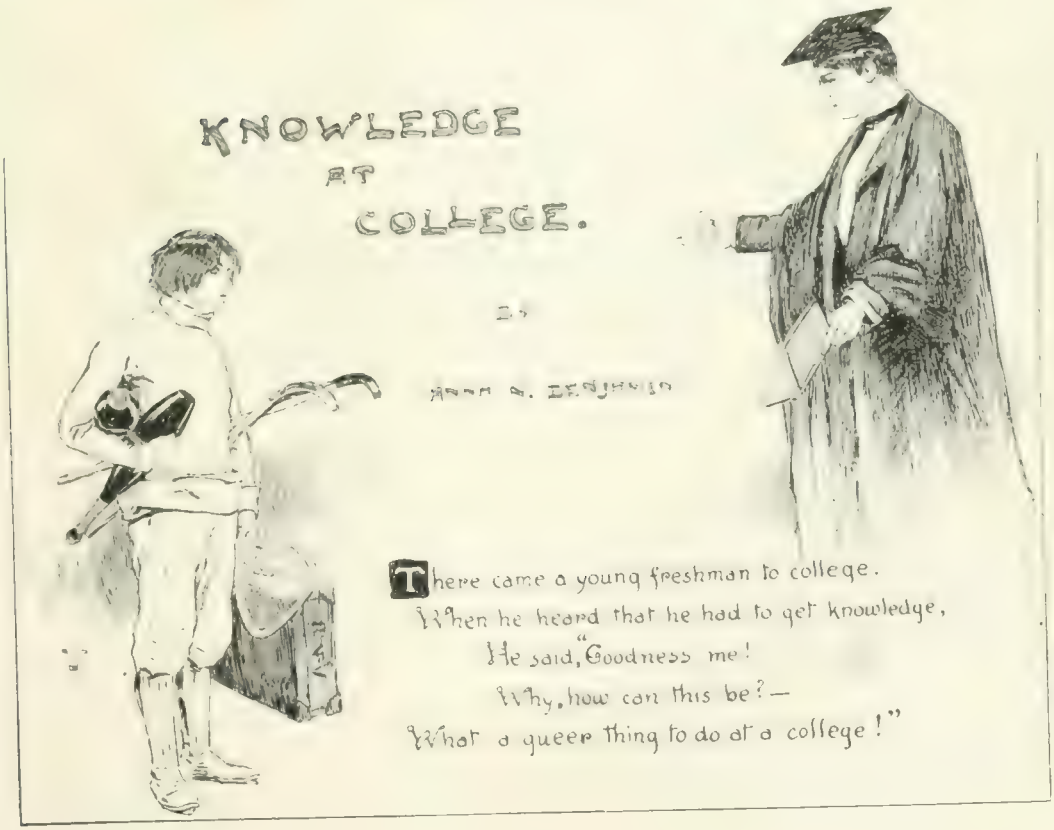
The magic song so touched the hearts of all

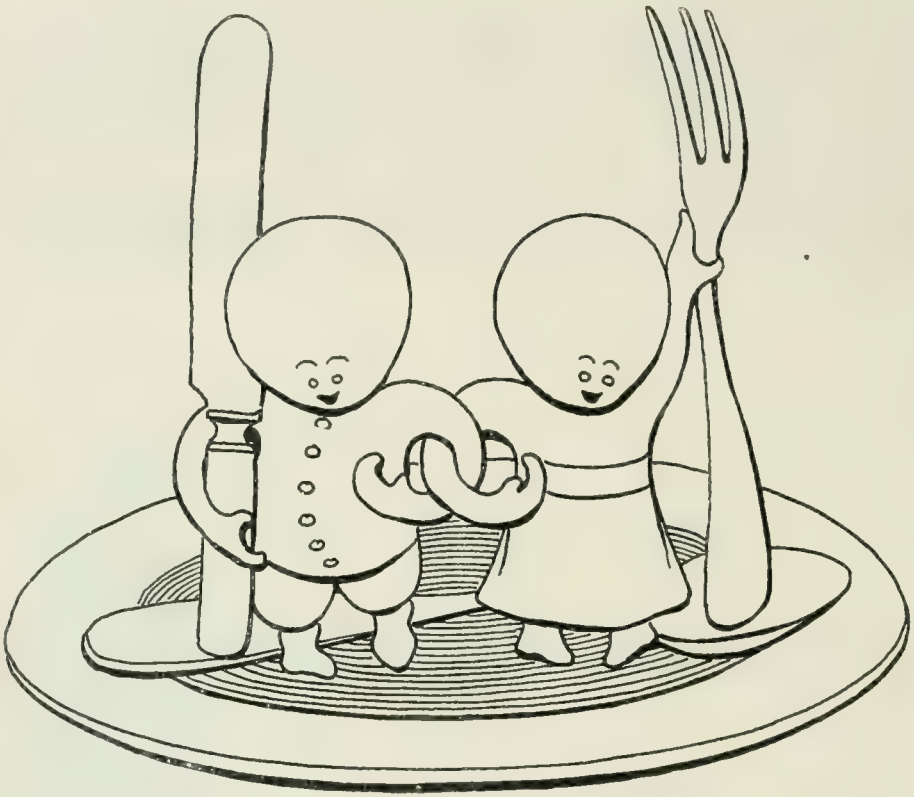
the hearers that they immediately forgot to feel envious, and had only the kindest wishes for the new king.

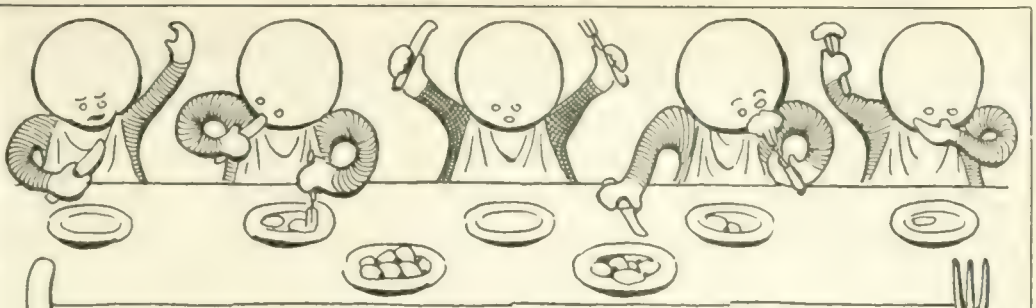
Even Prince Roundelay, who had written a wonderful song of sixteen stanzas full of original words, in which the tenth syllable in the eighth line always rhymed with the third syllable in the fourth line, or the fourth syllable in the third line (I have forgotten which), making, as he had thought, a startling effect, forgot all about it, and declared that he would go at once and begin the composition of a marriage-hymn of one hundred stanzas.

But the happy Princess Madrigal said: "What 's the use? Pray, dear Roundelay, don't take the trouble!"





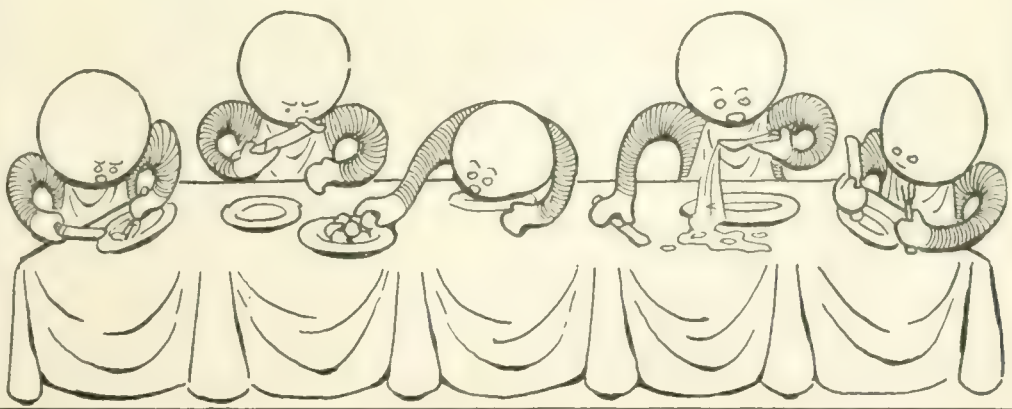




# TABLE MANNERS

by Gelett Burgess

The Goops they lick their fingers,
And the Goops they lick their knives;
They spill their broth on the table-cloth;
Oh, they lead untidy lives.
The Goops they talk while eating,
And loud and fast they chew.
So that is why I am glad that I
Am not a Goop. Are you?



# BOOKS AND READING FOR YOUNG FOLK.

ST. NICHOLAS wishes to aid its readers in choosing the old and new books that will be best for them to buy, borrow, or lend. It wishes to give the advice of old and young readers about the books that are of value, so that while there is yet leisure for books the time may be employed most delightfully and profitably. It will be glad to learn what young people prefer to read, and why they choose it; it will try to aid those who desire to know of the best that has been written, and will also try to prevent the harmful waste of time caused by foolish reading, or by reading second-rate books, when a word of advice might tell them where to find first-rate books on the same subject.

Lists of books relating to particular subjects will be published when such are requested, and the best advice will be sought and offered.

It will not be forgotten that literature is the play-ground of the mind, as well as its treasury and drill-yard. Whatever it is right to think about, it is right to read about; and on all subjects there are books which are good, others not so good, and at least a few that may be useless or worse than useless.

ST. NICHOLAS believes that the same boys and girls who put keen brain-work into their play will be glad to welcome training in their reading: training in choice of books, in methods of reading, and advice or caution where either is called for.

The editor will be glad to hear what books are in your own bookcases—what books you think of buying—what books you are seeking—what you think of those you own—what books you believe should be written for you.

## AN AUTHOR WORTH KNOWING.

THERE is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation — talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. . . .

This court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else.

So writes one of the greatest of English writers on the subject of "Kings' Treasuries." He means by the phrase—can you guess what?

John Ruskin had a strange fancy for giving fairy-story names to many of his writings. Those who read him learn to like his fanciful touches; but many who might read him with keen delight never learn what lies behind the curious titles of his books and his essays.

The two paragraphs above quoted are from "Sesame and Lilies"—a title that means nothing to most boys and girls. But when you have looked into the book so called you will find that it contains two delightful and exquisitely written talks to the young. The first is to boys or young men, and is called "Of Kings' Treasuries"; the second is for the young women and girls, and is named "Of Queens' Gardens." "Sesame and Lilies" is a shorter way of expressing the same two subjects. Sesame is our old friend of "Open, sesame!" and means grain — that which supports life and makes fields fruitful; lilies stand for all that beautifies life and makes home delightful. Ruskin proposes, then, to write about what is most needful and most delightful; and in the beginning of the second talk he explains in simple terms just what is meant. He says that he is trying to

tell how and what to read, and why to read. Very likely you will find, when you look at these essays, that Ruskin seems to wander; that he is not always easy to understand; that he refers to many things of which you know little or nothing.

But if you were to *talk* to very wise men and women you would be likely to come to the same conclusion; and yet, you know that you can learn little from those who "talk down" to you, or from those who know no more than yourselves. As in talking with wiser persons, so in reading the best books you will at first miss much of the meaning; yet the baby picks up language a phrase at a time, and a young reader will gradually find the greater writers more and more understandable, and more interesting, as time goes on. An old painter told a pupil: "Paint what you know, and what you don't know will become clear to you." Besides, there is a keen pleasure in trying your powers on a really deep book, and rich reward if you can conquer it. You may not interrupt the wise person who talks with you; but the wise writer will wait silently while you "hunt up" a difficult word, or a mystifying allusion, by the aid of dictionary or encyclopedia.

There is a spice in Ruskin's talk. "Sesame and Lilies" may sound sickly sweet to a vigorous boy or healthy girl; but you will find that under this velvet glove Ruskin has an iron hand. In part of one lecture he says—to the English, of course (see if you think his words apply also to us who are now saying, "Blood is thicker than water"):

> A nation cannot last as a money-making mob: it cannot with impunity—it cannot with existence—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer. I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

Nothing milk-and-watery about that, is there? Now, how does he undertake to prove his case? As to literature, he says (in part):

> We talk of food for the mind as of food for the body: now, a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it!

As to science, he tells an interesting story that you must read for yourselves, showing that a rich man grudging fourpence for a rarity is a fair type of the British public. As for art, Ruskin claims that the British do not know what they own, nor regret in the least the destruction of foreign masterpieces.

And so the lecture goes on, stirring you, delighting your taste, amusing you with humor, irritating you with its tone of superiority—until you will feel as if you had been talked to by the wisest, jolliest, most serious, and most irritating man you ever saw. Don't skip the prefaces or the notes. Here is a bit from a preface:

> I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche; and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dogs' ears. This is my notion of the founding of "Kings' Treasuries."

Do you care for these bits from "Sesame and Lilies"? If you do, read it all, own it, and study it. Much that is said you will agree with; some of it you will not believe, perhaps. But where you differ, find out whether you err or Ruskin is wrong.

Let the writer tell you a bit of personal experience:

When a boy I found an odd volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" in a village library. Twenty-one of his books are now at my elbow as I write, and I have read all of them more than once, many of them over and over again. They have brought me unmeasured pleasure, and—so far as I know—not one bit of harm. They have taught me to see more beauty in nature, more good in mankind, the errors in some things I believe untrue, and much honest wisdom in John Ruskin.

Is n't this English author a friend worth making?

*Christopher Valentine.*

# THE LETTER-BOX.

### Editorial Note.

Several kindly correspondents have written the editor that the general idea of "The Endless Story," printed in the August number of St. Nicholas, is not new.

The tale is, of course, an old story retold,—and very cleverly retold,—with additional touches, by Frances Courtenay Baylor (Mrs. Barnum). Indeed, when forwarding her manuscript to the magazine, she wrote that she had heard the story told by her husband, who heard it from his father, "who got it," she added, "nobody knew where."

Our readers will agree that the story was worthy of the new and bright setting given by the writer, who never thought of claiming originality for the plot.

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Westward Ho, Hawera,
Taranaki, New Zealand.

My Dear St. Nicholas: This is the first time I have written to you, though I have taken your magazine for two years. I have never seen a letter from this part of New Zealand before. The stories I like are "Master Skylark," "Two Biddicut Boys," and "The Lakerim Athletic Club."

My sister Tui, my brother Jack, and I have a little museum of our own in the garden. We have a good many curiosities, among which are the wonderful vegetable caterpillars peculiar to New Zealand. They are found in great quantities near the Rotorua hot springs. The caterpillar seems to take root in the ground, though the theory is that it eats the seed of the poisonous *tu-tu* plant, and when the caterpillar dies the seed grows into a tu-tu bush. Gradually the caterpillar changes into wood. Yours truly, Gwen Mason.

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Pine Lake, San Bernardino Co., Cal.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am spending the summer in Bear Valley, which is in the San Bernardino Mountains, in the Sierra Madre Range. We only get our mail twice a week, and I am always very anxious for the St. Nicholas to come. When we came up there were wild roses all around the cabins, and there are very great tall pine-trees all around. Bear Valley is 6500 feet high. The water from Pine Lake goes down to the valley and is used to irrigate the orange-trees in the large orchards there. There are lots of little chipmunks, and one fell into an empty jar, and we made a little cage for it, and we named it "Porto Rico"; the next morning we let it go. I have a brother Ned. He is ten years old, and I am eleven. We have a dog, "Shep," and a cat named "Manila." There is a big herd of burros that go by often. They are used to go up and down on the trail, and to carry packs.

I live in Redlands. I enjoy reading the St. Nicholas very much. I am yours sincerely,

Lois Partridge Lehman.

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Dear St. Nicholas: I am a Baltimore boy visiting in the South. About a week after I reached my uncle's farm, an old negro woman (a renter), seeing my cousin standing on the back porch, asked her if she had n't brought her something from the city. Cousin B—— reprimanding her on her past conduct, the negro said, "Law, Miss B——, don't judge anybody by de future done passed. *Judge* 'em by de *come*."

Your faithful reader, H. G. B.

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Tunica, Miss.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a little Southern girl, and do not know what I would do without you. My sisters and I get you for a Christmas present. My favorite story is "Denise and Ned Toodles." I wished it would never end; and sometimes I wish I had a little pony like "Ned," and some time I may. But my sister May has a little dog. He can sit in a chair and shake hands with you.

We all enjoy reading the letters, and hope to see mine in the St. Nicholas, so I can read it. I read about the Sewing Society and am going to get one up. I did not go away last summer. I hope that the St. Nicholas will continue to be my Christmas present a long time.

I am your loving reader, Josie E. Brigham.

---

East Orange, N. J.

My dear Companion: For such I claim the right to call you, having had your charming magazine for nearly eight years. And what a pleasure you have been to my four brothers and sisters and me!

Your "Letter-box" is especially interesting, as the letters come from all parts of the world, and contain many facts of interest.

I have quite a nice plan, which I hope will meet with the approval of some of your correspondents. For two or three years I have been collecting from all kinds of magazines, in fact from everything except newspapers, pictures of noted men and women, of ancient as well as modern times, until now I have over three hundred pictures. Among them are many duplicates, which, I thought, some of the readers of the St. Nicholas would like to exchange for others. I am making a specialty of the rulers of different countries, and would like to exchange my pictures for pictures of some of the royal families of Europe. I would especially like to make exchanges with foreigners, as then I could send them some of our noted men. Hoping this will meet with your approval, and with long life to St. Nicholas.

I remain ever your true friend,

Lavinia B. De Forest.

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Minto, New South Wales.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a little Australian girl who has taken you for ten years, but never written to you before. I live in Sydney, but am now staying up the country. Do the ants in America build chimneys to keep off the rain? They do in the Blue Mountains. When there is going to be a wet winter they all build hollow tubes of grass, woven round and round. They are about a quarter of an inch across and sometimes six inches long. They are fixed upright above the ant-holes, and so when the ground is flooded, the water cannot get in. Is it not clever of the ants?

We have a good many pets at home, a pony, six dogs, many kinds of pigeons, a pink-and-white cockatoo, and two painted finches. We have goldfish, too, if they can fairly be counted among our pets.

A short time ago I had a sweet little paddy-melon, called "Lepus." A paddy-melon is something like a wallaby, which is something like a kangaroo; but this can give you no idea of how sweet and pretty Lepus was. He was very tame, and would nestle in my arms. He had the dearest little way imaginable of putting his front paws together in a pleading attitude. He looked as innocent as a cherub. It was impossible to think he had ever hurt anything in the wide world, but I am sorry to say that the day before I got him, he had killed a young rock-wallaby that was shut up with him. Lepus was young and delicate, poor little thing, and he died of cold.

Your interested reader,

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR.

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CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for five years, I have only written to you once before. I enjoy reading you very much, and especially the "Letter-box." As I have not seen a letter from a girl in the Cheltenham Ladies' College, I thought I would write to you. I am an American girl of fourteen, and have been in England for one year. I like the college very much. There are about nine hundred or more girls there. I spent the summer holidays at a Lincolnshire seaside place. The roads were very lovely for cycling. I like cycling very much, and I have ridden for five years.

We have two very funny little dogs — a dachshund called "Matty," and a pug called "Billy." When Billy is hungry, and wants something to eat, he always goes to a bell which is on the side-table, and rings it till one pays attention to him.

The other day, as I was cycling by the seaside, I asked a little peasant girl whether she would like to go to America, and she said, "No; I reckon there are all wild beasts there." It is very funny what curious ideas some English country girls have of America.

I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS very much, and I do not know what I should do without it. I like "Denise and Ned Toodles," "The Lakerim Athletic Club," and "Two Biddicut Boys" very much.

Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS! Long life to you.

From your enthusiastic reader,

RACHEL WORKMAN.

---

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought you would like a letter from two little Tennessee girls. We read you all the time, and enjoy you very much.

We noticed in one number a picture of the cruiser "Columbia," and were glad to see it, because one of us has a cousin on the Columbia.

We were very much interested in the American war with Spain; in fact, we think all true American little girls ought to have been.

We suppose you know General McKee? He has a great number of soldiers stationed in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Your little friends, REBECCA DOW,
CARRIE LEE PATTON.

---

RAVENSWOOD, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't believe I ever saw a letter from Ravenswood in your "Letter-box." It is a very pretty suburb of Chicago.

This summer our family went out to visit my grandma, who lives about sixty miles west of Des Moines, Iowa. We came home by way of Omaha, and, of course, while we were in that city we saw the Fair.

The Omaha Fair is not as big as the World's Fair held in 1893 at Chicago, but is very nice.

The exhibit in the Government Building is the nicest, and I think it nicer than at the Chicago Fair, because there are models of the war-ships used in the late war. It also has the figures of American soldiers, dressed as soldiers in the different United States wars. The exhibit in the Mines and Mining Building is *very* fine. We had a very enjoyable time.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS so much. I think "Denise and Ned Toodles" is a fine story, and was sorry when it ended. Wishing you much success, I am

Your thirteen-year-old reader,

MARIE HAMMOND.

---

INDIAN SUMMER.

A soft gray sky, some purple heather,
With yellow grasses slender and tall;
The sluggish stream half asleep doth seem:
The old world dreams in the mellow fall.

Oh, day of days! Lo, the purple haze
O'ershadows the distant mountain-tops —
Silencing all! Hark! a late bird's call
Is borne on the air, grows faint, and stops.

The red sun creeps toward the western steeps;
Soft shadows fall, stars gleam o'erhead.
The world grows still, as the old world will
When a dream has fled and a day is dead.

NELL J. H——.

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BOGOTÁ, REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA,
SOUTH AMERICA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading the ST. NICHOLAS for several years, and I like the stories very much, such as the "Two Biddicut Boys," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "The Lakerim Athletic Club," and many others. Your stories are almost all about life in North America, and to us are very interesting; but I think that your readers there would enjoy a story about the life here in this Spanish-speaking, Spanish-customed country. I enjoyed the one about the "Jaguar and the Caymans," because it is from this country. Once I was sitting in a little boat near the shore of the Magdalena River, fishing with a negro boy, and a woman was on the bank near by, washing clothes, and suddenly a man called out, "*Cayman, cayman!*" The woman got away just when the nose of the animal appeared on the shore where she had been. We pulled to the shore, because the animal was very near us, and we were afraid he might tip our boat over. We called the owner of the house, and he came with his rifle; but just as he was about to shoot the *cayman* (alligator), the astute animal disappeared under the water.

Your constant reader, EDDIE R. CANDOR.

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MY PET PONY.

(*A true story.*)

BY L. S. F.

I AM a little girl ten years old. My home is in the country, and we have many pets; but there is one dearer to me than all the rest put together. He is my pony, "Fair Hills." He is named after our home, which looks out upon beautiful hills, and my grandma called our home "Fair Hills." After my pony was broken to the saddle I rode him to school, and he knows me so well

and is so gentle that I can do almost anything with him. I bring him down on the lawn sometimes to eat the grass, and he is so kind and quiet that I can take his halter off and go in the house or anywhere and trust him not to run away. He is very small, being only a yard high; he is black, with a little white star in the middle of his forehead. When he was being trained to ride, the coachman brought him up the front steps and on the porch, and then down again. One day I thought I would give my mother a surprise; so I brought Fair Hills up the front steps on the porch, and then in our front hall, and up two more flights of stairs and into my mother's bedroom, and I rode him all around the house. And then I brought him up to a mirror and let him look at himself; it was very funny to see him sniff at his reflection. In a little while I brought him down again, and at first I thought it would be hard for him to get down, but he walked down as easily as any person. In winter he has long, shaggy hair, and looks like a little bear. When it is spring, he sheds his winter coat, and he is nearly as soft as sealskin. I have brought him into many other places. Once I brought him into a bicycle manufactory, and another time I took him into a house in Hopland. He is very affectionate, and I think he knows when I kiss and hug him, and I think he knows, too, when I scold him and shake my finger at him, he winks his eyes at me. I ride him to school every day, and I think he likes it better than I do, because I turn him loose and let him eat the grass in the yard. He has to walk up stone steps to get into the yard. There are thirteen in the school that I go to, and all the children that go there like Fair Hills very much. My brother rides to school, too, and he rides a pony called "Hiawatha." My father has seventy-three ponies all together, but Fair Hills is my favorite. I don't know what I will do when I grow too big for Fair Hills, but I shall always keep him as a pet.

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ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading the "Letter-box" very much, and perhaps other children would like to hear something about Alexandria. I have lived all my life in Egypt, except the summer months. We leave for Europe in May or June, but already then it is so hot that we do not know what to do with ourselves. Last winter was exceptionally cold. We have not had many khamsins yet. On a bad khamsin day everybody stays indoors with shut windows, as it is much hotter out than in. It is a hot, hot wind that blows from the desert, whirling burning sand along with it. In the evening swarms of little flies come in, attracted by the lights, and die all over your paper if you are writing a letter. The dampness is another very disagreeable thing in Alexandria, which is not dry like Cairo. But the real plague of Egypt is the black beetle. It is a continual fight to keep them from swarming all over the house. Some are enormous and even have wings. We call all the natives Arabs, though really there are many tribes — for instance, the Bedouins of the desert, who pitch their dirty tents among the country houses of the Europeans. Whole families live in one tent. Some gentlemen pay the chief Bedouin of the family not to rob them and to prevent others from doing so. I was told once that they descend from some Greeks of the time of Alexander the Great. They keep up family feuds as the ancient Greeks did. They have sheep, fowls, donkeys, camels, and buffalos (which they call *giamoose*). In fact, they live the same kind of life as the patriarchs in the Old Testament, wandering about with their flocks and herds. The women wear black robes and bright-colored sashes; the men a sort of burnoose folded gracefully about them. We go sometimes to sketch their tents, and the children come to watch and ask for "bakshish." The Arab men wear a scanty long skirt of different colors, and the red fez called tarboosh, or a turban. Usually they go barefooted. Some of the women wear a long robe, with glass or brass bangles on their wrists and ankles; others a sort of scarf turned over their heads, and a veil covering their faces below the eyes, which is tied behind their ears;

They wear a plait of cotton mixed with their hair, stain their nails red and their lower eyelids black. The women of the harems wear black silk clothes with a white muslin yashmak. They never go out except carefully veiled. The carriages they go in have the blinds drawn. On the railway there are special compartments in which they are locked in. At the theater they have before their box a wooden latticework so that they cannot be seen. At the weddings of the lower classes the furniture is paraded round the town on carts, and in the evening the bride is brought home by torch-light, while little street Arabs dance about to the sound of a fearful band.

Their funerals are very singular. They used to throw the body over their shoulders and take it to be buried. Now they are not allowed to do that. They put the body on a kind of stretcher and cover it with a piece of cloth. At the head of the corpse they fix a stick of wood, on which is put the fez of the deceased, if he is a man. Four Arabs carry this, and on the way any passer-by offers to help, for they say that the person that is dead prays for each one that carries him. A crowd follows, wailing, shouting, and making a frantic noise. The women wave their handkerchiefs, pull their hair, and make a funny sound with the tongue. There are special women paid to do this, and often have I seen them laughing at the same time. The cemetery is not inclosed, and the tombs are made of stone, with a pole sticking up on one side. Moslems shave all over their heads, except one tuft, which they leave for Mohammed to catch hold of and drag them into heaven by. Their Sabbath day is Friday. They have two Ramadans, or fasts, the great and the little. A gun is fired at sunrise and sunset; between these guns they may not eat nor drink. They make up for it by feasting and rioting in the open air all night. The longest lasts about thirty days, and it must be dreadful in the hot weather when they cannot drink a drop of water all day long. The great Ramadan is kept to commemorate a day when Mohammed lost his camel. He prayed all day long to find it, and at sunset he discovered that he was sitting on it! They do not know exactly which day of the month it was, so they fast thirty to forty days so as to hit the right one. The fast ends when the moon is seen reflected in a certain well. The event is telegraphed all over, guns are fired, and the great Bairam, or feast, sets in.

There are plenty more things I could tell about the Arabs, but must not make my letter any longer.

Yours truly, TENNY CASULLI.

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WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Armand C. Langdon, Leila Mogle, John S. Dunham, Goldie Skinner, Ethel R. Anthony, Miriam F. A., R. Seymour King, Hester W. Towle, Jennie Mae Burdick, Edith A. Page, Hugh V. Monahan, Jr., M. B. W., Leila Tucker, Elizabeth and Rysam.




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

Novel Acrostic. Dewey. 1. Dream. 2. Parakeet. 3. Wave. 4. Eagle. 5. Yawl.

Charade. Esculent.

Double Acrostic. Primals, George Dewey. Cross-words: 1. Gondola. 2. Eleven. 3. Orient. 4. Regent. 5. Grand. 6. Ebony. 7. Dreams. 8. Lemon. 9. Elbow. 10. Opera. 11. Dwell.

An Autumn Sketch. 1. Shelley. 2. Holmes. 3. Sand. 4. Winter. 5. Black. 6. Browne. 7. Field. 8. Gray. 9. Chambers. 10. Cooper. 11. Burns. 12. Cowper. 13. Crabbe. 14. Reade.

Word-square. I. 1. Knot. 2. Over. 3. Note. 4. Dove. II. 1. Pine. 2. Idea. 3. Neat. 4. East. III. 1. Lamp. 2. Abel. 3. Menu. 4. Plum.

Illustrated Primal Acrostic. Hobson. 1. Helmet. 2. Oriflamme. 3. Bayonet. 4. Sword. 5. Oar. 6. Navy.

Numerical Enigma.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus truth silences the liar.

Rebus. Peace.

Cross-word Enigma. Aster.

Connected Squares. I. 1. Twist. 2. Waste. 3. Issue. 4. Stunt. 5. Teeth. II. 1. Sweet. 2. Weave. 3. Eaten. 4. Event. 5. Tenth. III. 1. Heart. 2. Eider. 3. Adieu. 4. Reels. 5. Trust. IV. 1. Hoist. 2. Otter. 3. Italy. 4. Sells. 5. Tryst.

Concealed Double Acrostic. Primals, Foliage; finals, October. Cross-words: 1. Fandango. 2. Optic. 3. Least. 4. Idaho. 5. Adverb. 6. Gelatine. 7. Eager.

To our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the August Number were received, before August 15th, from "Dondy Small."

Answers to Puzzles in the August Number were received, before August 15th, from "Empress Mignonette," 8—Paul Reese, [illegible] Lathrop, [illegible] Edward Mansur, [illegible] Marion Rae, Uncle [illegible], [illegible] Stephen Fay Nininger, [illegible] M. H. M. [illegible], Margaret H. [illegible], [illegible] Bessie Davis and [illegible] Company, [illegible] "Two Canadians," "Maude Leal Tice."

### RIDDLE.

Among the birds I 'm at the head,
Yet smaller than the wren or linnet;
And though important quite to bread,
You would not like to find me in it.

Our great republic needs my aid;
To that I ever shall be loyal;
And still my homage must be paid
To our dear queen of lineage royal.

What though in slumber I am deep
When all the world is up and doing?
I 'm praised by poets while I keep
With faithfulness my work pursuing.

ANNA M. PRATT.

### PROGRESSIVE NUMERAL ENIGMAS.

1. The sight of 1-2-3-4-5-6 always makes my thoughts 1-2-3-4-5-6 to heaven.

2. I have asked for 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 times; I wish to draw a map of the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 mountains.

3. That is the leader of the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8; the one with the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 around his head.

4. Is that piece of 1-2-3-4-5 for the 1-2-3-4-5 for the leg?

5. "He brought 1-2-3-4 awfully plain little ring," said Nellie. "Was n't he 1-2-3-4?"

6. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 you will be sorry you stayed 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 I told you to go.

7. When he saw the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 said the blood seemed to 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 in his veins.

8. It is of no 1-2-3-4-5 for you to wear 1-2-3-4-5.

9. The picture represents five 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 in the order 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 the troops to Manila.

10. I 1-2-3-4-5-6 you, you may be 1-2-3-4-5-6 as if you saw it.

11. I 1-2-3-4-5 to think it is useless to 1-2-3-4-5 this way.

12. If you will 1-2-3-4 the wharf this afternoon you will see which boat will 1-2-3-4.

M. E. FLOYD.

### CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a very famous man.

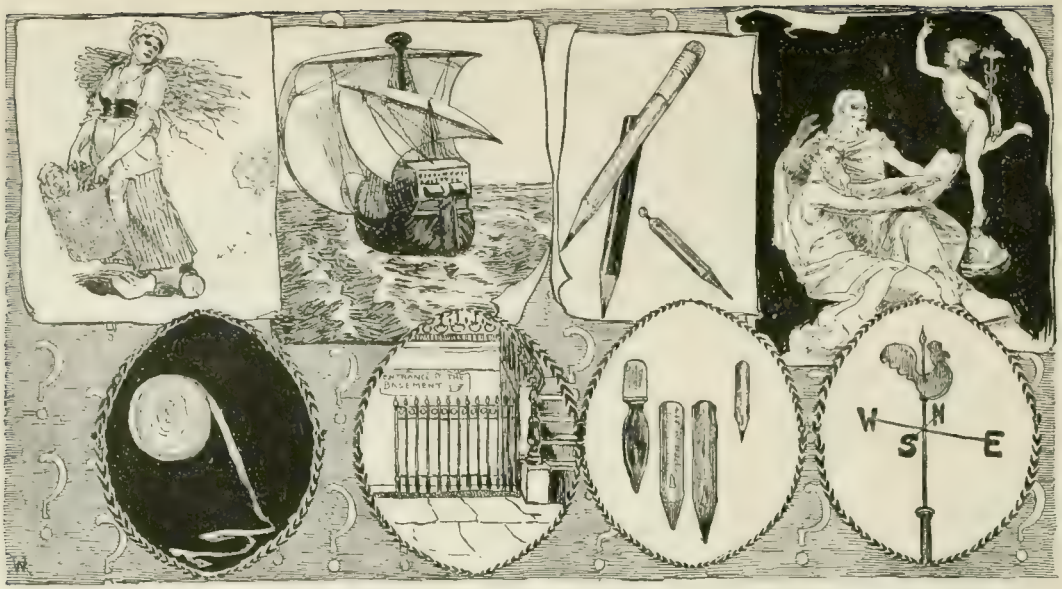
Cross-words: 1. An underground channel. 2. Haughtiness. 3. Foolish. 4. Massive. 5. Salt. 6. Vessels. 7. A carved stone. 8. Periods. 9. Contends. 10. Weapons. 11. A beautiful river. 12. Languishes. 13. A large pill. 14. General direction. 15. An inlet [illegible] Mexico.

NAKAKEE KICH.

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Burns, but not in Hood;
My second, in Shakspere, not in Froude;
My third is in Spenser and also in Greene;
My fourth is in Sterne, sarcastic and keen;
My fifth is in Chaucer; but look right hard
And find my sixth, in Kipling, the bard.
My whole is one, fearless and bold,
Who braved great dangers manifold.
Now no one can his courage rue,
But give him praise that is his due.

"BLACK JACK AND FIGHTING BOB."




### ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

EACH of the four pictures in the upper row may be described by a word of seven letters. Take three letters from each of the four words, rearrange the remaining four letters, and the four new words (which form a word-square) will describe the four pictures in the lower row. F. H. W.

### CONCEALED DIAMOND.

```
      .  .  1  .  .
      .  12 .  2  .  .
      .  11 .  .  3  .
      10 .  .  .  .  4
      .  9  .  .  5  .
      .  .  8  .  6  .
      .  .  .  7  .  .
```

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of a column. 2. A crown. 3. Brings to the remembrance of. 4. A town of Sicily not far from the Strait of Messina. 5. Vicious. 6. Despised. 7. The act of sending.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 12 will spell a pleasant season of the year. F. S. F.

### RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

My *first* is a college for football known;
My *second*, an isle with palms o'ergrown;
A garden with my *third* is made;
And my *last* to my *first* afford their shade.

FLORENCE AND FLOSSIE.

### ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of an English poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Iron blocks upon which metals are shaped. 2. Large baskets of wickerwork. 3. To beat with successive blows. 4. Scarfs. 5. To make a low, continued noise. 6. A vessel in which substances are pounded. 7. Systems of religious beliefs. 8. Notwithstanding that. 9. Something that has short turns or angles. 10. Disgraces. 11. Small streams of water. 12. Part of a coat. 13. Certain nuts. 14. Collections of visible vapor. 15. To make furious. 16. Adequate to meet the want. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

### A NOVEMBER CHARADE.

My *first*, a royal personage,
May some day be a king;
My *second* many, many pounds,
Will make the balance swing.
My *whole* is a historic town—
I shall not tell you where;
If you 're afraid of tigers
You 'd better not go there.

FLORENCE AND FLOSSIE.

### WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. PART of a horse. 2. Ground. 3. Close. 4. Parts of the body.

II. 1. COLORLESS. 2. Old. 3. A mineral. 4. A whirlpool. "THE PUZZLERS."

### CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

LOOK carefully and find revealed
November's turkeys here concealed.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. IF I efface my meager wits
   'T will rend this puzzle into bits.
2. Now patching puzzles wastes my time,
   Though I am used to cobbling rhyme.
3. So, while my nervous system shatters,
   I 'll give this in its normal tatters.
4. And if you find well-sewed repair,
   Please stick a pin to show me where.
5. 'T will be a most delightful way
   To spend a dark and drizzly day.
6. Then if the meaning is not plain
   I 'll try our Saxon words again.

ANNA M. PRATT.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

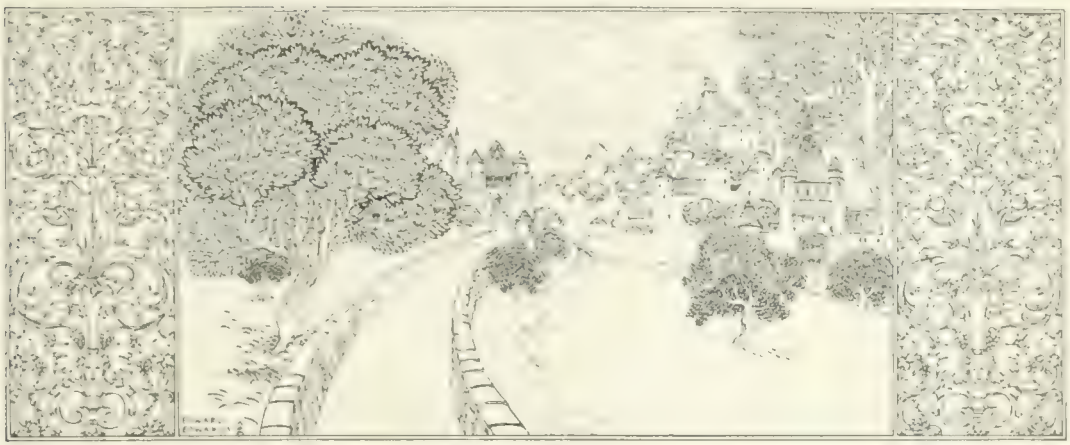


"MEANTIME, COUNT REYNAURD AND PIERROT TROTTED GAILY ALONG THE ROAD TO AIX."

(SEE PAGE 92.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVI. DECEMBER, 1898 No. 2.



## THE PAGE OF COUNT REYNAURD

BY EVALEEN STEIN

"PIERROT! Pierrot! are thy saddle bags well fastened? And how fare my lutestrings? Have a care lest some of them snap with jogging over this rough bit of road. And, Pierrot, next time we pass a fine periwinkle thou hadst best jump down and pluck a fresh bunch for my Barbo's ears."

The speaker, Count Reynaurd of Poitiers, patted the fluffy black mane of his horse Barbo, and loosened the great nosegay of blue flowers tucked into his harness and nodding behind his ears. Barbo was gaily decked out; long sprays of myrtle dangled from his saddle-bow, and a wreath of periwinkle and violets hung round his neck; for the Count Reynaurd was not only a noble lord, but also a famous troubadour. That is to say, he spent his time riding from castle to castle, playing on his lute or viol, and singing beautiful songs of his own making.

In the days when he lived, which was many hundred years ago, there were numberless such poet-singers strolling over the sunny land of France, and especially that part which lies to the south and is called Provence. Many of the greatest of these kept little pages to wait upon them and carry their musical instruments, and so it was that Pierrot rode a little white palfrey by the side of Count Reynaurd, and carried his lute, and gathered the periwinkle for making gay bouquets to decorate Barbo's ears.

It was May-time, and they were journeying through the lovely land of Provence, which was quite enough to make any one happy, and the count and Pierrot were fairly brimming over with good humor as they rode along. They were bound for the old town of Aix, where in those days there stood the palace of the good king René, whom everybody loved.

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Now, King René himself was a troubadour, although he could not wander about over the country as did the others, but was obliged to stay in Aix and govern his people. Yet he spent hours and hours every day writing poetry and making up music by which to sing it, and he delighted above all things to gather about him all who could finger a lute-string or sing a merry song. There were always dozens of fine troubadours staying with King René, and still he was never weary of adding to their number, and of seeking out the best in France; and so it chanced he had heard much of the great skill of Pierrot's master and also of another noble lord, the Count William of Auvergne, the friends of each of whom boasted that none other in all France was worthy to be called the champion of the troubadours. And so René had sent messages to both inviting them to come and visit him, and to hold a contest of song; saying he would give a beautiful collar of jewels to the one who sang the best.

In response to this invitation, the Count William was already in Aix, having come the day before, after a long journey from his castle in Auvergne, and he was now resting, awaiting the Count Reynaurd, and pleasing himself in thinking of the glory of winning the jeweled collar, for he fully expected by and by to carry it off as his prize.

Meantime, Count Reynaurd and Pierrot trotted gaily along the road to Aix. The almond-trees were in flower, and from one of them Pierrot had broken a little switch covered with dewy blossoms, and with this he now and then tapped the flank of his little white palfrey, who would then kick up her heels and frisk along at a rollicking pace. Pierrot's own legs looked lovely in party-colored hose, the right being a beautiful pearl-gray and the left a delicate robin's-egg blue; his doublet was a pink silk embroidered in silver and slashed with white satin, and on his head he wore a jaunty little cap with a long feather. He was a handsome little fellow, with bright eyes and dark curls, and as gay and lively as the great black crickets that live in Provence.

His master, Count Reynaurd, looked very stately in a suit of plum-colored velvet, with a collar of fine lace fastened with a golden violet, which he often felt to be sure he had not lost it and that it was still tightly clasped. For the gold violet was a prize that the count had just won in the town of Toulouse, whither, every May-time, all the troubadours used to go and hold great contests, called the Games of Flowers. At these games each one sang a song, and the most skilful received prizes, a violet of gold and a rose of silver being the most wished for.

So Count Reynaurd was very proud and happy thinking how finely the violet would serve to clasp the collar of jewels he expected to win from King René, and he smiled pleasantly when Pierrot called out to him, "See, my lord! are not those the high towers of Aix?"

Count Reynaurd looked ahead, and, sure enough, far in the distance rose the city of Aix. They set their horses a-galloping, and in a little while found themselves riding through its quaint, crooked streets, till they reached the great square where stood the king's palace. This was a very beautiful one, strangely built, with two ancient round towers and a wide porch with many pillars; all about it was a lovely garden full of orange and acacia trees, and sweet roses and jessamines clambered over everything.

Count Reynaurd and Pierrot dismounted at the palace gate, and were led into the great hall where sat King René, wearing a blue robe embroidered in bright flowers. He was an old man, and his hair and long beard were quite white, but he was gay and happy-hearted as Pierrot himself. When he saw the Count Reynaurd enter the hall, he arose from his throne and came down and hugged and kissed him, and patted Pierrot kindly. For René was not like most kings, who are very particular to have everybody about them as stiff and uncomfortable as possible.

Then presently the Count William, who had been walking in the garden, hearing of the arrival of Reynaurd, came hurrying in, his own little page Henri following close upon his heels. He greeted Count Reynaurd very cordially, for he had often met him at the games of Toulouse, and the little pages Henri and Pierrot soon became the best of friends also.

As the day was now drawing to a close, the

good old king invited them all into the banquet-hall, where were already gathered numbers of troubadours and minnesingers, who were the troubadours of Germany. Some were eating and drinking; some were telling stories or making up poetry; while still others were playing on all sorts of musical instruments, and were altogether having the jolliest kind of time.

Reynaurd and Pierrot were very hungry after their long ride, and so were glad to sit down at one of the long tables while the king's seneschals brought in roasted boar's-head and venison pasties, and large baskets of the fine white bread of Provence and of brown marchpanes, which were nice little old-time French cookies full of raisins and covered with nuts and poppy-seeds.

Pierrot waited upon his master very prettily, and then feasted upon the many dainties to his heart's content, all the while listening with delight to the gay songs of the troubadours and minnesingers, till by and by his curly head began to nod, and he fell asleep while still munching a marchpane, and slept so soundly that he had to be shaken when it was time to go upstairs, where a little cot was spread for him close to the great canopied bed for the Count Reynaurd.

So the days passed merrily on, and still, time after time, when King René fixed a day for the contest between the Counts Reynaurd and William, they would plead that they were not ready, for they had grown so lazy and pampered by the life they led in the palace that they dawdled away their time in idle pleasure.

At last the king grew impatient, and declared that he would shut them up, each in his own rooms, where they must stay for ten days composing their songs; and he commanded that then they should appear before him, when he would judge their skill and award the prize.

So Count William and Count Reynaurd were escorted up the palace stairway to their chamber doors, and each agreed, upon his knightly honor, which was a very solemn vow indeed, that he would not set foot beyond his threshold until the day appointed by the good king; and it became the duty of Pierrot and Henri to bring food and wait upon their noble masters.

But let us see how those two masters fared in their song-making. In the apartments of Henri's lord, things were going far from smoothly; for, although Count William was really a very accomplished troubadour, yet when he found himself shut up and obliged to make up a song, not a word could he write. Indeed, poets declare that this is very often the way with them; most beautiful verses will suddenly pop into their heads, sometimes in the middle of the night, so that they have to jump up in the dark to get pencil and paper to write them down before they forget; while, if they have paper and pen ready, so contrary are their wits that they cannot write a word! And so it was with the Count William.

He fussed and fumed, but not even the least little bit of a rhyme could he make; and the more he wished it, the more impossible it seemed to become. He strode up and down the room; he snatched his paper and tore it into bits; and then he scolded Henri till the poor little fellow tiptoed out in his little pointed velvet shoes, and fled to the garden, where he sat down under an orange-tree, and consoled himself with some fresh marchpanes.

Meantime, across the corridor from Henri's master things were going on very differently with the noble Reynaurd and Pierrot. As luck would have it, this count was getting on famously. He had composed a most beautiful piece of poetry, and lovely music by which to sing it, and was altogether so pleased with himself and all the world that he snapped his fingers joyously, and fetched Pierrot a playful slap on the shoulder, crying, "Hey, Pierrot, just listen to this!" And then in a loud voice he began to sing.

Pierrot was so delighted that he clapped his hands, and declared he was quite sure his lord would win the prize, and shame the Count William into everlasting silence. Then he helped himself to a couple of great golden oranges from a basket he had just brought to Reynaurd, and strutted out to air himself, and to boast to Henri of his master's superior skill.

Meantime, Count Reynaurd sang over and over his new song, each time roaring it out louder and louder, till his lungs fairly ached.

While all this was going on, the Count William, in a great rage, was still striding up and down the floor of his chamber, which happened

to be across the corridor and at no great distance from that of the happy Reynaurd. And as it happened, also, when Pierrot had gone out he had forgotten to quite close the door behind him — a fact which Count Reynaurd had not noticed. The door was very thick and heavy, and fitted badly between the stone walls, so it was not to be wondered at that Pierrot did not manage to latch it.

As it was, the loud voice of Count Reynaurd came rolling forth, and suddenly the Count William, angrily pacing his floor, stood stock-still and pricked up his ears.

Now, the count's ears were famous for being extraordinarily sharp, and he was also wonderfully apt in remembering anything to which he had once carefully listened. He knew in a moment that the sound was the voice of Count Reynaurd, and then a broad smile crept over his face, and he listened harder than ever.

As Reynaurd kept singing over and over again, it was not long till Count William had the whole piece by heart, and then, seizing his own lute, he began practising it very softly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed to himself. "Thou great foolish Reynaurd! Canst thou never learn how to hold thy tongue? But never mind, I will play such a trick on thee as will teach thee a lesson thou 'lt not soon forget. Ha, ha, ha!" And then he practised longer, till he knew both the poetry and music as well as did Count Reynaurd himself.

The next day, Pierrot, still exulting over his master's skill, happened to meet Henri in the garden, and asked how his noble lord was getting on.

"Oh," said Henri, "finely. He has just made a lovely new song!" And with that he hummed a snatch of a piece he had heard Count William singing, and which he really thought his master had composed.

As Pierrot heard the music he could scarce believe his ears; first he was speechless with astonishment, but at last he sputtered out, "It is not true — it is stolen! That is my dear master's, the Count Reynaurd."

"Pierrot," burst in Henri, "I would have thee understand my noble lord, the Count William, does not steal, and is a far better singer, anyhow, than thy great Reynaurd!"

From this matters went from bad to worse, till the two little pages were just on the eve of coming to blows; but, fortunately, at this point one of King René's seneschals caught sight of them, and, hastening up, gave each a sound cuff on the ear, crying out as he did so, "Ho, ye little borel knaves! Know ye not the good king will have no brawlers upon these palace grounds? Take that, sirrahs! and see to it that ye behave more seemly hereafter."

The pages being thus forcibly separated, Pierrot ran as fast as his legs would carry him up the palace stairs, and burst into his master's chamber, panting out indignantly, "Dear Lord Reynaurd, the wicked Count William has stolen thy beautiful song and will win the prize! And I tried to stop Henri, and — o-o-oh —" Here poor Pierrot, still smarting under the cuff from the seneschal, quite broke down, and was obliged to double his fists very hard and bite his lips to keep back the angry tears.

At first Count Reynaurd gasped with astonishment, and then jumped up in a towering passion. But by and by his wits came back to him, and he remembered that Count William had always been a good friend of his; but then his heart misgave him as he remembered, too, that Count William was a famous joker, and loved a jest above all things.

The more he thought of it, the more sure he felt that William only meant in some way to tease him, though he could not understand how he had learned the song. Just then his eye fell on the door, that Pierrot in his haste had left unfastened, as usual; and then it flashed through Count Reynaurd's mind how Count William had found out about the music. Reynaurd, moreover, had no doubt but that before the king William would probably sing the piece as his own, a thing which he could easily do, as René had announced that they would be called on in alphabetical order, according to the names of their domains; and as Auvergne thus came before Poitiers, Reynaurd knew that Count William would sing first, and that it would then be hard to make the people believe that the song was his and not William's; yet he determined, if possible, to try in some way to get the better of him.

He thought and thought very hard for a little

while, and then suddenly he said to Pierrot, "Pierrot, dost thou still remember the Latin tongue that good Father Ambrose taught thee last winter in our castle in Poitiers?"

The little page assured his lord that he did, for he was really a clever scholar in the Latin tongue, which both his master and the Count William understood but indifferently.

Then Count Reynaurd called him close to his side, and whispered a plan to him that seemed to please them both mightily. Pierrot at once took up the goose-quill pen that Reynaurd handed him, and after screwing up his face and working very carefully, he wrote these lines:

"Hoc carmen non composui,
Quod cano, quod cano!"

and this he took great pains to teach his master.

The next day Count Reynaurd sang his song over again and again, and Pierrot purposely left the door ajar. And Count William noticed that after every stanza there were two new lines added in another tongue:

"Hoc carmen non composui,
Quod cano, quod cano!"

At first this puzzled Count William very much indeed; but at length, "Faugh!" he said to himself, "that ridiculous Reynaurd is seeking to give a learned air to his poetry! I dare say he has picked up those lines out of some old manuscript, and thinks to pass himself off for a great scholar."

Then Count William tried to make out the meaning of the words, which were fitted into the rhyme of the stanzas in such a way that they could not well be left out. He studied over them till he thought he understood them, though, as it turned out, he was quite mistaken. But as it was a very common way with the troubadours to end every stanza with similar lines, which they called the refrain, Count William suspected nothing, and set himself to work to learn the new words.

The time that the king had allowed the rival noblemen was now almost up, and in two days more the song-contest took place.

The great banqueting-hall had been beautifully hung with garlands of flowers and gay banners, and at one end of it the king's throne stood on a dais, and over it swung a scarlet canopy like an enormous poppy-flower turned upside down. In the middle of the room were placed long tables, and in the palace kitchens the cooks were running about busying themselves preparing the great feast.

By and by King René came into the hall and took his seat on the throne. He wore a rich robe of purple velvet, embroidered all over in the brightest silks and gold; and after him came a great troupe of troubadours and minnesingers, some carrying their own harps or viols, and some followed by little pages who bore their masters' belongings.

As the good king René looked at his gay company and the brilliantly hung hall and the long tables, his eyes sparkled with delight, and his heart swelled with pleasure when he thought of the coming contest; for he was never so happy as when thus surrounded by his dear troubadours, whom he loved to make in every way as happy as possible.

Then, when all was ready, a gaily dressed herald came into the hall, and kneeling before the king, and bowing to the assembled company, announced the coming of the two counts, William and Reynaurd. All the other troubadours and minnesingers stood up, and King René smiled graciously as the two noblemen entered, followed by their pages, Pierrot and Henri, each of whom carried a viol bedecked with long silken ribbons.

When the counts had saluted the king and taken their places before him, he commanded a seneschal to bear in the prize; and so the beautiful collar of jewels was brought in upon a silver tray and placed on a carved bench beside the king. Then a herald stepped out, and, lifting the collar upon the point of a flower-wreathed lance, displayed it to all the company and announced the terms of the contest of song about to take place.

All of which was certainly a great deal better and prettier than the customs of most of the other royal courts of that time. In all the lands except where King René lived, when the people wanted entertainment they used to gather together to see contests called tournaments, where noble lords tried to overthrow each other with real lances on which were no garlands. But

King René could not endure such barbarous displays, and so in his palace no one fought another except with pretty verses, and the best poet was the champion.

So now, as all the usual ceremony had been gone through, the king called Count William to step forth first and sing his song. There was a merry twinkle in the count's eyes as he took his viol from Henri, hung the silken ribbons about his neck, and then, after striking a few soft notes with the tips of his fingers, began to sing, as his own, the song made up by Count Reynaurd. He went through the whole piece, although each time when he came to the Latin lines he mumbled them over so that the words sounded indistinctly, and one could not be certain of just what they were.

When he had finished, the king was delighted, and all clapped their hands and wondered how it would be possible for Count Reynaurd to do better. Indeed, they looked rather pityingly on Reynaurd, as one already defeated.

Then, when the cheers had somewhat quieted down, King René commanded Count Reynaurd to stand forth and take his turn for the prize. Reynaurd quietly stepped out, and, saluting the king, said: "My royal liege, the song to which you have just listened was not the work of Count William of Auvergne, but of myself, Reynaurd of Poitiers."

At this, as Count Reynaurd had expected, every one looked incredulous, and Count William pretended to be very indignant, and declared that he had not been outside of his own apartments for the ten days; that he had not set eyes on Count Reynaurd through all that time; and altogether appeared to be terribly angry that Count Reynaurd should hint that the song belonged to him.

Count Reynaurd, however, asked but one thing of the king, who readily granted his request. It was that Count William be commanded to sing the song once more, and that each time he must sing the Latin lines as plainly as possible.

Count William looked somewhat abashed at this proposal, and began to suspect that a trap was laid for him. However, he could not refuse to do the command of King René, especially when it seemed so simple a thing; and so he was obliged to sing again, and say the Latin words very plainly, all the while very angry with himself because on the spur of the moment he could think of no other words to put in place of the Latin refrain, which was so cleverly woven into each stanza that it could not be left out without spoiling the rhyme.

The king listened attentively, for, as the Count Reynaurd knew, René was a good Latin scholar himself; and by and by, when the refrain came into the song:

"Hoc carmen non composui,
Quod cano, quod cano!"

King René began to laugh; and he laughed and laughed till the tears fairly ran down his cheeks; for what do you think the words really mean? They mean:

"I did not make this song,
That I sing, that I sing!"

When the king at last managed to stop laughing for a few minutes, he translated the lines so every one could hear.

At first Count William looked very blank; then, realizing how cleverly the tables had been turned upon him and he had been caught in his own prank, he enjoyed the joke as much as anybody, and laughed the loudest of all. Indeed, such a "Ha, ha!" as went up through the whole banquet-hall was never before heard, and the very rafters seemed to shake with glee.

The good king was so delighted with the entertainment that he called Count Reynaurd and Count William both before him, and taking a hand of each, declared that the jeweled collar must be divided equally between them, and at once ordered his goldsmiths to set to work to make it into two collars instead of one; which they could very easily do, as it was so wide and heavy.

Then the king had a lovely silver cup brought in for Pierrot, because of his cleverness in the Latin tongue; and afterward the whole company of troubadours and minnesingers and pages sat down and feasted so merrily that, years later, when Pierrot himself grew to be a famous troubadour, he used often to sing of the gaiety of that great festival.

# THE BOYS OF SIBERIA.

By Thomas G. Allen, Jr.



In all that has been written about Siberia, little has been told us of the boys of that land. I believe they have been unjustly neglected. I know the Siberian youths would resent this, for the Siberian boy has many valid claims upon our consideration, not the least being that he will share in and aid to control the future of one of the richest countries in the world.

For this reason I think that a general idea of what the boys are like in that far-away and little known region of the world might be both of interest and profit to the St. Nicholas readers. But first let us correct any ill-founded notions he may have about Siberia itself.

"As dreary and cold as Siberia" is an expression that has come to be almost a proverb. The very name has always conjured up a scene of desolation and perpetual winter, enlivened, perhaps, by a band of criminal exiles plodding along some lonely highway or practically buried alive in some gloomy mine-pit. In imagination we have even heard the clanking of prison chains, the moaning of suffering men, and the sobs of distressed women. And yet, however displeasing the picture which the name of Siberia never fails to convey, its very mysterious and melancholy associations have ever exerted a strange fascination. I must confess that I have been no exception to the general rule. At a very early age I developed the desire to

visit this mysterious country, and to discover for myself, if possible, some of its terrible hidden secrets.

It has been my good fortune, on two recent occasions, to gratify this wayward ambition; and from what I saw and experienced I can assure my youthful reader that his general gloomy notion about the "land of snow and exiles" is, in the main, incorrect — that there is another and a very bright side to the Siberian picture.



A GAME OF TENPINS.

Not raising the question of the deplorable Siberian exile system, I would impress upon the reader that Siberia itself, in its southern portion at least, is a region where the vegetation is as varied and luxuriant, where the birds warble just as sweetly, where the children play and the people laugh and sing just as cheerfully, as in our own country. In fact, that portion of Siberia which is now reached by the new Trans-Siberian Railway might very justly be called the northern "promised land of milk and honey"; for in its teeming soil, genial summer climate, and fabulous mineral wealth it is second to none in the world.

So much, then, for this vastly misunderstood country. Let us now consider the Siberian boy himself. To begin with, the Siberian boy is not a Russian. I insist upon this distinction because I know he would be sure to make it if he were here to speak for himself. "No, sir; I am not a Russian," one has often said to me, in polite correction; "I 'm a Siberian." And he speaks in a way that leaves no room to doubt the sincerity of his pride. The reader may, perhaps, think this a distinction without a difference; but, from my personal observation, I should say that there is justification for it, even aside from the question of intermixture of native blood with the Siberian-Russian. Gener-



THE CADET SCHOOL AT OMSK, SIBERIA.

ally speaking, the Siberian boy, as compared with the boy of European Russia, is by far the quicker-witted, more energetic, and more self-respecting. He has many more of the quali-





THROWING STICKS

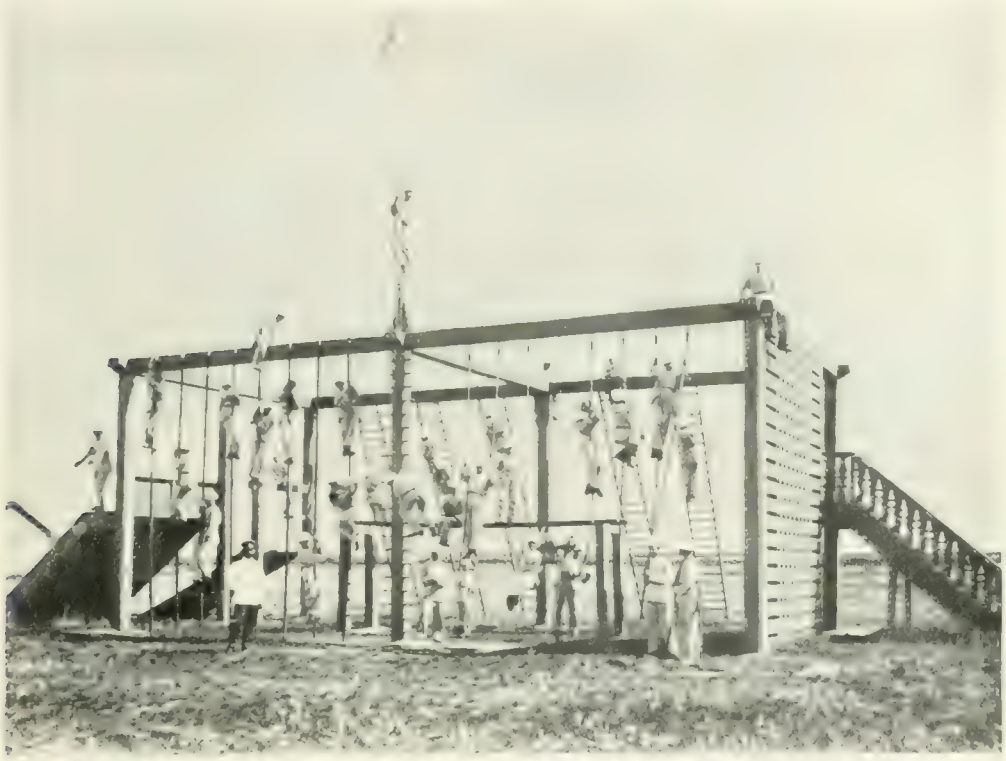
ties that in the hour of his country's need go to make him the hero or the patriotic soldier.

They say it takes a smart man to make a rascal. Whether this be true or not, certain it



A TUG-OF-WAR.

is that the class of men who have been sent as exiles to Siberia, especially the political prisoners, have generally been taken from the more intellectual classes of European Russia. The descendants of these exiles, on the other hand, being born and raised in Siberia, away from the harmful influences of a crowded population, have inherited natural intelligence without the incentives to misuse it. Furthermore, they know nothing about the disgrace of exile, and regard Siberia only with genuine pride as the land of their nativity.



THE CADETS EXERCISING ON FLOOR GYMNASTICS

In the matter of sports and games the Siberian is not so well off, perhaps, as the American boy; nevertheless, he seems to enjoy just as heartily what few he has. His snow battles are as spirited, his gymnastic contests as earnest, and his games of chess as serious.

He displays almost as much ingenuity as the American lad in modeling his own kites and constructing his own sleds. I have seen even very little fellows, without strength enough to wield a hammer or ax to build a sled, appropriate the family wash-basin or large butter-bowl, and go coasting down the hillsides. His game of marbles, if such it may be called, is quite different from our own. Instead of marbles the ankle-bones of sheep are used; for all forms of pottery are dear in Siberia, while sheep are plentiful. The marbles, or sheep-bones, are placed in a row and then shot at from a distance, like a row of tenpins. He has, of course, his regular game of tenpins, with a tenpin alley and rules just like our own.

The Siberian boys, especially in the military schools, are carefully trained in calisthenics and gymnastics; and the cool, exhilarating climate of Siberia renders this form of amusement more enjoyable than in our own country. It is this, more than anything else, that has helped to develop the brawn and sinew of the Russian army. The photographs representing the forms of gymnastic exercises which accompany this article were taken at the Cadet University



SIBERIAN CADETS PLAYING CHESS.

at Omsk, Siberia. The students of this university are educated for the purpose of becoming officers in the Siberian army, and they are specially trained to withstand Siberian hardships and the rigors of its winter climate. Most of them are sons of army officers or of higher-class civilians.

But there is not much caste or class distinction in Siberia, and the few social rules are lax. The Russian Siberians mingle freely with the native tribes, and their customs and habits have, in consequence, been considerably modified. I have often seen groups of boys playing on the street, where the Kirghiz or Buriat boys were mixed indiscriminately with the Russians. From their dress or language it was impossible to distinguish them; for both costume and language were a strange mixture. Only the peculiar features of the native or the more slovenly appearance of the Russian would betray the slightest difference. It is an old saying that you "scratch a Russian and find a Tartar." It might be more appropriately said — at least, of the Russian peasant — that you scrape the dirt off a Russian and find a clean Tartar; for the latter are decidedly the more cleanly.

I have already expressed the opinion that the Siberian boy was quicker-witted, of more spirited nature and prouder disposition, than the boy of European Russia. It might be well to justify these impressions by relating certain personal experiences.

During a bicycle journey through Siberia one summer, I had occasion to travel several hundred miles along what is called the Great Siberian Highway. You will see by glancing at the map that this road connects the Siberian capital, Irkutsk, with European Russia. The distance is some three thousand miles, and along its course have been built nearly all the towns and villages of old Siberia.

Through these towns and villages I made my daily runs, and usually with a clamoring multitude of shouting boys and yelping dogs as my escort; for a bicycle was as yet a novelty in that part of the world, and in some of the

more remote districts even a thing unknown. I remember, on entering a certain village just at dusk, when the streets were quite deserted, I came suddenly upon two village boys walking in the street. They did not see me until I flashed abruptly past them. They threw up their hands in bewilderment, shrieked out, "*Chort eediott!*" (The devil 's coming!), and fled in terror to their homes. I rode on to the regular post-station, ordered a frugal supper, and prepared to pass the night in the "traveler's room."

In the meantime the news of the "devil's" arrival had spread like wild-fire through the village, and the post-yard was soon swarming with village boys pestering the station-master to let them have a peep at the marvelous "devil's carriage." With the "devil's" permission, the carriage was finally taken out to exhibit to the wondering crowd. When I had finished my meal, I stole out unnoticed to observe the group of eager urchins gathered round the object of their curiosity. One of their number, more presumptuous than the rest, had taken hold of the wheel, and was endeavoring to enlighten his young congregation on bicycle philosophy in general, and this wheel in particular. The handle-bars, he knew, were to catch hold of, and the seat was to sit on, but he did not exactly know how it was propelled.

An inquisitive chap raised the question of balancing — how the bicycle could stand up without being held. This question was immediately seconded by the rest of the assembly, and put the self-elected teacher on his mettle. He asserted at once that that feat was easy enough to perform; but the more he tried to show them how, the more he realized its difficulty, until finally the bicycle got tangled up with his legs, and both went sprawling on the ground. This was the signal for a shout of derisive laughter from the crowd; but the little fellow was not to be defeated so ignominiously. He picked himself up, rubbed his head for a moment, and meditated. Finally a happy thought struck him. "Oh, I know how it is!" he exclaimed, as he picked up the bicycle. "You see, when it falls over this way he puts





A FENCING-BOUT WITH FOILS.

down this prop" (pointing to the right pedal), "and when it falls that way he puts down the other." Then the self-appointed lecturer upon bicycles looked proudly around for approval.



PRACTISING WALKING ON TIMBERS PLACED ACROSS A DITCH

"Why, of course," they all murmured, and in a tone of self-reproof that they had not thought of it before.

And so the little village wiseacre at once maintained his reputation, and impressed upon his associates how stupid they were not to have solved the problem for themselves.

The pride of knowledge and self-confidence in the Siberian lad was brought home to me rather forcibly last winter. I was spending some time at a certain gold-mining camp not far from the Siberian-Chinese border-line. It had been an exceptionally severe winter, and a fall of seven feet of snow had covered the valley and surrounding mountains. Even sled traffic was practically abandoned. Wearied, one day, with the tediousness of camp life, I started out with gun and snow-shoes to hunt for *riabchick*, a bird very similar to our grouse, but covered with a mass of feathers, even down to its very toes. The ten-year-old son of my host, to whom I had taken quite a fancy, begged for the privilege of accompanying me. I could not refuse him, notwithstanding my apprehensions on account of his extreme youth, for he assured me that he could stand any hardship, and, as I had seen for myself, was an adept at snow-shoeing.

The Siberian snow-shoe, I will say in passing, is a strip of thin wood covered with skin, and resembles the Norwegian ski rather than the Canadian snow-shoe. Unless you have had long practice, it is a very difficult thing to manage in the snow.

We started out to ascend the slope of a neighboring mountain, where some birds had been seen the day before. After a very short time it became evident that my little companion had the better of me; for his lightness of body, in addition to his snow-shoeing skill, enabled him to glide up over the deep snow with almost no effort whatever. I can see him now as he brushed along with rapid stride, his little fur coat covered with snowy spray, and his cheeks flushed with the glow of exercise.

We reached the top, having bagged two very fine birds on the way, and there we stopped to rest for a while, to take in the magnificent, far-reaching view, which it is possible to get only in the extremely clear atmosphere of Siberia. Before starting on the descent, I tightened the straps on our snow-shoes, and cautioned my little companion about going slowly and carefully. We had not gone many yards, however, before the exhilaration of the exercise made him forget himself, and he shot down like the wind. I feared every moment that he would meet with some accident — so much so, in fact, that I hastened along at his own pace to keep near him. In doing this my lack of experience in snow-shoeing proved disastrous. In making a sudden turn my shoes got twisted, and over I went headlong, to bury myself, head first, in the snow. My gun landed some six feet away, with stock in the air. Any one who has been in a snow-drift seven feet deep knows how difficult it is to extricate one's self from it, especially when standing on one's head. The more I struggled the deeper I sank; and had it not been for the timely assistance of my little companion, who fortunately had seen me fall, it is possible that I should have been there yet. To be outdone, and even rescued, by a little fellow scarcely ten years of age, whom I had considered too frail even to accompany me, was a humiliation indeed.

I have often witnessed the brave endurance of the Siberian boy, but never to such an extent as while on a sledge journey from Krasnoyarsk to Minusinsk. The road between these two points during the winter is nothing more than the frozen surface of the Yenisei River; for the ice is over a yard in thickness, and although the swift current of the river crowds it up into small hummocks during the early winter, yet, with the packing of snow and the constant wear of the sledge caravans, it affords a comparatively smooth and solid road-bed. The ice is considered so safe that it is even used as a bridge for the trains of the Trans-Siberian Railway. The ties are laid directly upon the ice, and the locomotive with a loaded train steams across. Fancy a thousand tons' weight crossing one of the largest and deepest rivers in Siberia merely on frozen water!

The incident I am going to tell occurred on one of the coldest nights I have ever experienced, for the thermometer stood at 25° below zero. In order to prepare for the long ride to the next station, I had swallowed three

or four glasses of hot tea at the *yemskie quarteer*, or station, and strapped on a heavy reindeer-pelt over my huge Russian overcoat. On reaching the sledge, or *tarantass*, which was waiting, I saw on the driver's box what appeared to be a solid ball of furs; but on closer inspection I found that the bundle contained a boy not more than fourteen years of age. His extreme youthfulness surprised me, and I immediately returned to the keeper of the quarteer to remonstrate with him against detailing a mere boy for such an arduous duty on such a cold night. He assured me that the boy referred to had made the same journey many times before, and was indeed a full-fledged *yemstchick*, or tarantass driver. Although inwardly protesting, I could do nothing but accept the situation.

I gave the word to start. Crack! went the little fellow's whip, and away dashed the *troika* (team of three horses). Our horses were already impatient with the cold. The night was black and threatening, and the roadway among the hummocks of ice on the river was almost indistinguishable. As the darkness increased, we frequently missed it altogether, and the ponderous sledge went bumping and toppling over the icy hummocks, while our poorly fed peasant horses strained every nerve to keep it in motion. Two hours passed by, when suddenly the sledge stopped, half tilted on a huge hummock of ice. "The horse is down, *barin*" (master), shouted the little yemstchick. I leaped out at once, and ran to the horse's head to assist him to rise, but he did not move. There was not even a sound of breathing. I placed my hand over his heart. There was not a beat. The horse was dead. The poorly nourished animal had succumbed to the excessive cold and strain. We took off the harness, backed the sledge out of the way, and then started off again with the two horses remaining. The little fellow on the box, I could see, was shivering with the cold, as I myself was by this time, for the exposure necessitated by the accident had chilled me through. I offered to take, and even insisted upon taking, his place for a time, so that he might warm up; but he resented this intrusion as almost an indignity to his calling. Not a murmur of discontent passed his lips. On we rode through the darkness; but how long I know not, for, exhausted by twenty-four hours' constant traveling, I fell into a doze. From this I was finally roused by a sudden shock. We seemed to have collided with something. I looked out, and saw that we had reached the next village, and that our steaming, frost-covered horses, eager to get into shelter, had run the shafts of our vehicle headlong into the gate.

"What 's the matter?" I called out to the yemstchick.

"Please, barin, I could n't hold 'em," came the reply, in a chattering voice.

That admission was sufficient; I knew that the little fellow's hands must be either numbed or frozen, and for that reason he could not pull on the reins. I jumped out, opened the gate, and led the horses in; but he did not move from his box; his legs were too stiff with the cold. I picked him up and carried him bodily into the house. A basin of snow was immediately brought to thaw out his frozen fingers, while I removed his clothing to rub a circulation back into his stiffened limbs. With this and a glass or two of hot tea we finally restored him to animation. Even then he never uttered one word of complaint, and when I slipped a ruble into his glowing fingers he looked as cheerful as though nothing unpleasant had happened.

If this, I thought, is the stuff the Siberian soldiery are made of, then Russia need never fear a rival to her title of "Ruler of the East!"





# An Island Fable

By Alfred Bayard.

The Mouse and the Elephant lived at ease
On the island of Where-and-Why.
But the Elephant mourned,
In his ponderous way,
That he was so wide and high.

The Mouse, on the other hand, squeaked with grief,
And crossed his beautiful eyes,
Lamenting that he
Was so very small —
Each envied the other his size.



One night, when the moon was over the left
And the wind was sounding his trump,
A Fairy came forth
From her home in a cleft,
With a hop, and a skip, and a jump,

And placed a spell on the sleeping pair,
When, lo! at the morning's call,
The Mouse, it was plain,
Had been growing large,
And the Elephant growing small.

Then danced they a jig in their greenwood bower —
What less could the Fairy expect?
And each one remarked,
In merriest mood:
"We certainly are the elect."



Grimalkin and traps no terrors possessed
For the Mouse in his new disguise;
The Elephant scoffed
As hidden he watched
The tents of the circus arise.

But joy was short-lived; sorrows gathered apace:
They were strangers among their own kin!
They kept open house,
As good neighbors should;
Yet no former companions dropped in.

Their talents were wasted in dozens of ways,
Which caused them still more to bewail:
The Elephant had
Little use for his trunk,
And the Mouse for his length of tail.

At last, when their griefs could no longer be borne,
And they had n't a single friend,
They both laid them down
By the pitying sea,
Their lives and their troubles to end.

Again, the pale moon being over the left,
And the wind a-sounding his trump,
The Fairy came forth
From her home in the cleft,
With a hop, and a skip, and a jump,

And, lifting the spell from the perishing pair
By the side of the whispering wave,
She bade them return
Each one to his own,
And be happy, and good, and brave.

The change soon completed, their sizes reversed,
Again they would live at their ease—
The Elephant dined
On a thimble of hay,
The Mouse on a cart-load of cheese.



MORAL (for Large Children):

Let each be himself, not somebody else,
Nor covet what others may hold.
Each one has his place,
That he can best fill:
Contentment is silver and gold.



MORAL NUMBER TWO (Confidential, for Small Children):

When fairies come forth, with the moon on the left,
And the wind is sounding his trump,
Good children had better
Be scampering home,
With a hop, and a skip, and a jump!



# Hiding Places in War Times

By J. K. Gore

For some years after the close of our Civil War, the attention of our people was chiefly occupied with a study and recital of the most prominent battles, the decisive events, and the acts of famous officers. But now that these bolder features of the war panorama have been examined and discussed, we may take time to look at some of the details, to call up the minor incidents, to bestow meed of praise upon privates, or to record the littles that made up the much.

The sacrifices of the women and children at home have been repeatedly referred to in general, but seldom do we see mention made of their daily privations, the petty but continual annoyances to which they were subjected, and the struggle they made to sow and reap, as well as the difficulties they met in saving the harvested crops.

The hiding-places here described were all in *one* house. This house was in Virginia, near a town which changed hands, under fire, eighty-two times during the war — a town whose hotel register shows on the same page the names of officers of both armies, a town where there are two large cities of the fallen soldiers, each embellished by the saddest of all epitaphs — "To the unknown dead." Out from this battered town run a number of turnpikes, and standing as close to one of these as a city house stands to the street was the house referred to — the home of a widow, three small children, a single domestic, and, for part of the time, an invalid cousin, whose ingenuity and skill fashioned the secret places, one of which was on several occasions his place of refuge.

With fall came the "fattening time" for the hogs. They were then brought in from the distant fields, where they had passed the summer, and put in a pen by the side of the road. And although within ten feet of the soldiers as they marched by, they were never seen, for the pen was completely covered by the winter's wood-pile, except at the back, where there was a board fence through whose cracks the corn was thrown in. Whenever the passing advance-guard told us that an army was approaching, the hogs were hurriedly fed, so that the army might go by while they were taking their after-dinner nap, and thus not reveal their presence by an escaped grunt or squeal. Fortunately, the house was situated in a narrow valley, where the opportunities for bush-whacking were so great that the soldiers did not tarry long enough to search unsuspected wood-piles. On one occasion we thought the hogs were doomed. A wagon broke down near the house, and a soldier went to the wood-pile for a pole to be used in mending the break. Luckily, he found a stick to his liking without tearing the pile to pieces. This suggested that some nice, straight pieces be always left conveniently near for such an emergency, in case it should occur again.

The house had a cellar with a door opening directly out upon the "big road," and never did a troop, large or small, pass by without countless soldiers seeking something eatable in this convenient cellar. It was never empty, but nothing was ever found. A partition had been run across about three feet from the back wall, so near that even a close inspection would not suggest a space back of it; and being without a door, no one would think there was a room beyond. The only access to this back cellar was through a trap-door in the floor of the room above. This door was always kept

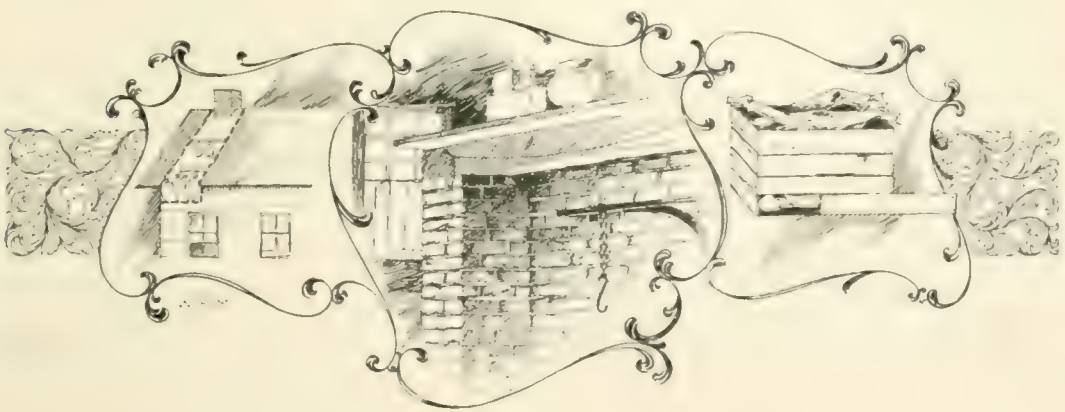
covered by a carpet, and in case any danger was imminent, a lounge was put over this, and one of the boys, feigning illness, was there "put to bed." In this cellar apples, preserves, pickled pork, etc., were kept, and its existence was not known to any one outside of the family.

The two garrets of the house had false ends, with narrow spaces beyond, where winter clothing, flour, and corn were safely stored. The partition in each was of weather-boarding, and nailed on from the inner side so as to appear like the true ends, and, being in blind gables, there was no suspicion aroused by the absence of windows. The entrance to these little attics was through small doors that were a part of the partition, and, as usual in country houses, the clothes-line stretched across the end from rafter to rafter held enough old carpets and useless stuff to silence any question of secret doors. Several closets also were provided with false backs, where the surplus linen of the household found a safe hiding-place.

In such an exposed place a company of scouts, or even a regiment, could appear so unexpectedly that it was necessary to keep everything out of sight. Even the provisions for the next meal had to be put away, or before the meal could be prepared a party of marauders might drop in and carry off the entire supply. In the kitchen a wood-box of large size stood by the stove. It had a false bottom. In the upper part was "wood dirt," a plentiful supply of chips, and so much stove-wood that the impression would be conveyed that at least there was a good stock of fuel always on hand. The box was made of tongued and grooved boards, and one of these in the front could be slipped out, thus forming a door. Into this box all the food and silverware were put. No little ingenuity was needed in making this contrivance. The nails that were drawn out to let this board slip back and forth left tell-tale nail-holes, but these were filled up with heads of nails, so that all the boards looked just alike. I remember once a soldier was sitting on this box while mother was cooking for him what seemed to be the last slice of bacon in the house. She was so afraid that he would drum on the box with his heels, as boys frequently do, and find that the box was hollow, that she continually asked him to get up while she took a piece of wood for the fire. It was necessary to disturb him a number of times before he found it advisable to take the proffered chair, and in the meantime a hotter fire had been made than the small piece of meat required.

Of course it was advisable to have at least scraps of food lying around — their absence at any time would have aroused suspicion and started a search that might have disclosed all. The large loaves of bread were put in an unused bed in the place of bolsters; money, when there was any on hand, was rolled up in a strip of cotton which was tied as a string around a bunch of hoarhound that hung on a nail in the kitchen ceiling; the chickens were reared in a thicket some distance from the house, and, being fed there, seldom left it.

Although this house was searched repeatedly, by day and by night, by regulars and by guerrillas, by soldiers of the North and of the South, the only loss sustained were a few eggs taken by one of General Milroy's men, and this loss was not serious, for the eggs were stale.



# THE CHRISTMAS-TREE LIGHTS.

By Annie Willis McCullough.

When holiday week 's almost over,
And broken are some of the toys,
When Christmas-tree needles are dropping,
And drums will not give out a noise,

When some one has said, "It 's a nuisance;
This tree *must* be carried away,"
And we stand around and look gloomy,
And beg for it "just one more day,"

There 's one thing that keeps up our spirits:
The best of the week's merry nights
Is just at the last, when we children
May blow out the Christmas-tree lights.

The little tots, Doris and Douglas,
They blow out the ones lowest down.
Their faces get redder and redder;
Their foreheads are all in a frown.

Then Alice, the next high by measure,
Puts out all the candles half low;
And then I, the oldest and tallest,
I blow, and I *blow*, and I BLOW!

But even *I* can't reach the top ones,
So father lifts up Baby Grace;
Her dear little mouth is a circle,
All wrinkled her sweet little face.

She blows out the tiptopmost candles;
We clap and hurrah when she 's done;
And that is the end of the Christmas,
The very — last — bit — of — the — fun!

* * * * *

But all through the year it 's a pleasure
To think of our holiday nights —
The best coming last, when we children
May blow out the Christmas-tree lights.





# THE PIE AND THE CLOCK.

By Eliza Atkins Stone.

On Christmas day we had a pie.
A nice round pie with a crimpy rim;
And mother was cutting it, and she said,
"Big or little?" to Uncle Jim.

Uncle Jim looked a funny look
Right up over mother's head.
Then he told her, "'Bout ten minutes,
please."
Truly, that 's just what he said.

Everybody stared at him.
Mother said: "What under the sun!"
Father said: "Too deep for me!
Come, Jim, give us an easy one."

But I looked up at our tall old clock
(Where Uncle Jim had looked when he
spoke).
Five minutes past three! He winked at me,
And I winked back, for I saw the joke.

# THE S. A. C. S.

By Kirk Munroe.




These are the initials of a society that is such a useful society, and one in which it is so easy to acquire membership, that every one, boys and girls, men and women, ought to belong to it; and I expect all who read this article to join it immediately. Not only that, but I expect them to invite all their friends to join, and that these friends will ask their friends, so that new members will recruit other new members in every direction, until the S. A. C. S. is the very largest society in the world. Even now, though I am quite a new member, I am acquainted with several others who are scattered in remote parts of the country; and as all of them are active recruiting agents, I expect the society is already much larger than I have any idea of. It has no organization, nor any officers; it collects neither fees nor dues; and as there are no elections of either officers or members, there is no chance of any one being blackballed while seeking admission to its ranks. Any person can elect himself, or herself, to membership by simply making a mental promise to obey its rules, and by prosecuting a vigorous attack against the very first one of the society's enemies that presents itself. For the S. A. C. S. has enemies! Yes, indeed! And they exist in countless numbers in every village and town and city of the United States. In fact, its enemies have called the society into existence. They are powerful and wily, and they prepare ambuscades in the most unsuspected places. In these they wait with the most untiring patience for a chance to startle, injure, or even to kill, any unsuspecting human being who comes within their reach. The only way in which members of the S. A. C. S. can recognize each other is by their actions upon certain occasions. If they kick, they are members; and if they fail to kick or in some other way attack the society's enemies, they are not; for, strange to say, all members of the S. A. C. S. are kickers.

All this sounds like the game of "throwing light," does it not? And I have not yet told the name of the society, nor hinted at its objects? Well, I will; but first I want to tell how I happened to become a member. I was hurrying along one of the very busiest of New York streets in company with a well-known editor. We were talking so earnestly that I hardly noticed where we were going, or whom we were passing. Suddenly I missed the editor from my side, and, turning, saw him kick vigorously at something on the sidewalk. As he sent it flying out into the street, a heavy team, that formed one of the rushing throng of vehicles with which the driveway was crowded, drew up sharply, close to the sidewalk. The driver, who was one of the roughest-appearing of his class, touched his hat to the editor, and cried out: "Thank you, mister, for that! One of them pesky things broke my leg once, and since then I always thanks any man I sees fightin' 'em."

The editor lifted his hat, with a smile to the burly fellow, and as the heavy team dashed away rejoined me.

"What did it all mean?" I asked curiously.

"It means that I have just discovered another member of my society," replied my friend, with a quizzical smile.

"Your society?"

"Yes; my society of kickers."

"Kickers?" I repeated, greatly puzzled. "By the way, what were you kicking at so vigorously a moment ago?"

"One of the most dangerous, powerful, and greatly to be dreaded of all the enemies of my society — a banana-skin," he answered.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, beginning to understand. "So your society is for the suppression of banana-skins, is it?"

"Yes; it is for the suppression, or rather the placing where they can do the least harm, of banana-skins, orange-peels, melon-rinds, apple- or pear-cores, peach-stones, or any other encumbrances of a sidewalk on which an unwary pedestrian may step and come to grief."

"How many members has your society?"

"Only two that I know of — myself and the teamster who just now recognized my attack on the banana-skin as the action of a fellow-member," was the reply.

"Well, it is a first-rate society, and one that I should like to join," I exclaimed enthusiastically, sending a bit of orange-peel spinning into the gutter with my stick as I spoke.

"You have joined," answered the editor, with a smile. "That single act makes you a member."

"Good! And now that I am a member, may I know the name of your society?"

"I call it," he replied, "the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Sidewalks."

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# OUR CLUB.

By Carolyn Wells.



We 're going to have the mostest fun!
It 's going to be a club;
And no one can belong to it
But Dot and me and Bub.

We thought we 'd have a Reading Club,
But could n't, 'cause, you see,
Not one of us knows how to read —
Not Dot nor Bub nor me.

And then we said a Sewing Club,
But thought we 'd better not;
'Cause none of us knows how to sew —
Not me nor Bub nor Dot.

And so it 's just a Playing Club;
We play till time for tea;
And oh, we have the bestest times! —
Just Dot and Bub and me.

# An Amateur Kris Kringle

By Warren McVeigh.

Max found out about the weakness of the flesh and the willingness of the spirit at about the same time that his first real disappointments came to him, and immediately after his first attempt to commit the virtue of self-sacrifice.

Max was six years old. His dog "Jack" was an amiable creature, and had endeared himself very much to his master. Jack had to get in the way of a truck, and Jack died.

The hope of Max's heart was the fact that when he too died,— which because of the death of Jack he then hoped would be very soon,— he would meet Jack in heaven. Somebody — some unimaginative person — told Max that dogs did not go to heaven, that they had no souls. That was Max's first great disappointment.

The second was like unto it.

The same somebody — one of those bothersome somebodies who put shoes and stockings on little boys on rainy days in the summer, and make them wear uncomfortable clothes when they go in swimming — told Max the whole story of Santa Claus.

Max took his sorrowful heart to his mother's knee, and, hoping against hope, told her what he had heard. And when it was all over he felt better, for in place of the beautiful story he had lost she had told him another.

In the long, cool grass down near the water's edge, he thought of the new story, and the more he thought of it the better he liked it.

"If Dot was to fall in that water there," he said half aloud, as he sat up and looked out over the dancing wavelets of the lake, "I 'd dive in after her. Maybe I 'd be drowned,"— he hesitated for a moment and shuddered,— "but what of that? I 'd be self-sacrificing. Supposin' I was drowned; anyhow, they 'd put me in the parlor, and everybody would cry and say I was a good boy, and had given up my life for Dot. And I would give it up for her, that I would."

Whereupon Max began to think of such terrible things that might happen to his sister Dot, who was only four years old, and of still more terrible things that might happen to him, if he should try to sacrifice himself for her, that pretty soon he began to feel a little weak in the knees, and it began to get cold down in the grass, and the little boy decided to whistle and go to see the pigs.

While he was poking them in the ribs, Max had an idea. It suddenly occurred to him that there was no sense in his making it a matter of life and death just to sacrifice himself. His mother had told him that men and women gave gifts to their little children at Christmas-time to make them happy, and that self-denial and self-sacrifice were the true essence of the Christmas spirit.

Max had a little fortune stored away in his bank. This fortune he decided to spend to make Dot happy.

Full of his idea, he ran to his mother. Her consent was a matter of course, and Max arranged the preliminaries.

"Dot," he said that night, as they lay in their cribs, "how do you like Christmases?"

Dot's eyes grew big. She remembered the dolls of the past winter, and the lights of the Christmas-tree, and Max thanked his stars that he had thought of such a grand scheme, when the very idea of it made Dot so happy.

"Well," said he, when she had told him in

the strongest terms how very much she liked Christmases, "you just watch out day after to-morrow, and hang up your stocking to-morrow, and you 'll see another Christmas. That 's what."

Dot suggested that it was summer-time. But Max said that was all right; that Kris Kringle was coming in a hay wagon, and that the reindeer had been turned into mules with great long ears. Dot fell asleep with wonderful thoughts of reindeer turned into mules with long ears, and Max sighed, remembering his own fond fancies about Kris Kringle, and how he, too, had been happy once.

The next day was full of work for the little boy. First, he had to keep Dot's thoughts keyed up to the most intense pitch, for the little girl could not get over her doubts about the reindeer and the snow. Then he had to consult his bank. He found there was just sixty-six cents in it.

In the first excitement of his desire to sacrifice himself he had decided to spend every cent he had; but now, on second thoughts, he concluded that half of his fortune would buy enough things to fill his sister's stocking, and then he would still have a little money left. Finally, he compromised on twenty-five cents for Dot, and with just a little feeling that he was not as generous as he should be, he went down into the village to make his purchases.

He bought a large orange for the toe of the stocking, and an apple to go next, and then a lot of candy and kisses, and then a bauble to peep out at the top.

With his purchases tucked under his coat, he stole home, and though Dot was fast asleep in the nursery, taking her afternoon nap, Max had all the fun and mystery of stealing cautiously into the house through the rear cellar door



He tiptoed upstairs, and hid his things in the darkest corner of the garret, and then, with much impatience, he waited for night.

The hours passed all too slowly. Dinner was tasteless. Even the roasted potatoes with lots of butter had no temptations for him. His eyes were big and his cheeks red with excitement, and he talked so much to Dot about what she was to expect from Santa Claus that the little girl forgot all about the reindeer and began to look upon a hay-wagon, and mules with long ears, as the very best conveyance that Santa Claus could possibly think of.

Night came, and the little girl was tucked away in her bed. The mother and father had gone out for the evening, and Max had the whole house to himself. So, after Dot was fast asleep, he got out of his crib and went up into the garret for the good things he had bought that day.

Then he tiptoed down to the nursery again, and, after looking at his sister to make sure that she was fast asleep, he began to fill her stocking.

This done, he sat down near the night-lamp, and contemplated his work. The stocking really did look very beautiful. The orange and the apple made big lumps at the toe, and one end of the banana peeped out at the top of the stocking, very inviting and nice.

Max decided to sit up and hear what his mother had to say about his work. He knew that she would take him on her lap and kiss him, and call him a good little boy, and maybe, he thought, she would cry a little. Max always liked it when his mother cried over him. It made him feel queer and nice.

The minutes crept along, and still the little boy sat in the dim light watching the stocking, listening to Dot breathing lazily in her sleep, and thinking of what a good boy he had been, and how nice it was to sacrifice yourself for another's happiness.

And then all of a sudden it occurred to him that there was nothing in the world that he liked better than bananas. The one he had bought for Dot was the very best one in the market, thick and rich and yellow. Max had n't tasted a banana in a month, and the more he looked at the tempting banana in Dot's stocking the more he yearned for just one bite of it.

Max arose and went over to the stocking. He had made up his mind just to take it out and smell it, and then to put it back where it had been.

It smelled very good indeed, and Max held it at arm's length and looked at it again with increasing pleasure, and thought what a wonderfully fine banana it was, to be sure.



"ON THE FLOOR LAY THE LITTLE TOT OF A HUMAN BEING, CRYING AS IF HIS HEART WOULD BREAK."

Then it occurred to him that Dot would n't mind a bit if he took half of it. He could tell her all about it in the morning. She always gave him half of everything she had, and besides, had n't he bought all those things for her? and even if he ate the whole banana there would be plenty of fruit left for her. So he ate the whole of it, and then, half ashamed of himself, he hid the skin under the chair and took another look at his sister to make sure that she had not seen him.

And still the stocking looked so full and good and tempting that Max thought if he could only have one candy, or one of the kisses, he would be supremely happy; and so he took one out and tasted it, and it was so good that he ate another and another —

Until, all of a sudden, before he half knew what he had done, the door flew open, and there stood his father and mother. And on the floor lay the little tot of a human being, crying as if his heart would break, for the stocking hung flat and empty, and Max had begun to realize that all of his self-sacrifice had been in vain; that he was nothing but a selfish, thoughtless little boy, and that his sister, Dot would have nothing but disappointed tears for him in the morning.

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# "MARK V."

*(The Story of a Torpedo.)*

By Clarence Maiko.

"Mark V." was the name given him at the Newport Torpedo Station, and it was painted in white letters on the middle of his back. Though he was the child of genius, and in his making human ingenuity touched the high-water mark, young as he was, he had brought disgrace to his family and shame to Lieutenant Rines and the twelve Jackies of "Torpedo-Boat No. 2."

His career had been erratic, even for an automatic torpedo; and that is saying a good deal.

In the fall practice-manœuvers of the North Atlantic Squadron he had mysteriously stuck fast in No. 2's bow tube just when he should have plopped into the sea and (in make-believe) have blown up the battle-ship "Iowa." On a second occasion he distinguished himself in a sham torpedo attack on the "New York" by making a dive like a porpoise, right under the bottom of the big white cruiser; and then he came up grinning on the other side. Perhaps he shouted out, "How 's that for high?" For no one, not even a congressman or a "bully marine," is *quite* sure that an automatic torpedo can't talk. At those times Mark V.'s lungs were not stuffed with two hundred and fifty pounds of guncotton, and he did not have a delicate war-head screwed on his nose. Now that war had begun, and he was provided with those essentials, what Mark V. would take it into his head to do, if fired in action, was the chief thing that worried Lieutenant Rines and everybody and everything on board Torpedo-Boat No. 2. The boat was scouting off Porto Rico, with orders to the crew to find out something without being found out themselves, and not to fight unless forced into it.

No. 2 was a thirty-knot torpedo-boat, and, barring their uneasiness about Mark V., the confidence that her crew placed in her prowess was an edifying thing for an American to behold.

Even racketing around in a stiff gale off Porto Rico, with the deck-house awash and the conning-tower and the smoke-stacks lashed by driving white spray, they were ready for a scrap with the biggest, wickedest enemy's battle-ship




"HALF-WAY BETWEEN THEM AND THE WRECK, MARK V. WAS SEEN BOBBING UP AND DOWN IN THE SEA" (SEE PAGE 124.)

that ever carried a rapid-fire gun. This courage, though very fine, was rash; for in such stormy weather the very best regulated torpedo is likely to start off at any time on an aimless jaunt to Europe or an expedition to the north pole.

Down in the forward hold under a water-tight flat lay Mark V. and four others of his breed, fast in steel cradles that secured them from the slightest jar, even though Torpedo-Boat No. 2 turned a double back-somersault; and it seemed sometimes that she was trying to do exactly that.

They looked like a family of gigantic polliwogs. All of them except Mark V. were docile, tractable creatures; and, provided the water was not rough or the tide strong, or they did not strike a clump of seaweed or run into an ocean current, they would travel at their quarry as straight as a rifle-bullet goes — for a thousand yards, at least. And they steered themselves up or down or sideways, and sank or floated when they stopped, just as you wished them to do.

Of course the foolish things liked to explode; all torpedoes are given to committing suicide, as every Jacky knows; but self-respecting torpedoes prefer first to run their noses into the plates of an enemy's ship.

After Mark V. made his wonderful dive under the New York, Lieutenant Rines tried the graceless creature in the starboard training-tube during a practice night-attack off Dry Tortugas. When he took his plunge, Mark V. went shooting off on a miraculous parabola, and finally smashed up against friendly Torpedo-Boat No. 4, whose crew fished him out, thanking their lucky stars he was not loaded. This was scandalous, and Lieutenant Rines barely escaped a court martial.

The puzzled board of inquiry that looked into the affair were pleased to throw the whole blame of it on Mark V. He was placed in close arrest for conspiring to blow up a United States war-vessel, and branded by every Jacky in the fleet as a traitorous Spanish sympathizer.

In conclusion, the board gave Rines an informal but significant tip to *lose* Mark V.— to lose him so he never would be found again.

All night long Torpedo-Boat No. 2 pitched and chopped and swung and lurched in a way to make a tight-rope performer seasick and giddy.

Sometimes she hung astride the ridge of a towering roller, with her bows clear and her screws racing in the air; then she fell, nestling deep down as though she was swamped; and she would climb slowly out of a green gulf, twisting her nose in little arcs, as if she smelt something in the sea. And even with everything on board lashed and nailed and screwed and battened, the sea pelted and slapped and hammered her till she rattled like a dray moving over cobbles.

Notwithstanding the hurly-burly that reigned around them, Mark V. and his brothers were fast and tight in their cradles, wondering what kind of a funny jump No. 2 would essay next, and swapping confidential views on torpedo-boats and torpedo warfare generally.

Each torpedo was sure that if he had a chance he could blow the most formidable war-ship afloat into fragments and scrap-iron. It was the dearest hope of each to try the effects of an impact under the boilers of an enemy's big ships, the "Pelayo" or the "Carlos V."; and one torpedo, renowned for his accuracy and judgment, confessed that the prey he particularly longed to strike at was a Spanish torpedo-destroyer, moving fast, beam on. Mark V.'s neighbor, who had once formed part of the equipment of the ill-fated "Maine," whispered grimly that his only regret was that he could not blow up an enemy's vessel *twice*. This sentiment met with general approval.

Suspected of treachery, Mark V. was severely snubbed, and every time Boat No. 2 took a very big jump, he squirmed and chafed resentfully just as much as the narrow cradle allowed him.

"I think the whole success of an open engagement between torpedo craft depends on rapid steaming," squeaked Mark V. in a jerky, embarrassed voice. "If those destroyers can manœuver five knots faster than torpedo-boats, they can easily circle around and sink 'em; at least, that is what the up-to-date English tactics say."

"What do you know about it?" rasped out the other torpedoes, in chorus. "You are a

pretty fellow to preach tactics. You! — who can't go straight for ten yards! A fine fix you will put us in if you behave in action as you did off Dry Tortugas! You ought to be made into a submarine mine and anchored in a harbor, or degraded into a stupid spar-torpedo and fired from a launch."

Mark V. quivered with shame, and joggled his war-head just a wee bit, but enough to give everything a scare; for Boat No. 2 reared her head like a shying colt, and the rest of the torpedoes nearly blew up from fright.

Lieutenant Rines and his cadet assistant were in the conning-tower, trying to see through the clouds of spray and froth that whipped over the bows. Everything inside the little vessel, from the big panting locomotive boilers down to the rivets of the keel-plates, hummed and rang and sang and purred, the multitude of voices blending into a grim moving war-song, that was more impressive than the thunder of the storm.

Suddenly the smothering, pitchy darkness around them was rent asunder, and a broad shaft of light streamed over the waste of broken water. It was the flash-light of an enemy's cruiser, and, fortunately for Torpedo-Boat No. 2, its white glare fell a quarter of a mile to the west, leaving her unseen in black shadow. Behind the light, the officers in No. 2's conning-tower could make out the vague, sinister lines of a mighty war-ship about a mile away.

It was the worst possible torpedo weather; but to dash at the enemy and hit her at the closest possible torpedo range was No. 2's best chance for life, because if the cruiser sighted them in such weather they must certainly go down under her guns.

Men who do not know what hesitation is are picked out to command torpedo-boats. Instantly Rines rang the gong for "full speed ahead," and sent the cadet forward to clear the bow tube for action. Happily, the enemy began to circle the horizon with their search-light, moving it from south to west, away from the torpedo-boat.

The pistons of No. 2's engines began to fly up and down, and the little vessel leaped forward through the storm like a stampeded express-train. Even in still water, when traveling at full speed No. 2 always seemed to be climbing the back slope of a tidal wave, and now it seemed as if she was trying to bore her way through the very grandfather of tidal waves; everything but the conning-tower and the smoke-stacks was washed with roaring water.

The bow tube had been made ready for use, and the torpedo whose only regret was that he could not blow up twice had been hoisted out of his cradle and pushed home against the mouth-valve.

It was no use to worry with the range-finder, because in such weather the only effective range was mere pistol-shot distance.

As No. 2 rushed closer, discovery seemed imminent, for the search-light was fast completing the circle of the horizon, and its bright glare would soon fall pitilessly on the little vessel. With every throb of the engines, No. 2's crew expected to hear the crash of the cruiser's rapid-fire guns and the bursting of their projectiles.

The mile was halved and quartered so rapidly that No. 2's young commander wondered if anybody could think fast enough to run a torpedo-boat in action.

There came a lull, and No. 2 poised herself on the crest of a big wave. It was the right time to fire. The muzzle-valve of the bow tube snapped open, and the torpedo flew into the sea on its terrible errand.

Just then No. 2 veered and tried to run away from the fast-approaching search-light; but, while turning, a mighty surge caught her up and hurled her, shuddering, into a yawning gulf. Something inside of her exploded like a three-pound shell, and the engineer shouted up through the voice-pipe that the shaft of the port screw was broken. Every one on board knew what had happened, because the boat slowed to half speed, and her head sagged off in the direction of the enemy's cruiser — which should have been blown up by this time, if the torpedo had found her.

Seeing that it was impossible for them to escape the search-light, Lieutenant Rines launched a second torpedo; and while No. 2 was waiting to learn its effect, several unexpected things occurred. First, the search-light

of the enemy was mysteriously turned off, and, almost at the same time, Torpedo-Boat No. 2's stern collided with some mass of floating wreckage, knocking into pieces the starboard screw, which was then her only working propeller. So the little vessel found herself tossing like a helpless golf-ball on the bosom of the sea, with the dull, winking lights of Porto Rico six miles abeam, and a hostile war-ship four hundred yards ahead.

There was nothing to be done. Their plight was beyond repair, and their only hope was that the enemy, unaware of their presence, would pass on and leave them to be picked up by some friendly vessel. But it soon appeared that the enemy had no intentions of going away. The hostile cruiser had stopped, and was not steaming enough to make even steering-way.

What was of more concern, she was drifting down on Torpedo-Boat No. 2, whose existence must shortly become known to her. Acting with desperate haste, the crew of No. 2 fired two more torpedoes at their big foe; but they must have missed, because, after a few moments of appalling suspense, there was no explosion. With every breath they drew, No. 2's crew expected to hear the riot of the cruiser's rapid-firers, and the deafening crash of their shells bursting around them. Boxed up in a stifling death-trap, bruised, dizzy, and doomed, they endured all with the stoic heroism of American sailors.

Only one torpedo was left, and that one was the whimsical, wayward, unreliable Mark V., who had always played them false in the hour of trial; so it was determined to postpone firing him as long as possible.

Meanwhile the massive black hull of the enemy's cruiser could be seen drifting nearer and nearer to luckless, crippled Torpedo-Boat No. 2. The suspense became frightful, and the momentary dread of the hail of iron that would beat down upon them when the enemy discovered their presence was telling on No. 2's crew. The Jackies working the bow torpedo-tube looked beseechingly at Mark V. as they hoisted him into the tube and made ready to fire.

Closer and closer came the ship of the enemy, and signs of approaching dawn made it impossible for Torpedo-Boat No. 2 to remain longer unseen. Lieutenant Rines reluctantly gave the word to fire their forlorn hope.

As far as anybody on board could tell, Mark V. made a successful start. He did not stick, and he did not dive, but took his course for the hostile war-ship with his screw flying in a steady, businesslike way, traveling, as it was intended he should, about five feet submerged. Lieutenant Rines, the cadet, and the twelve Jackies waited with choking throats to hear the roar of his explosion; but they waited in vain; no explosion came when it should have come; and the disheartened sailors laughed bitterly at themselves for thinking that freakish Mark V. would do better than the sensible torpedoes.

No war-ship, big or little, ever flies a flag during the night; but as it was very near dawn, and the enemy's guns would probably sink them in a minute or two, Lieutenant Rines thought it behooved them to go down with their colors flying. When he called for a volunteer to go out and hoist the Stars and Stripes, of course every man clamored to go. Rines was glad, because that gave him an excuse to go out and do it himself. He floundered aft with a life-line tied around his body, and nailed Old Glory over the little vessel's stern. Though he was washed overboard, a dozen willing hands pulled him safely into the conning-tower.

The storm had spent its strength, the wind abated, and the sea went down. At last the dawn came, pale and yellow, breaking over the waste of storm-beaten waters, like the crack of doom. In its weird, dim light the crew of Torpedo-Boat No. 2 saw towering, a pistol-shot away, the smoking, battered wreck of a great Spanish cruiser. Her armored sides were speckled and blotched with a hundred shot-holes; her turrets looked like collar-boxes knocked askew; and her smoke-stacks were like tall silk hats smashed and crumpled beyond repair. Evidently she had been engaged in some fierce battle; and her punishment was an awe-inspiring sight to behold. From bowsprit to stern-post, her decks were littered with a chaotic mass of scrap-iron, splinters, and the debris of broken guns, while twisted steel girders, deck-beams, and fragments of steel plates

hung dragging over her sides in festoons of wreckage. Such was the ship on which their five torpedoes had been wasted! The only live thing on board seemed to be a man in the top of a solitary military mast, who was gesticulating and shouting like a maniac. With the exception of this poor fellow, the ship was deserted and abandoned.

As it grew lighter the crew of No. 2 was astonished by another strange sight. *Half-way between them and the wreck, Mark V. was seen bobbing up and down in the sea.* Why he had stopped there, what he intended to do there, was beyond all guessing; but it was not pleasant or advisable to have him careering about between two helpless vessels drifting closer together each minute.

Torpedo-Boat No. 2 was a bit of a wreck, also. On deck, the mount of her three-pounder rapid-fire gun had wrenched loose and washed away; and all that remained of her two small deck-boats were their painters and some broken staves.

The sea around was swarming with sharks, and several, seeing Mark V. tossing listlessly up and down, swam up to him, thrust their noses against him, and smelt him. One big shark tumbled him over and rolled him around; and three or four others actually joggled and pushed him, as if curious to find out what he was made of. Mark V. seemed to resent this treatment, and moved nearer the wreck of the Spanish cruiser.

The whole crew of the torpedo-boat crowded forward, amazed and spellbound at this wonderful performance. They were powerless to go to the rescue of the one crazy sailor left on the wreck,— he who had probably worked the search-light which had given them so much concern the night before,— and they were unable to move away themselves. But it was imperative to destroy that floating torpedo immediately, before it could do them any harm.

A dozen navy rifles were brought up, and the whole crew of No. 2 began to blaze away at reprehensible Mark V. But before he could be pinked in the right place the two vessels had drifted so close together, with the torpedo between them, that Lieutenant Rines gave peremptory orders to stop firing.

In spite of their desperate situation, there was something so grimly humorous in the way the torpedo acted that the Jackies of No. 2 could not contain their laughter.

Once a foolish little shark went up to Mark V. and gave a playful snap at his war-head; but Mark V. did not feel insulted enough to explode. Finally a cross wave caught him up and tossed him within a dozen yards of the wrecked war-ship's side.

Every now and then a wave would bump Mark V. broadside against the wreck; but somehow his war-head did not strike, and that was a very good thing for Torpedo-Boat No. 2 and her crew, because by this time the vessels had drifted so close together that if Mark V. had exploded, Boat No. 2 would have been blown up with the war-ship, or swamped and buried under fallen wreckage.

This time Mark V. was not blamed for refusing to blow up, and every man Jack in Torpedo-Boat No. 2 blessed his freakishness, and hoped he would not change his mind. Whenever he jostled against the side of the wreck, No. 2's Jackies shuddered; and when he perversely abstained from exploding, they shouted out their approval. The cadet and half a dozen sailors hung over No. 2's rail, armed with boat-hooks and fenders, waiting until they should drift close enough to Mark V. to secure and capture him; and the grappling-gear was lowered, ready to quickly hoist him out of harm's way.

All the trying experiences of the past night were forgotten in the danger of being blown up in broad daylight, with their eyes wide open, and by their own torpedo.

So much was everybody taken up with watching Mark V., that no heed was paid to the poor deserted Spaniard on the wrecked war-ship or to anything else. And when Lieutenant Rines, whose eyes were everywhere, waived all decorum, and shouted joyously, "Hurrah, boys! here comes one of our own ships!" No. 2's crew was astonished to see a United States cruiser close up and bearing down upon them.

Nevertheless, even then Mark V. remained the center of interest and attention. In a few minutes, if he did not explode and blow them all into eternity, Lieutenant Rines, who had

rigged up a thirty-foot boat-hook, thought he could be captured.

Seconds seemed hours while that erratic torpedo cannoned and thumped, again and again, against the wrecked war-ship's side; and at each collision death stared them in the face.

While they watched Mark V.'s freakish antics, the reason why he had stopped short in his course became apparent: a big bunch of seaweed could be seen tangled about his propeller.

Lieutenant Rines had signaled the on-coming American cruiser to send a boat; but so interested was every one on board Torpedo-Boat No. 2 in what Mark V. might do that they did not see the cruiser lower her steam-launch.

Just as Lieutenant Rines was able to touch Mark V. with the long boat-hook, some peculiar joggle of the water unwound the seaweed from Mark V.'s screw, and the vicious creature started off through the water at a tremendous gait. He shot along the side of the wreck, and nearly ran into the steam-launch coming up to rescue No. 2's crew. Then, to the intense relief and satisfaction of everybody, he turned his nose toward the mid-Atlantic, and vanished like a phantom in clouds of flying scud. There came a few moments of suspense, and then a column of water shot into the air. Mark V. was no more.

For some time no one was sane enough to speak, except the yelling Spaniard, who was imploring aid from the wreck.

An immediate explanation was imperative, for the officer in the steam-launch was angrily demanding why they had tried to blow him up.

As briefly as possible, Lieutenant Rines told what had happened; and in a spirit of condolence and sympathy the officer replied:

"Well, you have captured what is left of the best cruiser they had. She was foolish enough to try a brush with one of ours yesterday. And you are rid of that scoundrelly torpedo. So really, old chap, you ought to be thankful."



# THE FIRE

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

Cricklety, cracklety, I am the Fire!
Cricklety, cracklety, cree!
Flickering, flackering, higher and higher,
What is so pleasant to see?

Winter winds may be piping drearily,
Snow in a blinding whirl,
Come to me and I'll warm you cheerily,
Dear little boy and girl.

Scarlet and gold my flames go leaping,
Sparkles glitter and die;
Curling, swirling, quivering, creeping,
Ever at work am I.

Wood or coal, however you feed me,
I'm your friend whenever you need me,
Roar away, soar away, higher & higher,
Cricklety, cracklety, I am the Fire!



K.P.

# THE DREAM OF THE TOY.

By Katharine Pyle.

The Sandman lost a dream one night —
A dream meant for a boy;
It floated round awhile, and then
It settled on a Toy.

The Toy dreamed that it stood in class
With quite a row of boys;
The teacher rapped upon his desk
And cried, "Less noise! less noise!"

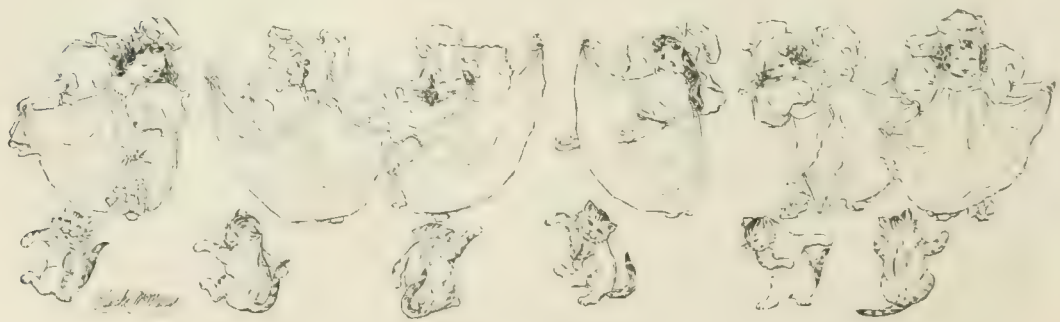
Then, looking at the Toy, he scowled
And said, "Next boy,— foretell."
"Oh, please sir," cried the little Toy,
"I don't know how to spell.

"Indeed, I don't know how it is,
I 'm sure I am a toy,
Although I seem to be in class,
And dressed up like a boy."

"What 's that? What 's that?" the teacher cried—
In awful tones he spoke;
He came with strides across the floor,
And then the Toy awoke.

There lay the nursery very still,
The shelf above its head;
The fire burned dimly on the hearth,
The children were in bed.

There lay the dolls and Noah's Ark.
"Oh, dear me," said the Toy,
"I just had such a dreadful dream!
I dreamed I was a boy."



THE KITTENS' DANCING-LESSON.

# THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

By George A. Henty.

(*This story was begun in the November number.*)

## Chapter III.

Panting and exhausted, the little party of colonists looked round to see who had entered and who had fallen without. Of the fifteen men and the score of young fellows between fifteen and twenty who had been counted as part of the defending force, but twelve had entered the house, and not one of these but bore marks of the desperate fray. No small portion of the number missing had not joined in the last struggle, but, taken by surprise, had been killed almost unresistingly when the Indians first obtained an entrance. All who were able had, according to the arrangements beforehand made, hurried to the main street as soon as they found that the outer defenses had already been carried, and by the steadiness with which they had kept together under the master had given time for many of the women and children to make their way into the house. Yet even this, the object for which they had fought so stoutly, had but partial success, for, entering at a dozen points simultaneously, the greater part of the redskins scattered at once, and not more than a third of the women and children had reached the refuge. There was, however, no time for determining who had been saved and who had fallen.

"To the loopholes!" Master Neville shouted, "or we shall have fought our way here in vain."

There remained but six harquebuses besides those in the hands of Guy and Shanti. These were the only firearms that had been discharged more than once, for there had been no time to reload, and the men had clubbed their pieces, and, all being powerful fellows, had found them more than a match for the Indian tomahawk and knife. At the master's words all shook off the feeling of horror and despair that had fallen upon them the instant their tremendous exertions had ceased and they had found themselves in shelter. Those who had firearms at once reloaded them, and Guy ran down from above with a number of bows and a great sheaf of arrows that had been long lying in an attic. Since their arrival all the men had practised archery once a week, and all the boys had been trained in the use of the bow.

In addition to the firearms originally brought out, Master Neville had since received twenty-five pairs of pistols from home. These had been kept in reserve at his house, for it was evident that should trouble arise with the natives, it was here that the defense must be made. A barrel of powder was brought up from the storehouse in the cellar and opened, together with a great bag of bullets, that had been cast by the women during the past week. So far, after the first rush at the door, no attack had been made, the Indians having scattered to gather plunder, and to kill any who might have lingered too long in their houses to make their escape. The master went round the house assigning each man and boy to a post, keeping six in the downstairs chamber, ready to hurry to any point where the enemy might be attacking most vigorously.

Great fires were made up, and the women set over them water to boil, in every vessel that would contain it. Others pumped at the well, that had been sunk in the floor of the kitchen when the house was first built, so as to be available in case of an emergency like the present. The pails, as fast as they were drawn up, were carried to a great, square, wooden cistern in the roof. The house had been originally built with an eye to defense. Master Neville had been aware that in case of an Indian war, defense might be fruitless; for, removed from any possibility of succor, and with a certainty that other colonists would be in as

perilous a position as himself, it was only against attacks by any band of marauding Indians that he could hope for success, until the chiefs with whom he had established terms of friendship could come to his assistance; and it was with this view, and to some extent with the idea that in case of the worst he and his men would sell their lives dearly, that he had planned his house.

It was a square, solidly built structure, composed of massive logs, carefully squared, laid on one another and pinned together. On the ground floor each of the logs was two feet square, and he believed that these could resist any body of fire that the Indians could pile against them.

On this floor there was but one door. This was flush with the outside, was composed of four-inch planks, and opened outward; but it was not upon its thickness that he depended. Above the door was fixed a pair of hinges of great strength. Above this was a second door, eighteen inches thick. This hung against the wall, and was held there by a strong catch. The room had been built over twelve feet high to permit of this arrangement. Beyond the fact that once, every six months, the catch had been lifted, and a dozen men had stood at the ropes by which it was hauled up and allowed it to fall down into its place, to see that it was in proper working order, it had never been used until now. When it was dropped, precisely filling up the aperture, flush with the inside walls, and the massive bolts were lowered into the holes in the lower frame, a feeling of comparative security was experienced.

The hall was lighted by a line of loopholes, eight feet from the ground. Four and a half feet below these was a shelf on which the defenders could stand to shoot. The loopholes were considerably wider inside than at the outer face, both to admit more air and light into the room, and to enable the defenders to command a wider extent of ground. On the floor above, the windows were large, but were furnished with thick shutters pierced by loopholes. The logs employed in the erection of this part of the house were but nine inches square. The roof, instead of being constructed as usual, was very steep, and formed, like the upper story, of nine-inch logs, very carefully squared and fitting closely together. Over them a sheet of canvas was nailed to prevent the wet from penetrating between the interstices. This roof had the double advantage of keeping the house cool in summer and warm in winter, and of being fire-proof; for were the canvas lighted, it would scarcely singe the face of the wood.

At distances of six feet apart, near the ridge of the roof, was a series of small dormer openings, through which water could, if necessary, be poured down the surface. These served the purpose of ventilation, and the attic room was used as the general storehouse for tobacco and other products.

After seeing that everything was in readiness, Master Neville called Guy to him.

"You did well to keep the door, Guy. You would have done no good had you been with us, and had it not been for those two heavy discharges of balls, I do not think that any of us would have got in here alive. However, it is but postponing the end, for there is no doubt what it must come to. That these savages will show any mercy is altogether beyond hope. I have no question that the movement is a general one, and it is probable that at the present moment those in this house are the last surviving whites in Virginia. We may defend ourselves stoutly; we may kill numbers of the redskins; but in the end the result must be the same. If we were fighting with a civilized foe, whose word could be trusted, we might hold out long enough to obtain terms for ourselves; but as they have shown now, and have shown before, no trust whatever can be placed in their word; and I would rather bring up all the powder from the storeroom and blow the house into the air, than yield on the promise of our lives being spared. We have heard of the horrible tortures these people inflict upon their prisoners, and when the time comes that we can resist no longer, we will perish in the ruins of the blockhouse."

"I wonder they don't attack us, father."

"Without doubt they are perfectly aware of the strength of the building. The house has always been open, and all received a welcome whenever they chose to come. You may be sure that they have noticed the overhanging frame, and have taken note that when lowered

into its place it would make the door as strong as any other part of the building. Many of them were present at the time that we erected it, and indeed took part in the work, for I paid the chiefs what was to them a considerable amount in goods, to send a number of their people to help us in the work. It was not much help that they really gave us, for if there is one thing that the redskin hates, it is work of any kind, except hunting and paddling a canoe.

"Still, it kept them friendly, and their squaws did enough field-work for us to keep us supplied with food, while the men felled the trees and squared the logs. As it was, it took us a full year before it was completed; for after the lower story was built we took matters quietly, feeling that we had already a castle that could defy any ordinary assault."

Day was breaking. The houses that had been first fired had burned themselves out, and no others had been lighted. Often an arrow was shot through a loophole from a window of one or other of the houses round, but not an Indian showed himself after the light had once broadened; for several had already been killed by arrows or shots from the harquebuses as soon as their figures could be perceived.

"They know what they are doing," Master Neville said to his son, as he looked out from one of the shutter holes in the upper story. "They will not burn the village, but keep it intact as a shelter for the besiegers. I am curious to know how they will begin; for I tell you fairly that, though I have seen something of war in the Low Countries, I should be puzzled if I had to attack this place without cannon; and to these Indians it must seem a castle of immense strength."

"You have no hope of their going away, father, and leaving us to ourselves?"



"MASTER NEVILLE THREW OPEN THE SHUTTER OF A WINDOW. 'WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY, MY LORD?' HE CRIED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Not the slightest. This fellow, who is their great war chief, has waited patiently for four years since his brother's death, and has all the time maintained an appearance of friendship that has deceived us all. Nothing could have been better laid than his plans. Had it not been for the warning Ponta gave you, we should all have been massacred without a shot being fired. They must know that we have enough corn in store to last us for a year, and that there is no fear of water running short. Had it been otherwise, they would doubtless have tried to starve us out. As it is, I believe that they will try some stratagem."

Two hours later an Indian, holding a green bough in his hand, stepped out from one of the houses, and stood motionless in the middle of the street. Master Neville threw open the shutter of a window facing that way, and waved a white cloth. Two chiefs, unarmed, at once stepped from the house and, followed by the bearer of the emblem of peace, advanced to within twenty yards.

"The rascals!" Neville muttered. "I wonder, after their doings last night, they dare to show themselves even under the shelter of a flag of truce."

"What have you to say, Attah Quebra?" he said aloud. "I wonder, after attacking us as you have done, you venture to show yourselves."

"We have no enmity against the Sachem Neville," one of the chiefs said. "We love him, for he has been always true to his promises, and no Indian has ever suffered harm at his hands. But it has not been so with others. A few white men came to our shores; they asked leave to build houses and till the land. Our fathers gave them leave. But others have come, more and more; they have spread over our land; they have turned our woods into plantations; they have driven away the game; they held themselves as if they were masters of our land. Life became so hard with us that we must either have moved away altogether or die. Where were we to go? Other tribes would have refused to give us their hunting-grounds, and we should have to fight against our brethren. Thus, then, we saw that either we must fight against the men of our own race and strive to take their land, or we must destroy these white men who have possessed themselves of ours, and who, not content with despoiling us, treated us as if we were dogs beneath their feet. We have made our choice. Clouds of smoke rise from every spot where the white men had planted themselves, and heaps of ashes alone remain of their homes; but our hearts are soft toward the man who has treated us as friends, and we say to him, 'The way is open to you to the sea. Go down with those with you, and none shall harm you on the way. There are ships on the Powhatan River. Take one of these, and sail away to your own land.' Attah Quebra has spoken."

"Your words are fair, chief, but they agree not with your actions. If you had such esteem as you profess for me, why did you not come with your green bough yesterday, and say, 'To-night every settlement will be attacked, and every white man slain; but because you have been true to your promises, and your doors have always been open, and no Indian has ever been denied food, therefore you and yours shall to-morrow have free passage to the river, and a ship to carry you away'? Had you said this, I might have believed your words; but instead of this, what did you do? You have attacked us treacherously; you have killed more than half my men; you have cruelly murdered many of my women and children; and had it not been that some of us escaped here, there would not have been one white left to see the sun rise this morning.

"I can have no faith in your promises. Have not you and the other chiefs vowed friendship with us? Have you not over and over again been my guests here? And yet, in spite of all, you have thus attacked us. Weak indeed should I be did I believe in the faith of those who have broken all faith; who have proved themselves perfidious and treacherous; and who now seek with false words to tempt me to leave the place where I can defend myself against you. Come to me again; bring with you your king's children, and those of all your great chiefs; hand them to me as hostages to be held by us until we are embarked on board a ship, and I will listen to you and trust you. But without such guaranty nothing shall tempt me to leave a place I can defend,

were every redskin in Virginia to join in the attack against me. I have spoken."

The chief bent his head. "The house of the white sachem is strong," he said, "but the sachem puts too great a trust in it. He may one day regret that he has refused our offer." Then the two chiefs turned and, without once looking back, retired to the house from which they had come.

## Chapter IV.

The day passed slowly in the besieged house. In the first place, the wounds of the defenders were properly attended to and bandaged. Then a mournful silence reigned. Some of the men had found their wives and children among those who had gained the house, but in the majority of cases they had lost all they loved. So, among the women, the greater portion of them were widowed. The very strength of the place added to the general depression. Action of any kind would have been welcome. Every man was thirsting for revenge, and the enforced inactivity goaded them well-nigh to madness. In the afternoon Master Neville called them all together.

"My friends," he said, "I know what you are all feeling, and, indeed, I do not wish to disguise from you that the prospect is as dark as it can be. There is indeed one feeble hope, namely, that some of our fellow-countrymen may have managed to gain their ships and to make down the river. When they reach England with the news, it will be as it has been before. An expedition will be fitted out, without loss of time, to retrieve this disaster and to punish the Indians. As the company will know that a very strong force will be needed for the purpose, we may be sure that a very strong force will be sent; and by it we may sooner or later be rescued. But months must elapse before this can happen, and, until then, we must bear ourselves as men and as Englishmen, firmly and bravely trusting in God to send rescue to us in time.

"What we have to fight against is not the Indians, but against our own feelings. We must not let dejection, still less despair, enter here. I know what you are thinking, and I have the same feeling. Had we but ourselves to consider, we would sally out and die fighting; but we have here, under our charge, very many women and children, and for their sake we must be strong and patient. We may hope that the Indians will give us something to do. It is not likely that they will content themselves with blockading us here, for they know that we have large stores of provisions.

"What devices they will attempt I know not; but they are crafty as well as brave, and we may be sure that we shall not be left in peace. When they shall attack us we shall have opportunities, of which we will make the most, to punish them for the evil that they have wrought us. We, on our part, need not remain altogether inactive; if we find that they do not attack us, we ourselves will take the offensive and strike a blow at them. They know that we are weak, and will scarce expect us to attack them; but they do not know what white men can do. When some little time has passed, and they are lulled in security, we will make a sortie at night, surround one or two of the houses nearest, rush in, and slay all there, and then retire before an overwhelming force can arrive against us."

There was a movement of satisfaction, and a chorus of approval among the men.

"We will not sally out by means of the door," the master went on. "We have the great baskets in which we take the tobacco up to the store-room, and the pulleys and ropes that we use. We can easily descend by them at night from the windows above at the other side of the house. The women can lower us and pull us up again, and so we can fall upon the Indians where they are least expecting us. Half the number must go, and the rest remain at the windows, with bow and harquebus, so as to cover the retreat of the assaulting party. If we choose a night when the wind is blowing strongly, and take with us bundles of straw dipped in pitch, we could fire half a dozen houses, and the flames will spread throughout the village. One or two such expeditions, and we may, with God's help, destroy all their shelters, and be able, in the daytime, to move out of the house without fear of attack. Great things can be accomplished by a body of determined men, and

whatever can be done, I think that we are the men to do it."

Whether Master Neville believed it possible to carry out the plans he had sketched is doubtful; but his speech answered its purpose, which was to stir the spirits of the men and give them something to plan and think of. The air of dejection and hopelessness vanished at once, and was succeeded by one of grim determination. Men shook hands silently, as if pledging themselves to bear their part to the death. That night the man on the lookout at one of the high windows in the roof, saw a number of little flames of fire flash suddenly up from the village. While he was wondering what this meant, some two score of arrows, with blazing tow wrapped round their points, fell on the roof. He at once gave the alarm. The men all rushed up, each as he came filling a bucket from the cistern, and then ascended to the platform, three feet wide, that ran along below the windows. Already the canvas was alight in a number of places.

"Do not throw the water out," their master shouted. "Better let the canvas burn; if we don't, we shall have an alarm every night. The fire will do no harm to the wood, and when it is once burned they may shoot as many arrows as they like, without any fear of the timber catching fire."

In a minute the roof was a sheet of flame, and the yells of the Indians rose high in triumph. This, however, was short-lived, for in almost as short a time the flames died out again. Their light, however, had proved fatal to eight or ten natives; for, as these came out of the houses to watch the result, the defenders below, and those above, all of whom had brought up their arms, seized an opportunity of firing a shot or loosing an arrow. When the canvas had burned out there still remained a few spots where light, flickering flames showed that some little unevenness at the joints of the timber had caught fire.

"Now empty your buckets!" Master Neville cried to the men; and in a minute or two the last sparks were extinguished, and the men returned below, well satisfied that some, at least, of their assailants had fallen at their hands. No lights whatever were shown in the upper story, for the Indians shot their arrows so thickly through the loopholes in the shutters that it was dangerous in the extreme to show a light in the room behind. On the ground floor the lights were kept burning all night, for arrows that entered the loopholes there simply struck the beams of the ceiling and there remained fixed, and, being pulled out next day, added to the store of ammunition of the besieged.

At nine o'clock on the fourth evening of the siege the men on watch on the first floor reported that, although they could see nothing, they could hear various movements outside. The men were at once called to the loopholes. A ball as big as a man's head, composed of old rope, soaked in pitch and thickly coated with gunpowder, was lighted and thrown out of the window. Its light betrayed a number of Indians carrying great fagots, beams of wood, trusses of maize, brush, and other materials. The guns flashed out. This time the natives did not retreat, but, throwing their burdens to the ground, lay down behind them and replied to the fire with volleys of arrows. Fire-ball after fire-ball was thrown; but the Indians held their ground, and kept up so continuous a flight of arrows from behind every wall, house, and shelter that the besieged were unable to take a steady aim, still less to see what was really being done below.

"They must be up to something, Guy," his father said. "They would not run the risk that they are taking unless an advantage was to be gained by it. I am beginning to feel uneasy. We have had a man killed, and four others wounded. I see now we made a mistake in placing the shutters inside the windows instead of outside. If they had been outside, by opening one a few inches we should be able to look down; whereas now it cannot be done without opening them so wide that it would be certain death for any one to show himself. These demons make such a terrible noise with their yelling that there is no hearing any other sound."

It had indeed been a terrible mistake, when the house was built, that a projection had not been thrown out over the doorway, so that the defenders might not only look down through a trap-door, but throw out missiles or boiling

water over any attacking the door. Experience afterward taught the settlers always to construct their log houses with such means of defending the entrance; but at the time Master had kept along close by the side of the house, and so entered the shadow behind. When the last fire-ball burned out no more were thrown, but presently those at the loopholes were con-



Neville established himself there they were altogether ignorant of the Indian tactics.

About midnight a horn sounded, and instantly the crowd of natives leaped to their feet, seized their burdens, and rushed toward the door. Several fell, but the rush continued until about two or three hundred men had carried out their purpose. None were seen to retire, and the besieged had no doubt that they fident that men with lighted torches were passing along below them. A minute later there was a flash, and the ground in front of the house was lighted up as if by daylight.

"They have fired the wood, Guy, and I fear that the lookout is a bad one. For aught we know, all the time that we have been exchanging fire with the forty or fifty men lying behind their bundles in front of us, hundreds may have

been coming and going along the foot of the wall; and the pile may be so huge a one that even these thick timbers, especially as they are dry with fifteen years' sun, may catch."

The natives had, indeed, raised a bank of inflammable materials, containing a large proportion of heavy beams and logs taken from the huts farthest from the house, nearly to the level of the loopholes. Along the whole front a dense smoke at once poured in, and soon a sheet of flame rose before each loophole. Arms were laid aside; the women drew pails of water from the well; the men dashed water out at the loopholes, while others, going up to the storeroom, poured water from the cistern through the windows, so that, running down the roof, it might fall upon the mass of fire below. Soon, however, the smoke in the upper part of the house became so intolerable that all assembled in the rooms behind the hall, where the heat was rapidly becoming unbearable.

"Men," Master Neville said, "'t is but too clear that the natives have succeeded. In this strait your opinions are worth as much as mine. What shall we do? We cannot sally out through the door; but we men might lower ourselves by ropes from the story above and die fighting, though you may be sure that escape is out of the question; they will be gathered thickly all round the house, and will cut us off if we attempt to escape. Those who have women and children here will, I know, prefer to perish with them. The others may, if they choose, descend and fight; but they must bear in mind that unless they are killed their fate will be a hundredfold more terrible than that which we shall meet here. We have at least the choice of alternatives. Those who like may ascend to the rooms above, where assuredly they will die of suffocation long before the flames reach them. I myself intend to bring all our powder — of which we have three barrels — up here, and at the last moment to fire my pistol into it and blow up the building. The one death is an easy one, the other a swift one. I would recommend the women to take their children upstairs, to sit down upon the floor there, and to pray as long as sense remains to them. Those who love them can go with them, while we who have no ties will gather round the powder. All who like to make the attempt to escape are free to do so."

"'T is well said, master," one of the oldest of the men said. "I would fain die fighting; but since it cannot be so, we must even take the death that is sent us. My wife and children have gone before me. I will wait here with you; let those who have women and children mount the stairs."

There was a murmur of assent; among the women there were a few sobs, but none showed craven fear of death.

"God bless you all, my friends," Master Neville said. "Now let us say a short prayer, for time presses. Even here it is difficult to breathe, and the fire is creeping through all the loopholes."

All fell on their knees, and the master said a few words of earnest prayer that God would take them all painlessly to himself. "Now let us sing"; and he began one of the hymns that they were accustomed to sing at their Sunday gatherings. Still singing, the women, and the men who belonged to them, made their way upstairs, carrying their children with them. Then the master moved aside with Guy, who was standing next to him.

"Now, Guy, I can trust you, can I not, to obey my last commands?"

"Surely, father."

"Then, my son, I order you to attempt to escape, taking Shanti with you. I gave the choice to the others; none have accepted it, and I think that they were wise. I consider it possible, however, that you and the black may make your way through. You and he are accustomed to the woods; you are hunters, and would be able to exist where any of these poor fellows would die of hunger. I know that the chances of your getting through are small; and I say to you, put two loaded pistols in your belt, and should the savages catch you, place one to your head and draw the trigger. It is not lawful to take one's own life, but when the choice is between doing so and dying by horrible tortures, I consider the act is justifiable."

"I would rather stay and share your fate, father."

"I believe you, Guy; but you will, I know, obey my order. I have faith that you will escape, and the hope will lighten my last moments.

I have placed a rope at the window above. Take your bow and arrows, your pistols and sword, and tell Shanti to do the same. He is devoted and intelligent, and his companionship will be invaluable. Bid him also shoot himself without hesitation if he should fall into the hands of the redskins. Now go, lad, lose no moment; the smoke grows more and more stifling."

"Why should you not come, too, father? If we can escape, why should not you?" Guy said, with sudden hope.

"It is my duty to stay here, Guy, with those whom I brought out into this wilderness with me. They have trusted me and have always been faithful to me, and I share their fate. And now farewell. May God keep and protect you, my son, and take you safely home through all the dangers that will beset you, even when once away from here!"

Guy knelt at his father's feet, took his hand and kissed it; and then, as the latter turned away to see about the powder, he joined Shanti and told his faithful friend what his father had ordered.

The black face lighted up. "Dat right, Massa Guy," Shanti exclaimed; "no good stop here to be roasted. We get through dose red debils, neber fear."

Arming themselves as Master Neville had directed, they ran up the stairs, half blinded and nearly suffocated by the thick smoke.

(*To be continued.*)

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SANTA CLAUS SAW HIM FIRST.

# Fox and Goose
## A Drama

By Oliver Herford.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Rabbit. Topsy. Mr. Fox. Snowball. Bun. Policeman.

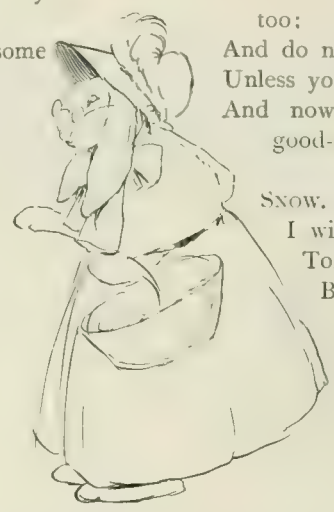
*Scene.*—Interior of Mrs. Rabbit's house.

*Enter* Mrs. Rabbit.

Mrs. R.

Children, where are you? Snowball! Topsy!
Bun!
Oh, dear! oh, dear! Where underneath the
sun
Can they be gone? I ordered them to stay
Inside the garden. Only yesterday
The red fox passed beside our very
gate.
Alas! I fear they 've met some
dreadful fate.





If only they were safe inside the door,
I 'd never, never scold them any more!

*Enter* Snowball, Topsy, *and* Bun.

Ah, here they come! Children, where
have you been?
Such naughtiness I 've never, never seen!
You know as well as I it was not right
Of you to give your mother such a fright!
How could you pay no heed to all I 've said?
I 've half a mind to send you all to bed
Without your supper, as some mothers
would.
But no; if you will promise to be good,
And never stir a foot outside the door,
I 'll bring you all a present from the
store.
Now I must off to market, dears, and you
See that the door is locked; and bolted,
too:
And do not open it, whoever knocks,
Unless you 're sure it is n't Mr. Fox.
And now, dears, for a little while,
good-by.

(*Kisses them.*)

Snow.

I will be good, mama.

Top. And I.

Bun. And I.

(*Exit* Mrs. Rabbit.)

Snow. (*Locks and bolts the door*).

Sister and brother, let us
try to see
How very, very good we
all can be.
Suppose we sit quite still, and do a piece
Of sewing.

Top.

No; let 's play at fox and geese.

Bun.

No; let us play at dinner-party. I
Know where mama has hid the pumpkin-
pie.
I wonder what she 'll bring us from the
store? (*A knock at the door.*)

SNOW.
What 's that? I 'm sure there 's some one at the door. (*Louder knock.*)

BUN.
Oh, dear! I am afraid. Who can it be? (*Louder still.*)

SNOW.
Be quiet, Bun! (*Louder knock.*)

TOP.
Let 's open it and see.

SNOW.
How can you talk so? Has your reason fled?
Have you forgotten all our mother said?

TOP. (*Goes to unbolt door*).
I 'll open it a teeny-weeny bit.

BUN.
Don't let her, Snowball; I shall have a fit.

SNOW.
Topsy, come back! It might be Mr. Fox.

TOP.
I 'll only just peek through the letter-box. (*Topsy peeks through letter-box.*)

SNOW. and BUN (*Huddling together in farther part of room*).
Who is it? What 's that? Louder! I can't hear.

GRUFF VOICE (*Outside*).
I 'm your Aunt Susan. Don't you know me, dear?
I 've come a long, long way, your ma to see.

TOP.
Snowball, just look! I 'm sure it must be she.





She wears a great big hat, green veil and all,
Just like Aunt Susan's picture on the wall.
(*Points to picture on wall. Aunt dressed as described.*)



SNOW. (*Looking timidly through letter-box*).
It is indeed, to judge by how she 's dressed.
See if she knows our names; that 's a sure test.

TOP.
Can you repeat our names? For if you can't
It 's very certain you are not our aunt.

VOICE.
I know them almost *better* than my own,
But just this moment from my head they 've flown.
Even my own name sometimes I forget;
But no face ever has escaped me yet.
Dear me! I 've come so far, and my paws ache
Carrying this heavy bag of fruit and cake.



BUN.

What, fruit and cake? Quick, Topsy, let her in!
To keep our dear aunt waiting were a sin.

TOP. (*Opens door.*)

Come in, dear aunt; sit down, and let me take
Your hat and things.



BUN.

And let *me* take the cake.

SNOW.

Excuse him, aunt; he has been spoiled, I fear.

AUNT (*Handing* BUN *the box*).

Oh, not at all! Take it, my pretty dear;
And, if you do not mind, I think perhaps
I 'd rather not remove my hat and wrap.
I have a cold, and I am such a sight!
If I took off my veil you 'd all take fright.
Now, tell me, how 's your ma? I hope, my dear,
She 's well.

SNOW.

Mama will soon be here;
She 's just gone to the store to buy some bread.

BUN.

To buy us all a present, too, she said.



AUNT.

What were you doing? Can I be of use?

TOP.

We 're going to play a game of fox and goose.
You can be fox, dear aunty, if you will.

AUNT (*Aside*).

Am I discovered? (*Aloud*) I have not much skill
At games, but yet I think I 'll fill the bill.

(*They play fox and geese.*)

AUNT (*Roughly*).

Now run, or I will eat you sure enough.

SNOW (*Aside*).

That 's not our aunt; her voice is far too gruff;
Our aunt cannot have grown to such a size.
Suppose it is the red fox, in disguise!
What shall I do? Oh, I shall lose my wits!

(*Catches sight of hunting-horn hanging on wall.*)

Aha! I know a tune will give him fits.

(*Steals out with horn, unobserved by others, who are engrossed in game.*)

AUNT (*Catching hold of* BUN).

I 've caught you, and am going to eat you now!

(*Throws back veil, showing fox's face.*)

BUN.

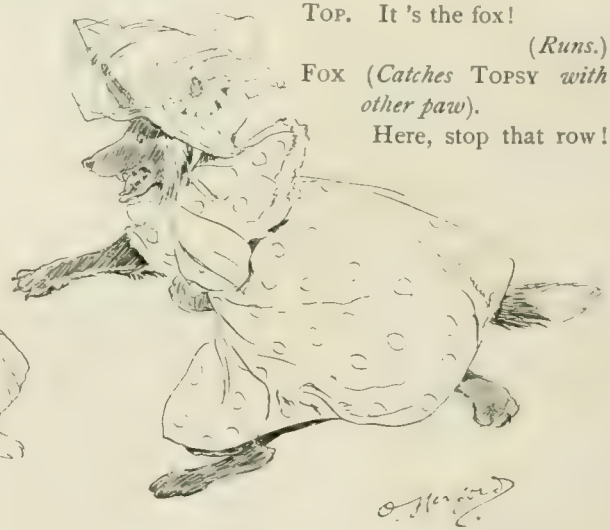
Help! Murder!

TOP. It 's the fox!

(*Runs.*)

FOX (*Catches* TOPSY *with other paw*).

Here, stop that row!



(*Drags them toward the door. Suddenly a hunter's horn is heard. He drops* TOPSY *and* BUN.)

What 's that?



TOP.
It is the hunter's horn.

BUN. Hurray! Fox.

*(Aside.)*
I fear they 've got me this time.

*(Hurriedly, aloud.)* Well, good day.
I 've an engagement I almost forgot.
I 'm sure you will excuse me, will you not?
Sorry I can't arrange to stay and dine;
I do assure you that the loss is mine.

*(Starts for door.)*

*Enter* DOG, *dressed as policeman.*

POLICE. (*Addressing* FOX).
Stop! You 're arrested! You must come with me!
You 're wanted for a barn-yard burglary,
And other crimes too numerous to state.
(*To* SNOWBALL)
As for you youngsters, it is fortunate
I chanced just now to hear your bugle blow;
He is the most notorious wretch I know.

(*Exit* POLICEMAN, *with* FOX.)

MRS. R. *(Hurried entrance.)*
The Fox! What does it mean? What has he done?

*Enters, running.*

Children, where are you? Snowball! Topsy! Bun!
Thank goodness you are safe. Oh, I have had
A fright enough to drive a body mad.
A glass of water, quick! And, Topsy, run
And get my smelling-salts and fan; and, Bun,
Stop eating cake, and lock and bolt that door.
Now, children, sit close round me on the floor,
And tell me how it happened. Then I 'll read
A book I 've bought, you will do well to heed.
It 's just come out; they say it 's very good.
It 's called — let 's see —

(*Rummages in bag for some time; gets out book, wipes spectacles, puts them on, examines title of book and spells out the name.*)

"Little Red Riding-hood."

(*Curtain.*)





"HE 'S DRESSED LIKE A PRINCE," SAID THE DRAGON, SAID HE,
"BUT I NE'ER DREAMED A PRINCE SO UGLY COULD BE!"

# BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY.

By E. H. House.

*[This story was begun in the November number.]*

## Chapter III.

### ROMAN WEALTH AND WASTE.

"That question about the chicken and the egg," remarked Percy, after the dumplings had been distributed, "makes me think of the student who wanted to know if a knife which had lost its blade and had a new one put in, was the same knife as before. When he was told that it was, he puzzled his professor by asking if it would still be the same when the handle wore out, and another was fitted."

"Well, Percy, the very oldest Athenians wasted time and wore out their wits on just such a question," said Uncle Claxton. "They tried to preserve a ship in which their first great king, Theseus, made a famous voyage; and they pieced it so often with new wood that, like our frigate, the 'Constitution,' nothing was left of the original. The wise Greeks thought it a fine thing to discuss, from age to age, whether it was the same ship or not."

"That," suggested Amy, "may have been foolish, but it was not so bad as giving ten thousand dollars for a dinner."

"Oh, ten thousand!" said her uncle. "I have not told you the worst, by a great deal. Many of the Romans went far beyond that. I can give you a few instances, and you will see that Lucullus was not nearly so great a spendthrift as many who lived in that age. There were cases ten times worse than his. Ten times? Why, yes,— twenty — thirty — forty times. Ten thousand dollars was all that he paid for the 'Apollo' dinner, but the Emperor Caligula once laid out something like four hundred thousand dollars on a single supper; and another emperor, Vitellius, lived several months at the rate of nearly three hundred thousand dollars a day, all spent in eating and drinking. What do you say to that?"

"I say," answered Percy, "that his name should be Victuals, instead of Vitellius."

"Unless they ate money itself," said Harry, "I don't see how they got rid of so much."

"Some noted persons did almost the same thing. Can't you think of a case?"

"Why, yes," cried Amy; "the pearl of Cleopatra."

"Good girl! you have it. The pearl which Cleopatra drank to Antony's health was valued at nearly four hundred thousand dollars, so at one mouthful she disposed of as much as the cost of Caligula's supper. I suppose that was the most valuable pearl we have any knowledge of; though Julius Cæsar owned one worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which he gave to the mother of Brutus,— the same Brutus who afterward helped to kill Cæsar. Pearls seem to have held out particular temptations to people who took pleasure in wasteful follies, perhaps because no other jewel could be so easily swallowed.

"Cleopatra's prank was not the first of its

kind. The same absurdity had been committed by a silly fellow in Rome named Æsop—not your favorite fable-teller, for *he* lived centuries earlier, and was a very wise man. The Roman Æsop was the son of a rich actor, and, just to make himself talked about, he took a pearl from the ear-drop of Cæcilia, the wife of the tyrant Sylla, and, according to writers of that age, drank it in vinegar. I believe that the possibility of dissolving this kind of gem is disputed by many modern authorities, but the ancients appear to have had no doubt on the subject, for the instances recorded by them were numerous, and were attested by men of scientific standing. A Japanese naturalist, who has studied pearls minutely, states that he has found them of such various quality and structure that the existence of specimens which might be melted does not seem to him inconceivable. But whether Æsop liquefied his pearl or not, the performance certainly cost him a sum equivalent to forty thousand dollars—quite enough, though nothing in comparison with what Cleopatra squandered. Hers was the wildest piece of extravagance that I can recall.

"It was the fashion to be extravagant then. Mark Antony was not far behind the Egyptian queen in that respect, though his fancy was not for beverages flavored by trinkets. Substantial food was more in his line. A visitor who once went into the kitchen of his palace in Alexandria saw eight wild boars roasting at the same time, and thought there must be an immense number of guests expected; but the cook told him only twelve persons would dine that day, and the reason of the extensive preparation was that no one could say exactly when Antony would go to the table. But whenever he gave the signal, the meat must be just in proper condition at that moment. So it was the rule to get ready a series of dinners, overlapping one another, you might say, at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes. Only one could be eaten, and the rest were wasted; but the waste did not matter. Antony was never kept waiting, and that, in his opinion, was the thing to be considered."

"Have n't I heard," said Amy, "that Napoleon's meals were sometimes so prepared?"

"Quite right, my dear; but not for the same reason. On his campaigns, Napoleon was often so crowded with business that he could not possibly be regular with his food; and his attendants took care that one hot dish or another should always be at hand for him. It was generally a very simple dish, and Napoleon himself gave scarcely any thought to such things. He really had no time to eat."

"And you would think," said Percy, "that those people, two thousand years ago, had no time to do anything else."

"It almost came to that a little later," Uncle Claxton answered. "Eating and bathing grew to be the chief domestic occupations of what were called the higher classes. Some of them were much troubled to decide whether more hours should be given to their baths or to their dinners; but the Emperor Commodus settled that difficulty by having his food served on a floating table, while he lay at full length in the warm water."

"Too lazy even to sit up to his meals," remarked Harry.

"My dear boy, nobody sat up in those days. They preferred to stretch themselves out on couches when they dined, and to leave everything like exertion to the servants," was his uncle's reply.

"They must have been frightfully rich," said Percy.

"Some were; and yet they did not always seem to think so. There was Apicius, for example, the greatest of all gluttons, who wrote a long and elaborate work on culinary science, which is filled with descriptions of extraordinary dishes and sauces. His sole ambition in life was to discover novelties in food, and to this pursuit he devoted all his energy and most of his wealth. Shrimps were at one time his hobby; and because the marshes of Minturnæ produced shrimps of an enormous size, he set up a magnificent establishment in that seaport, and made himself happy with his favorite luxury until he heard, by chance, that still larger shellfish of the same sort could be found in Africa. Instantly he bought a ship and set sail for the blissful region. He was nearly drowned on the voyage, but that did not worry him. His single thought was of the delicious monsters awaiting him. But when the fishermen he em-

ployed could show him nothing bigger than he had eaten at home, he flew into a rage, and straightway started across the Mediterranean again, declaring that the whole continent of Africa was worthless compared with his private shrimp-bed at Minturnæ. Well, Apicius spent so much of his fortune on feasting that one day, on looking over his accounts, he found he had only a few millions left. Then the strange idea came into his head that he was going to die of starvation. And what do you think he did?"

"Cut down his expenses," Harry judged.

"Turned miser, perhaps," said Amy.

"He committed suicide; just hanged himself, out of sheer terror lest the time should come when he could not get enough to eat, though in fact he was rolling in wealth."

"You are joking, uncle."

"No, the story is seriously told. I believe one of his favorite dishes was nightingales' tongues, and he may have thought that his diminished property could not hold out against such costly luxuries as that."

"Nightingales' tongues? What a shame!" cried Amy. "I hope there were not many who lived in that way."

"Well, you would hardly suppose the common people could afford such dainties. They had all they wanted at very moderate rates. One of the Greek historians says that the regular price of a meal at a Roman hotel was about one quarter of a cent. That was a little before the time of the emperors; but we know that in Trajan's reign, two cents a day were considered ample for the support and education of a boy. On this basis, at a rough calculation, the money paid for Caligula's supper might have supplied a dinner for one hundred and fifty millions of people, if so many could have been brought together."

"I call it wickedness," said Amy; "downright wickedness."

"That was the opinion of quite a number, even then, my dear. Lucullus was often taken to task for his prodigality, and several years later a great writer named Juvenal spoke his mind freely enough on the subject. He gave dinners, too; but from one of his bills of fare, drawn up with his own hand, we can find what he considered ample for himself and a friend. His principal dish was a young kid, after which he offered chickens, new-laid eggs, and vegetables; and for dessert, grapes, pears, and apples."

"He was no glutton," said Percy, approvingly.

"No; nor was Lucullus, in the lowest sense, though he seemed determined to make himself out worse than he really was. He always pretended that he gave his huge banquets for a purely selfish purpose. He invited a party of Greek travelers so often, and at such reckless expense, that they finally protested, and declared themselves unwilling to accept any more; but he told them they should not set it all down to their account, for, though a part of the display was for their sake, more of it was for his own."

"Don't you think," asked Percy, "that he said that in kindness, to make them feel at ease?"

"I like to think it, and am glad when other persons do the same; for I have a fondness for Lucullus, in spite of his faults, as you will have when you come to know all about him. There is no reason for classing him with the vulgar gormandizers of his age, like Vitellius or Commodus, or, I may say, the majority of the emperors, most of whom took more pleasure in managing kitchens than in ruling kingdoms. Domitian, the last of the twelve Cæsars, considered problems of cookery so far above questions of state that on one occasion he called the Roman senate together to consult with him as to how a turbot should be prepared for the table. He looked upon the Senator Montanus as a miracle of wisdom, for no better reason, apparently, than that this cultivated epicure could tell, by the first bite he gave an oyster, whether it came from England or from the Mediterranean. It is Juvenal, again, who tells us of the delicate taste for which Montanus was renowned. I think, however, that the faculty of distinguishing British oysters does not count for much. A good many Americans could do that quickly enough with their eyes shut; though not, perhaps, if the oysters had sugar on them, which was one of the ways they were eaten in ancient Rome."

"Were the Romans the only people of old times," asked Percy, "who wasted so much time and money on their food?"

"The only ones, I think," said Uncle Claxton, "who went to such outrageous excesses. Enormous feasts were spread at the Persian and other Asiatic courts, and the great Grecian conqueror of those regions was once or twice in his dazzling career more lavish than even the successors of Cæsar. But it was not a regular habit with him, nor was reckless prodigality ever a vice of his nation. Of course there were exceptions, and that societies devoted to luxurious living existed in Athens we know from the works of Archestratus and Athenæus, who wrote long poems to the glory of cookery. The Hellenic epicures were ingenious and often fantastic in their ideas, but were not, as a rule, guilty of gross extravagance. They were fond of such conceits as having a whole pig served, one side roasted and the other boiled, and stuffed with a great variety of delicacies, although the animal had never been cut or separated in any way. Their cooks were also skilful in preparing vegetables to taste like meat. A certain king had an intense longing for a fish called an 'aphy,' at a time when he was so far away from the sea that he did not suppose his desire could possibly be gratified; but his cook made him an artificial aphy out of a turnip, and disguised it so cleverly by sauces that the monarch was completely deceived. Occasionally we hear of voracious gluttons among the old Greeks. One of the most noted was Philoxenus, who wished he had a neck like a crane, so that his enjoyment of what he swallowed could be lengthened by several inches. This selfish fellow used to keep his throat in training by gargling it with scalding water. Then he bribed the cooks, wherever he went, to send in all the meals furiously hot; and thus he finished the best there was of each dish, before any one else dared to touch a morsel. A fellow-guest was once so offended at this that he refused to remain at the table of Philoxenus, saying he had been invited to dine with a man, and not with an oven.

"We have plenty of odd stories about Grecian gourmands, but they give no indication of the monstrous profusion fashionable in Rome. Probably the Greeks could not have afforded it, if they had wished. Only Roman wealth could stand such ruinous waste."

"Were any of the Romans richer than our millionaires?" inquired Harry.

"Ah, there 's a question not to be answered offhand. It needs a few explanations, and we will look into it as we eat our fruit. The dumplings have gone with a lot of spendthrifts, and we will have some millionaires for dessert."

## Chapter IV.

### ancient millionaires.

"If you wish," said Uncle Claxton, "to compare the millionaires of old times with those of to-day, you must consider, first of all, the greater value of money in the early centuries, and the enormous power it gave. The actual amounts possessed by opulent Romans were not nearly so large, dollar for dollar, as those of our modern grandees. This could not have been said fifty years ago, for at that date there were not many persons who possessed anything to compare with the treasures amassed by a few of Cæsar's contemporaries. But the increase of wealth has been prodigious since the time of our Civil War, especially in America. When I was a boy, any one who had one hundred thousand dollars to his name was considered fairly rich; but at present people think little of a trifle like that. Even in Europe, where fortunes are gained much less rapidly than with us, a property must now be many times larger than in the first half of this century, before it begins to dazzle society. I suppose some of you have read 'Monte Cristo'; and you know that few things were too extravagant for the imagination of Alexander Dumas. He meant that his romantic hero should lead the whole world in magnificence, and probably thought he was giving him the biggest bank-account ever heard of. But Monte Cristo was worth only a fraction of what several real men now living can show. This was not the sort of mistake you would have expected from Dumas. It would have cost him only a stroke of the pen to multiply the hoard in the Mediterranean island a hundred times; but although the novel was written when he was over forty years old, he could not foresee that his fiction would be utterly distanced by solid facts before he died. Monte Cristo was no better off, indeed, than

certain Romans of Cæsar's period. The wealthiest of these was believed to be Crassus, who may have had forty million dollars. That is the highest estimate I have seen. The lowest allows him about eight millions; but he could not have carried out his vast schemes on so small a financial basis as that. Forty million seems to me a reasonable calculation, and he could do more with his forty than any one could do now with two hundred."

"I suppose," Harry remarked, "that as a dinner-giver he stood higher than Lucullus or any of the class."

"There you are wrong. Once or twice he shone out brilliantly; but as a rule he did not care much for that kind of amusement. In fact, he cared for very little besides filling his pockets. That was his business and his pleasure at the same time. He found out the most astonishing ways of enriching himself, and never cared how cruelly he made others suffer in the process. He bought ignorant slaves, and educated them to a high point, not for their own good or happiness, but in order to get more profit from them. Human misery was the source of more than half his wealth. Nobody but he could have invented his extraordinary scheme for making money out of burning houses."

"Did he cheat the insurance companies?" Percy asked.

"Not that. Insurance was then unknown, and his plan was more original, and less dangerous to himself. He trained one set of slaves to be expert firemen, and other sets to be masons and carpenters; and whenever a great conflagration took place, he was always on hand, ready to buy buildings as soon as they caught fire. He offered only a mere fraction of what they were worth; but the owners were glad, in their anxiety and fear, to take what they could get; and the moment the bargain was struck his firemen would rush in and do their work. If they could not save a house, the carpenters and architects would reconstruct it as rapidly and cheaply as possible, all to the gain of Crassus, who after a while got possession of the greater part of the city — so people said. It was even suspected that he had a hand in kindling the flames by which he prospered."

"He *was* a wicked miser!" exclaimed Amy.

"That was what most people thought, though some declared that he could be generous, or at least bountiful, if he chose. He did not often entertain guests magnificently, but occasionally he gave banquets on a colossal scale. While he held the consulship jointly with Pompey, he once invited the whole populace of Rome, providing ten thousand tables for them; and in addition made a present to each citizen of enough corn to last three months. That, we may believe, was for public effect, like the still more sumptuous dinner given, years later, by Julius Cæsar, after his victorious campaign in Asia, when twenty-two thousand tables were laid for the satisfaction of the citizens. But Crassus was sometimes known to lend money privately to his friends without charging interest; and this was then a most uncommon manifestation of liberality.

"Crassus once helped Cæsar out of serious difficulties at a critical period. No man ever spent money more profusely than Cæsar when he was laying the foundation of his popularity. He believed that the immense sums he lavished upon feasts for the multitude were his best investments, although he crippled himself to such an extent that, when he was appointed governor of Portugal and western Spain, he could not have started for his province if Crassus had not supplied funds to pay his debts. The amount of the loan was nearly a million dollars, at the lowest estimate, and some calculations fix it at not less than five millions. All of this money had long before gone down the throats of the citizens, in the shape of food and drink. But Crassus did not give his aid out of good fellowship on this occasion. He wanted Cæsar's political influence, and was willing to pay a large price for it. That was *his* idea of a good investment. There is no question that avarice was the great passion of Crassus, and it was this that destroyed him in the end."

"So it ought," said Amy. "He deserved to be punished."

"He was punished badly enough," rejoined Uncle Claxton. "He died disgracefully, in the midst of a tremendous effort to double his wealth. When he was sixty years old, he became one of the three masters of the Roman empire,



and received as his share of territory the Asiatic provinces, from the inhabitants of which he believed he could extort fabulous sums. Without the slightest provocation, he led an army against them, but blundered so terribly as a general that he was shamefully beaten, and afterward ignominously slain by the enemy he had despised. No one lamented his death, no one honored his memory. Though his character was not wholly worthless, his good qualities were completely overshadowed by the consuming vice of avarice, which made him infamous for all time."

"Let me ask you, uncle," said Amy, after a moment's silence, "if there is more than one way of pronouncing this rich man's name?"

"Not that I know of, my dear. Of course he had more than one name, if that is what you mean," her uncle answered.

"No," Amy went on; "but when you told us about his great wealth, I thought I remembered the name of another very rich man, that sounded almost the same."

"I see," said Uncle Claxton; "you are thinking of Crœsus. To be sure; 'rich as Crœsus' is a common phrase. He was quite a different person, however,—a king of the country called Lydia, in Asia, and he died more than four hundred years before Crassus was born. Yes, he was said to be the richest of mankind, when at the height of his power. It would not have occurred to me, however, to speak of him, or of any kings, as belonging to the class of millionaires. Undoubtedly they had control of many more millions than any of their subjects possessed, especially the Eastern monarchs. But the treasures which they inherited, or extorted from their people, or captured from rival potentates, seem to us matters of course; and it does not make our heads swim to hear that Roman emperors squandered fortunes in a day, or that Artaxerxes went to war wearing robes and jewels worth twelve million dollars, or that one of Alexander's feasts cost him ten millions."

"Indeed, Uncle Claxton," exclaimed Percy, "it makes *my* head swim. Ten millions for one feast! That outdoes anything you have told us yet."

"It was n't all for food and wine, that time," Uncle Claxton explained. "Alexander had taken a princess of Persia for his wife, and married many of his officers to Persian ladies; and he wished to celebrate the occasion with uncommon magnificence. Nine thousand guests were present, and to each of these he gave a cup of solid gold, besides paying all the debts of those he particularly favored. A great part of the money was spent to gratify his lavish fancies.

"Alexander could easily afford it. The banquet was held at Susa, the Persian capital, which he had conquered not long before, and in the palace of which he found forty million dollars in coin alone, with gold and precious stones of still greater value. And Susa was only one among the hundreds of conquered cities that thus paid tribute to him."

"Is it possible," asked Amy, "that Crœsus was richer than Alexander?"

"Alexander scattered his wealth as fast as he won it," replied Uncle Claxton, "while Crœsus took better care of his. He was liberal enough, however, and was known as a great patron of learning, and of art, too. Your friend—everybody's friend—Æsop, the maker of fables, was one of the ornaments of his court. But Crœsus went to war with the king of Persia, and lost everything but his life. He came near losing that, as well, and nothing but his humility in misfortune saved him. There was more good in his nature than in the whole tribe of Crassus, I suspect."

"Will you tell us how it was, uncle?" Amy asked.

"I will tell you the story that has come down to us through the centuries. In the fullness of his glory Crœsus was visited by Solon, the wise man of Greece, who was taking a long vacation after his public labors in Athens. Crœsus hoped to astonish Solon by his magnificence, and to make him acknowledge that no one on earth could be happier than the mighty Lydian king. But Solon would not agree to this, and insisted that every man must wait till the end of his life, and see what fortune would finally bring him, before deciding whether he could be called happy or not. The king was greatly offended, and from that time he never spoke of the stern philosopher until his own death seemed close at hand. After his defeat and capture by Cyrus the Persian, he was condemned to be burned alive, in the presence of the conqueror. Just as the sentence was about to be executed, Crœsus called out the name of Solon three times; and Cyrus, wondering what he meant, had him brought forward to explain the exclamation. Crœsus then described his interview with the sage, the wisdom of whose judgment was now proved by his own miserable end. Cyrus was deeply impressed by what he heard, and by the resignation of his captive. He released Crœsus, and from that time protected and befriended him. The deposed sovereign of Lydia was a prominent figure at the Persian court not only as long as

Cyrus lived, but during some years of the reign of Cambyses, the successor of Cyrus."

"Perhaps," Amy suggested, "he was happier then than when he was the richest of kings."

"It is hard to say, my dear. Few men are contented to give up what they have once possessed. But riches and happiness do not always go together, by any means. Most of the millionaires of old times valued their wealth merely because they thought it would help them to gratify their strongest desires. Sylla, Pompey, Cæsar, and many of their kind, relied upon it to increase their power. Lucullus used it to indulge his luxurious tastes. That poor wretch Apicius made it serve his passion for gluttony. For the money itself they did not care. Only misers do that. *Their* delight is to see their hoards grow larger and larger, with no object but that of swelling their fortunes to the utmost possible dimensions. So it was with Crassus. Beginning with nothing, he took everything he could grasp, and never stopped until death stopped him. A singularly effective story was told by some of his companions in Asia, about the way in which he was killed. It was contradicted by others, but was apparently credited at the time. If it was true, his last meal was of the kind that Harry spoke of, a while ago; for his conqueror, in mockery of his greedy life, poured melted gold into his mouth, saying that for once he should have plenty of what he was always longing for."

"One mouthful was more than plenty, I am sure," observed Harry.

"Enough is as good as a feast," chirped little Dick, who thought he ought to be heard occasionally, even if he did not entirely catch the meaning of what he listened to, and could not understand why his remarks always set his companions to laughing.



"You are the wisest of us all, Dick," applauded his uncle. "We have had all we want, and there is no use in sitting here any longer. The best salt-fish dinner cannot last forever."

"No," replied Master Dick, in rather an undecided tone, "but I wish there were two Fridays in a week."

"I am glad you all liked it," said hospitable Uncle Claxton, as the children warmly approved their young brother's remark; "but we are at the end for this time. Since you are all of one mind, however, about the dinner, why should you not come out again next week, and repeat it? You may come as early as you like, and if I am not here, you can wait for me in the museum. I am expecting some new curiosities, and you may see if you can find out what they are. Now, get ready for home, and bear in mind that you are to report yourselves next Friday, each with a good appetite."

# MY LITTLE "JIM CROW."

By Clara Morris.

The strange power which ordains that each member of a colored family should be of a different shade from every other member must have been in full force when little "Jim Crow's" case was under consideration, for he was black — uncompromisingly black.

He had a buff sister, a brown mother, and a red-brown brother; but, for all that, his own smooth, fine-grained skin was decidedly black.



"'RATS — DID N'T — EAT — OUR — CHICKEN-PIE!'" (SEE PAGE 150)

Jim Crow, by the way, was not Jim Crow, save by the grace of a woman's whim — mine, to be exact. He was William Jones, or had been until my eye fell upon him, when I instantly hailed him as my little "Jim Crow," a name which his mother, our cook, soon adopted; the neighborhood followed suit, and he himself seemed to regard it as an honorary title to be proud of.

He was as pretty as a little Cupid. He had all the malicious mischievousness of a monkey old in sin, allied to the boundless love of life of a young puppy. He could sing, he could dance, he could climb, turn somersaults, stand on his woolly head, and did a surprising amount of his walking upon his hands with heels in air.

The house we lived in belonged to an uncle who had formerly been the mayor of New York, this fact being proved by the presence of two extra lamps before the front door, gas being the medium through which that city honors its chief officer. These very large lamps in their tall standards, and the broad stone steps they flanked, were immediately turned by my little Jim Crow into a sort of private gymnasium.

My husband, like every one else, was fond of this tiny black man, but he never gave his entire approval to this gymnasium business. He did not mind, for himself; his conscience was clear and his nerves steady; but some of our friends had nerves that were not always under perfect control. These people were apt to feel a sort of knee-loosening shock at being suddenly addressed by a person hanging upside down somewhere over their heads.

With his toes inside the lamp, his head hang-

ing down, and his arms all abroad, Jim Crow looked like some strange foreign fruit which had failed to ripen.

One poor lady was brought to the point of smelling-salts, wine, and much clamor, through seeing, as she declared, "a very small person coming down your steps, my dear, who had no head!"—Jim Crow in the dusk having been practising walking on his hands.

All the marked characteristics of his strange race could be learned from this small black volume. Here was the love of music, dance, and color, the boastfulness, the intense devotion to special members of the white race, the easy, graceful romancing, the warm-hearted generosity, with the occasional gleams of treachery, all cropping out in this tiny black man of five years.

Both his mother and sister were in our employ, and between them Jim Crow received "more kicks than ha'pence," and more cuffs than kisses.

Injustice sometimes stirred him to revenge, and then—I think I have said he was generous, but never, never did he show such cheerfully boundless generosity as when he was "giving away" his mother and his sister. The methods of his betrayals were amusing in the extreme, since he invariably set them to music. Usually he sang his accusations to the tune of an old Methodist hymn.

On one occasion, a large imposing chicken-pie had been built and furnished forth on Monday, and on Tuesday my lord and master desired its presence, that he might make an assault upon it.

But there was no chicken-pie!

"Why? What? What had become of it?" was the next inquiry.

"The rats ate it, sir!"

We shuddered. What awful rats! What size, what ferocity! To be able to demolish such a structure, and in one night!

Two days later my mother had occasion to press out some lace for me, and Jim Crow took his place himself by the ironing board. He stood upon one bare foot, and tenderly stroked his shin with the pale sole of the other foot, now and



then pausing a moment to scratch the calf of his leg with a slow and thoughtful toe; and while doing this he sang in his sweet child's voice these words, to the tune of "Old Hundred":

"Rats, rats, rats, rats, rats, rats!
Little rats, big rats, bigger rats!
Some more-ore rats!"

The continued repetition of that one word attracted her attention, as it was intended to do, and the moment her eyes met his maliciously sparkling ones, there flashed into her mind

the memory of certain cries and lamentations which had issued from the basement that very morning, and she understood that this was to be revenge; in fact, Jim Crow was chanting his war-song:

"—rats, rats, rats!
Sometimes rats eat things;
Sometimes they don't!"

A quick, angry voice from the next room suddenly cried:

"You Jim Crow, come in yere!"

But Jim Crow sang sweetly though somewhat hurriedly on:

"Rats eats some chicken-pies, not ours."

Voice: "Jim Crow, are yer coming?"

"Rats did n't eat *our* chicken-pie!"

A large brown hand was thrust through the doorway; it grasped Jim Crow by the back of his wee shirt and dragged him out of the room backwards; but even as he made that unwilling and ignominious exit, he shouted loud and clear his last line:

"Naygars eat dat pie! Naygars eat it all!"

Shortly after the pie episode I found Jim Crow holding in his arms some small object upon which he lavished the tenderest terms of endearment. As soon as he saw me he gave the three standing jumps and the whoop which were his usual morning greeting, then exclaimed:

"Now, den, honey, stan' on yo' foots, an' show yer'sel' to Miss Cla'h!"

"Honey" obeyed. It seemed like a sneer at misery to call the creature a kitten. As it wavered toward me on its weak little legs, and piteously raised its one green and only eye to my face, I felt the tears coming. In the scheme of its structure fur had not been considered an important item, and flesh had not been considered at all; but the amount of tail used in the make-up of that one small slip of a cat was something wonderful. I took up the little scrap of metropolitan misery, and a vibration in its skinny throat told me it was trying to purr, but was literally too weak to make a sound; though when I obtained some warm milk for it, its savage hunger forced it to clamber into the dish, where it stood ankle-deep in the strength-giving fluid.

While pussy was engaged in the milk-storage business, Jim Crow conversed pleasantly on the peculiarities of cats in their relations to the different races of men, white or black. With a wise wag of his head, he remarked:

"Miss Cla'h, dat ain't no white man's cat."

"Why?" I asked.

He gave me a surprised look, and answered: "Hain't got eyes enuf. White man's cat always has two eyes."

"Well," I said, "it 's a dreadfully ugly little thing. I am sure *no* one wants it."

Then was Jim Crow angry. With his brows knit and his under lip thrust out, he had for a moment an expression as black as his skin. But it lasted only a moment; then the roguish look was back, and with his usual white-toothed smile he exclaimed: "Miss Cla'h, don' you know dat cat 's a niggah man's cat? Wh-wh-why, dat 's a lucky cat; an', Miss Cla'h—" He stopped to put his finger in his mouth, hung his head, and worked one foot round and round a figure in the carpet; then, with a world of persuasion in his voice, of entreaty in his dark eyes, he laid a little pleading hand on my knee, and almost whispered, "Miss Cla'h, dat little cat wiv one eye 'u'd jist 'bout suit me to deff."

That ended it. Jim Crow had his way, and his cat. A few days later there was to be seen, walking slowly around the grass-plot, a very small cat which had the appearance of having swallowed whole a large, hard, and very round apple, so distended were her sides, so thin her frame.

I wish I could say I never, never had cause to regret my kind act, but as a strictly truthful woman I cannot say it. You see, this was an ash-barrel cat,— one should always remember that, —and she ("Misery" was her name, though Jim Crow always called her "Mis'sy") matured early. Almost before we knew it, Misery had the reputation of being able to spit farther at one hiss, tear longer splinters out of the fences, sing more ear-piercing songs, and give a more soul-harrowing high C than any cat on the block, bar none. But there! let 's have

done with Misery (would we could!); it 's of Jim Crow I would speak.

When he became a member of our household he had a limited wardrobe and absolutely no manners, so I proceeded to add something to his outfit in both directions. He was bright, quick, and had a good memory, and if he could only be kept still long enough to absorb your meaning he was nearly sure to remember your lesson.

But he gave me some trying moments, I must



"MISERY."

confess. For instance, while I would be trying to explain to him those laws of politeness which rule the actions of little gentlemen, Jim Crow, with his eyes fixed solemnly on my face, would lean his elbows on my knees, and kick himself in the rear with a vigor and rapidity truly surprising. On one of these occasions I told Jim Crow that he need not do that, as doubtless through his whole life other people would do the kicking for him. This greatly amused him; he laughed immoderately, and when he went downstairs he told his mother that "Miss Cla'h said that he was to do nuffen, and other pussons would kick holes clean frou his life!"

And thereupon that irascible bondwoman delivered her sentiments to the effect that: "Lawsakes! She wished dey 'u'd begin right away! That she 'd like to kick him full o' holes hersel', bec'ase o' that ornery, no-account, one-eyed cat o' hisn," etc.

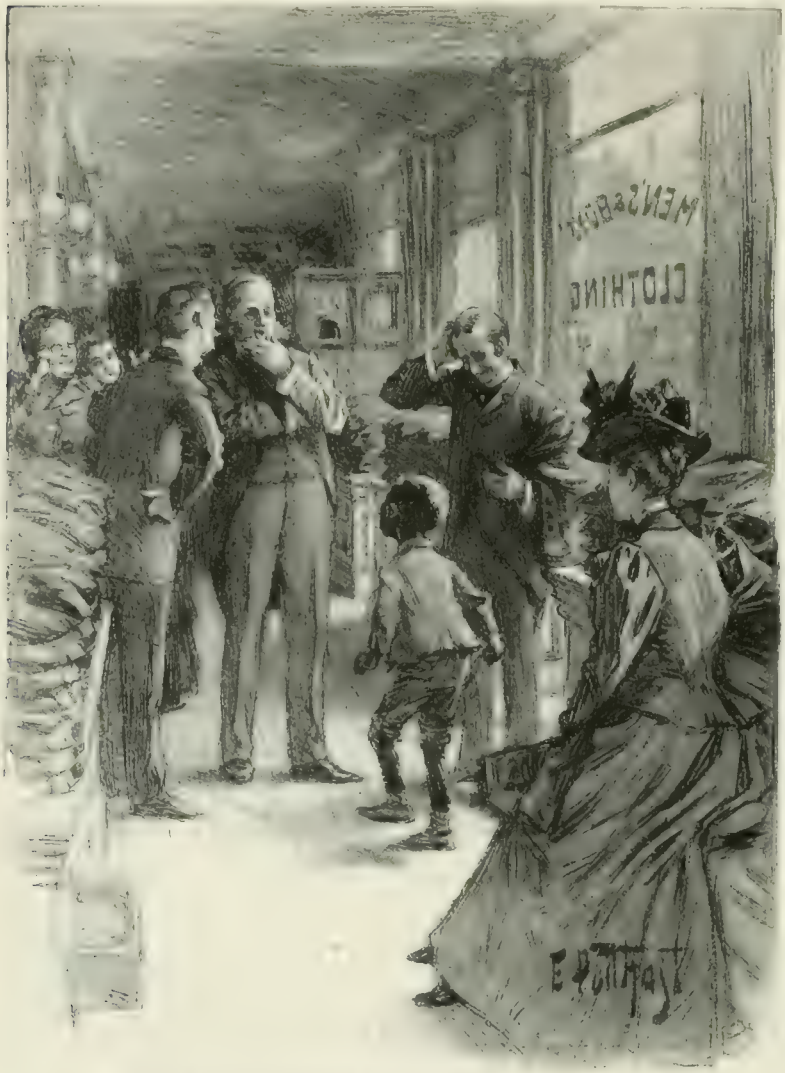
It was not long before Jim Crow comprehended that certain benefits followed in the train of good manners. First of all, there was the keen delight of bowing deeply and gracefully to his own reflection in the basement windows. Then there was the charm of hearing his own voice declaiming loudly all his manners in one breath, if his lungs permitted it, thus: "Yes, sir; no, sir; yes 'um; no, mum; if you please; thank yer; howdy do? good-by; can I 'sist you? is there anythin' I can do?" Then there were the admiring exclamations, not unaccompanied by nickels, of ladies who were charmed by his deep bow and the graceful sweep of his little arm as he removed the crown of his hat before them. There were no brims to Jim Crow's hats, and I feel sure that had there been brims, then there would have been no crowns.

I also led Jim Crow a short, a very short, distance along the paths of education. He could count up to six with temperate calmness, but beyond that point his figuring was directed by an absolutely tropical imagination; while his joyous greeting of A, B, C, and D was in marked contrast to his doubtful acknowledgment of E and his absolute non-recognition of F.

Only a modicum of his time was spent in pursuit of education and manners; the other part he gave to a search for some new way of almost breaking his neck.

What was left of his day had many claims upon it. Misery had to be fed often and to be talked to. Everything I tried to teach Jim Crow upstairs he tried to teach his cat downstairs. Then he had to romance a good deal about Misery to the neighboring servants that they might be brought to appreciate all her remarkable qualities as a lucky cat.

Besides all this, he had to exercise that faculty which he had inherited from uncountable ancestors — the faculty of sleep. If his grown-up sister slept with all the stops open, leaning against any largish piece of furniture that came handy, and his mother — I have seen her standing before a chopping-bowl, taking a refreshing nap, with her hand still holding the raised knife. When she awoke the knife descended; operations were resumed. There was no yawning, no rubbing of eyes; she had been asleep, she was now awake, that 's all, and — "What of it?" Oh, nothing, Maria, nothing! I am only saying, now, that if the grown-up women required this refreshment, how much greater was the need of Jim Crow, who was burdened with the additional duty of having to grow a little bit each day, unless he wished to become a freak.




"'AIN'T YOU GOT NO BUTTONS IN ALL DIS BIG STOR'?'" (SEE PAGE 15)

Therefore it was not surprising to find him in the somewhat ridgy embrace of the willow clothes-basket, or lying across the flagged walk, with his head pillowed on the grass-plot, or sitting upon an overturned horse-bucket, with his head against the stable door, and his face lifted up full to God's great search-light, the sun, whose fierce rays brought out no stain of sin, no vestige of vice, upon the black little countenance, innocent, as yet, as any white baby's in the land.

In the winter Jim Crow's favorite place of retirement from carking cares was under the kitchen table, well back against the wall, where his fingers and toes were safe from the far-reaching "tromp" of the African feet about him.

With his head painfully close to the nearly red-hot range, his feet in the direct and icy draft of an outer door, he would sleep happy and comfortable. Indeed, he found himself so comfortable that he often remained there some time after he had awakened, on which occasions he was very apt to interject certain remarks

into such conversation as was going on; and, odd as it may seem, these remarks were rarely received with approbation by his hearers. For instance, a visitor said, one day, to his mother:

"Sis' Jones, w'atever yo' gwine to do wiv dat yere boy o' yourn?"

To which Maria, utterly oblivious of Jim Crow's presence, excitedly replied:

"Yo' ast me dat, Sis' Jackson? Yo' bettah ast me w'at he 's gwine to do wiv me. He 's dat obstrep'rous I 'se clean frustrated wiv him. I 'se made him a subjeck of prayer, I has; yaas, 'm; I 's been down on my old knees, and prayed and prayed —"

Then came an emphatic young voice from under the table, saying:

"Why, Mee-ri er, yo' hain't prayed on yo' knees since befo' I was born!"

However, much as these happenings might amuse us upstairs, they certainly did not endear him to his own people downstairs, and time and again I had to fling the shield of my authority above little Jim Crow's head to save him from the vengeful wrath of his buff and sullen sister. His mother was not to be feared. True, she "barked" loudly and often; but her "bite" was rare and exceeding mild, for you see she was his mother, even though he had never called her so. To him she was Maria, only he had the queerest way of saying it. He pronounced the name in three distinct syllables, drawling each one out, and making an absolute pause between the second and third, something like this: "Mee-ri er."

Poor old brown-black mother! who "never had no time down in Richmon', honey, to teach chilluns to say 'muver,' but was called by 'em jus' plain 'Maria.'"

Of all Jim Crow's long, long busy day, the dearest, sweetest moments were those he spent with the white children of the neighborhood. They were all the children of the rich or well-to-do, and the love and admiration for them that filled his honest little heart was something to wonder at. He would watch so longingly for them to come from school, and as they appeared he would hug himself and stamp and shout with joy. Then he would rush out and turn a somersault before them, after which he would draw back to the sidewalk's edge, put his finger to his mouth, and smile deprecatingly at them. If they laughed, that was enough; he leaped, danced, sang, and wore himself completely out for their amusement.

Sometimes the boys would play a bit with him, when the child's joy was simply boundless. If one of them chanced to get dust or mud on his garment, Jim Crow would fly to the rescue, and with his quick and willing little hands rub away every vestige of soil, and then hug himself and laugh.

It was in December that I noticed a growing dullness or sadness on Jim Crow's part, and at about the same time I observed the absence of the usual noisy afternoon group of youngsters in front of the house. A few days after this, on returning from my drive, I was shocked to see crouched upon my doorstep, shivering like a little homeless cur, my Jim Crow, his woolly head bent down upon his knees, and all his little body shaken and strained by convulsive sobs. I lifted him, and led him, blindly stumbling as he walked, into the extension at the back of the dining-room, that we might be quite alone, and, taking off my cloak and hat, I began to question him.

Was he sick? A shake of his heavily drooping head was his only answer. Had his sister hurt him? Had his mother punished him? Still that vehement shake of the head, and still those dreadful sobs. At last I cried: "It 's Misery! Jim Crow, have you lost Misery?"

This time for answer he impatiently raised one hand and pointed through the window. I turned my head and looked, and there stood Misery on the fence, and her arched back and distended tail told me quite plainly she was well and about to try some new music.

What was I to do? The little fellow had fallen forward on my knee, and his grief was pitiful. For one moment Northern shrinking from the unaccustomed contact held me back, and then the woman's pity for a grieving child conquered. He was but a baby, and I took him in my arms and let him hide his tear-stained, sodden little face upon my breast; and when I coaxed him once again to tell me what was the matter, he raised his poor drowned eyes one moment to my face, and gasped:

"Oh, Miss Cla'h, dey, my little white cuzzens,

won't speak to me any more!" then hid his face again in shame and sorrow. Oh, poor black baby! I had a hysterical desire to laugh at the queer degree of relationship he had claimed with the white children; yet, in spite of that desire, I saw two great tears shining on the woolly head upon my breast, and knew I must have shed them.

Oh, Jim Crow! Poor little man! The gall and wormwood that are ever mixed in black blood had risen that day for the first time to his child's lips, and he had tasted the bitterness thereof! The cruel lash of race had fallen for the first time across his baby shoulders, and the pain was the deeper because children's hands had given the blow!

Hitherto it had been an easy matter to dispel Jim Crow's troubles. A kind word or two, a penny, a promise of a ride around to the stable on the coachman's box — all these had proved successful in the past; while for a whipping, a real, old-fashioned warming, I had found nothing so soothing, so strengthening and sustaining, as a large piece of butter-scotch.

But now, alas! all these offers were rejected. I talked long and earnestly to him, telling him the white children cared for him as much as ever, only it was almost time for Santa Claus to come, and they could think of nothing else just now. "By and by they 'll — " But no; it would not do. One well-dressed little savage had struck Jim Crow aside with rough words, and called him a name which, when applied in anger or contempt, will cut to the very heart of any black man or woman in the world, and rankle there worse than any word of contempt or abuse in the English language — the name "Nigger."

I sat for a little, helpless; then I had a veritable inspiration.

"Jim Crow," I cried, "listen! No, no; it 's not about the children; it 's something else. I want to ask you something. Jim Crow, how big must a boy be to have a pair of long, red-topped boots?"

Like a flash came his answer:

"As big as me!"

At last victory perched on my banner. I had won his attention. At that very moment Misery began the first wailing notes of a duet with a friend in dark gray, who sat in the coal-box next door, and Jim Crow, rubbing his tearful eyes with his knuckles, proudly sighed:

"Mis'sy can yowl the loudest; can't she, Miss Cla'h?"

Needless to say, I agreed with him. I should have done so anyway; but really and truly Misery could out-yowl not only her young friend in gray and the old gentleman in rusty black, — who seemed to have charge of the church across the street, since he came from its basement every week-day in a dusty condition, and washed himself habitually on its lower steps,— but she could and did quite sing down the only basso in the block, a red-haired party, through whose sensitive whiskers many a wintry blast had blown, whose torn and jagged ears and fiercely rounded yellow eyes betrayed more of his real nature than he could have wished.

So you see her master really had some grounds for his pride in Misery. Sometimes I thought he might be right in calling her a lucky cat. She had, you know, but one eye, and yet her power of watchfulness seemed double that of other ladies of her race. Her ability to dodge rapidly moving objects was remarkable, particularly when bodies were torn from their natural orbits, so to speak, and came hurtling through the air. On one occasion, very late at night, she was entertaining a friend on the veranda steps; perhaps she was a trifle noisy about it. At any rate, a third-story neighbor hurled a great common soap-dish at Misery's head; and she, feeling that her friend could see this danger with two eyes as well as she could see it with one eye, said nothing, but calmly leaped aside, and let the dish go whack into the visitor's ribs! Many things were broken that night: a commandment, the soap-dish, a friendship, and three ribs.

I had encouraged Jim Crow to speak as much as he would of Misery's virtues and talents. She had fewer of the first than the last, I fear. The conversation was beginning to lag when that occurred which put an end to it. The duet was interrupted by the swift passing of about three fourths of a large arctic overshoe. Even here Misery showed her superior nerve; for while her friend in the gray suit sprang wildly into an abandoned wash-boiler

for protection, Misery, with truly French aplomb, held her position on the fence-top, spitting at all hands with an energy that bordered on ferocity.

I saw Jim Crow's mind was returning to his trouble, so I hastily brought the boot question forward again. Once more I caught his attention, and we proceeded to discuss most thoroughly the question of dress.

I am afraid I did not understand him as well as usual, for his excited and minute description of what he most admired in clothing left the impression on my mind that he desired greatly a suit composed entirely of buttons.

Our interview finally ended in a double-barreled promise. One barrel was Jim Crow's vow not to make any advance whatever to the white children, but to answer nicely should they speak to him first. In return, I promised to buy on the very next day a suit of clothes for Jim Crow, allowing him to select his own store and his own suit. This being settled, the little fellow slipped from my lap, made me his profound bow, and left the room. In a moment I heard him whizz down the banisters on the way to the kitchen.

Next forenoon I sallied forth, one hand holding a pocket-book, the other leading a little black imp, whose gleaming teeth, flashing eyes, and roguish face caused every one to smile who looked at him; and many turned to look again.

Once he released my hand, and for a moment disappeared behind me; but almost directly he was back, holding my fingers tightly, and dancing along the pavement at my side. It was very shortly after this that I noticed a decided broadening in the smiles we met, and then, yes, the smiles became laughter behind us. What was it? I glanced at my reflection in the windows. My attire seemed all right; nothing coming off, nothing sticking to me. No; it was Jim Crow they were laughing at; but why?

Suddenly I asked him to run ahead a few steps, and then I saw — I saw a great tear in the seat of his tiny trousers, and through this tear there jubilantly waved upon the chilly air a — snow-white flag of truce.

With burning cheeks I shunted Jim Crow into a side street, exclaiming, "Oh, Jim Crow! why did n't your sister mend your trousers before you came out?"

"She did mend 'em wiv a pin, but de pin stick-ed me so, I pulled it out a ways back!" answered my small friend. Then, seeing me still vexed, he added affably:

"It don' hurt now, Miss Cla'h, and de wind ain't col' a bit."

Having sought and found the privacy of some one's hallway, I knelt down and mended the smallest pair of trousers I ever saw with the very biggest safety-pin I ever happened to own. Never mind; the flag of truce was withdrawn from the gaze of a startled people, and Jim Crow's little carcass was not "stick-ed."

So once more we put on a brave front and faced the avenue. I was not very strong in those days, and could not walk far, so I had three several times attempted to enter clothing stores we were passing — big, well-stocked places, too; but, "No, no, no!" Jim Crow cried, dragging me violently away; he wanted to go to the "big glass stor'."

"But," said I, "they do not sell clothes at a glass-store."

"Yes, Miss Cla'h, they does; more clo's than eber you saw dey sells. Oh, please, please! It ain't far now, shur'ly, shur'ly, not far now, Miss Cla'h!"

So wearily I walked on, till at Twenty-third Street, when I was ready to faint from fatigue, he suddenly let go my hand that he might hug himself, and then, pointing across the street to the Grand Opera House, he shouted:

"Dar she is, Miss Cla'h; dar 's de big glass stor'. I guess I git buttons dar!"

Sure enough, the ground floor of the great building was then occupied by a clothing firm, and the marble, the gilding, and the enormous show-windows had won from Jim Crow enthusiastic admiration and the title of the "glass store."

When we went in there were several ladies at different counters examining children's garments, but they soon left their own shopping to assist at Jim Crow's. For he it was gave the orders, and his lordly and pompous manner, taken in conjunction with his infinitesimal size, was really very funny.

One salesman had waited upon him at first, but presently two were busy trying to meet his demands without strangling with laughter. I had fallen into the first seat that presented itself, and having told the clerk that I would be responsible for anything the child selected, I had, as it were, turned Jim Crow loose in the great store; and he was running things to suit himself, while I tried to get a little rest, and offered up a humble prayer that the safety-pin might not belie its name.

But somehow things did not go right. Those two salesmen brought forth clothing enough for a small regiment of boys, but nothing suited Jim Crow. His contemptuous remarks convulsed his hearers, but he paid no heed to bystanders. At last there seemed cause for hope. A little blue suit with a great quantity of white braid and stitching seemed for a moment to please him; but when it was opened out he suddenly swept it aside with his arm, and casting dignity to the winds, he ran to me and buried his disappointed little face in my dress.

"What is it, Jim Crow?" I asked. "Can't you find what you want?"

He shook his head, and then, turning his flashing, tearful eyes upon the salesman, he exclaimed:

"Ain't you got no *buttons* in all dis big stor'?"

Then a third salesman came up, and murmured something to the others about "suit, a model; not successful, too showy," etc., and they nodded their heads and went smilingly away, and presently returned with a small suit in which the cloth seemed to serve simply as a necessary foundation on which to sew brass buttons.

Jim Crow looked, and the next instant, in spite of my restraining touch, he was walking swiftly down the store on his hands to meet them.

He hugged himself, he hugged the clothes, and was desperately determined to put them on then and there. At last I got them away from him long enough to have them and the accompanying cap done up. But no sending of that package home. "No, no, no!" He would carry it. Oh, he must! He must!

As we turned to go one of the salesmen attempted to open the door for me; but with a frowning face Jim Crow swept him aside, and laying his bundle on the floor, he stood on tiptoe and opened the door himself, using both little hands to do it; then, taking off the crown of his hat, he bowed me out, bowed to the ladies, took up his bundle, and danced to my side; and so, amid laughter from the men, and such exclamations from the ladies as "How lovely!" "Oh, what a cunning little fellow!" we made our homeward start.

I think we left an unbroken wake of smiles behind us as we moved. Once, however, Jim Crow found himself stirred to wrath. A great big white boy of about twelve years, I should say, laughed jeeringly at him, and cried loudly:

"Sa-ay, bundle, where yer goin' with that kid?"

Jim Crow stopped stock-still, and literally glared at the boy for a moment, while I felt his hand tremble in mine. Then he resumed his walk at my side in frowning silence.

We were nearly home before he spoke; then, giving a great sigh, he said, looking up brightly into my face:

"I 'se gwine to know dat trash boy when I sees him ag'in, I is." (Here came another and a bigger sigh — one of evident satisfaction.) "Yaas, Miss Cla'h; I 'se gwine to lick dat boy clear into frazzles."

"Why, Jim Crow! What for?" I cried, while my mind's eye saw a picture of a sparrow fighting a turkey-cock.

"What foh?" echoed the mite; then, drawing himself up and throwing back his shoulders, he continued: "What foh? Why, foh 'sultin' me when I 's walkin' wiv a lady."

I had, of course, nothing more to offer, and, as frequently happened during our acquaintance, Jim Crow had the last word.

As I went up the front steps, he hurled himself down the basement way, and before the front door closed upon me, I heard a Comanche-like yell, followed by the oft-repeated word, "Boots! boots! boots!" and knew that my lord and master had added the final drop to Jim Crow's surely overflowing cup of bliss.

Presently he stood shyly before me, finger to lip, but with his happy, dancing eyes watching for the effect his finery would have upon me.

And how pretty the little scamp looked! The suit that had been too showy for a white child became him perfectly. Yes; from long, big man's boots, blue cloth, gold cord, and innumerable buttons, to the cap, worn hind-side before "because it felt just like ole hat thataway," all was charming.

After he had been duly admired, he failed to make his bow and retire, as I had expected him to do. Instead, he lingered shamefacedly. Evidently something was wrong. I noticed, too, that he was trembling. "Too much excitement," thought I. "He will be sick if I am not careful"; so I said to him:

"Jim Crow, you 've had no nap to-day. Had you not better lie down now, and sleep a little?"

"Dar's n't," was his instant answer.

"Dare not?" I cried. "Why, what do you mean?"

He hesitated a moment; then, grasping my skirts with both hands, as he always did when in trouble, he cried almost wildly:

"Dey wants to take 'em off, Miss Cla'h! You won't let 'em, will you, Miss Cla'h? You won't let 'em?"

"But, my dear," I said, "you must take them off sometimes, you know."

His voice rose to a positive shriek: "No; oh, please, please no! If I take 'em off w'ile dey 's new, sister 'll carry 'em off and sell 'em, every one!"

Poor little man! Not five years old, and such sad knowledge gleaned already from the great field of life! I took his hand and led him downstairs, where, in his presence, I requested his mother and sister to leave him in peace, that he might enjoy his outfit in his own way.

His faith in the honor of his family was not of a robust nature, for at eight o'clock he entreated "Mee-ri er" to let him go to bed by his "loneself. No; he was not afeard. No; he did n't wan' no light; he could see from the hall. No, no, no! he did n't want sister to put him to bed." So for the first time he clambered alone up those four long flights of stairs, and put his "loneself" to bed.

At 11 P. M., hearing laughter from the upper rooms, and fearing some one might be teasing the child, I went up. The light had been turned on full, and there, with Misery sleeping by his side, lay Jim Crow. One little hand rested on Misery's neck; the other — ah! but it was sad to see — the other rested close to his throat, where it tightly clutched the fastening of his jacket. Yes, his jacket; for his sister at that moment roughly stripped the bedclothes down. He was in bed completely clothed, literally from top to toe; for not only had he his boots on, but, having absolutely no faith in his family, he had for further safety tied his cap on with a piece of twine.

'T was well I was there when the undressing took place, for I really believe the child would have had a fit, so great were his passion and his terror. I finally calmed him down by placing every article, boots and all, under his pillow, he smilingly declaring: "De humps dey cause make me feel good, 'case I know den dey is dar."

I had been mildly reproved by one of my family for giving so lavishly to Jim Crow when Christmas was so near, and asked why I did not wait till then? As far as giving a reason went, I had no reason to give; only that "something" that so often says to me "Do!" or "Do not do!" and which I have so often and so recklessly ignored to my sorrow, had this time been listened to, and to this day I am grateful to that "something" because it kept murmuring to me, "If you are going to do anything for Jim Crow, perhaps you had better do it now. Why wait?"

I would not wait; I would do it *now!* And I pat my own back (as far as I can reach) in self-approval that, in spite of common sense and excellent reasons, I obeyed "something."

Gross neglect of duty on the part of the sullen buff sister had often been overlooked for Jim Crow's sake, and she presumed on that to add impertinence to her score; but one day too much liquor and a narrowly averted conflagration caused the dismissal of them all. The head of the house, having in alarmed anger given this order, left the city for the night on business, or things might have ended differently.

So when darkness came there issued from the basement door the red-brown brother carrying bundles; he was followed by the buff bane of the family, the sulky sister, carrying more

bundles; and following her was Maria, the mother, weary, angry, and full of foreboding for their future; she carried yet another bundle.

But Jim Crow never moved a step. He stood in the center of the room, clutching firmly the edge of the large table. His lips were tightly pressed together, and his eyes were dull and heavy.

Maria called loudly for him to "come along yere!"

He never moved. She came back, and, looking through the window, motioned for him to come. He never moved. Then the angry woman tossed her bundle to one of the others, and rushed back. As she entered, the little fellow lifted frightened eyes, and said in deprecating tones:

"Let 's wait, Mee-ri er; per'aps de boss may cum' right in now, an' tell me I can't go!"

"He 's tol' us all to go!" snapped Maria.

"Not me!" said Jim Crow. "I 's always stood by de boss, an' now he 's gwine to stan' by me. I guess I know! Oh, Mee-ri er, Mee-ri er! don'— don'!"

Two sharp, quick, agonized cries broke from his grayish lips as Maria forced his little hands from their hold upon the table; then she gathered him up in her fierce, strong arms, and so went out of the basement door, with this —their last bundle.

Those two piercing, all-abandoning cries had reached even to the floor above.

"What 's that?" I cried, and running to the parlor window, I caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure with a child over its shoulder. As they moved from me, for one chill moment the light fell full upon two straining, upraised eyes, and two piteous, pale little palms held vainly out to those five stories of stony silence; and then a great wave of inky darkness swept over them, and carried from me and mine, far out on the briny, bitter ocean of life, my little Jim Crow.

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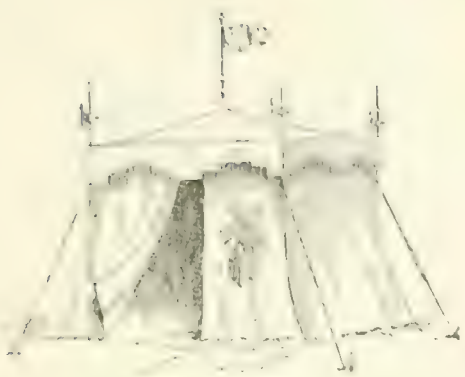
## YE CHRISTMASSE PUDDINGE.

By Malcolm Douglas.

YE Christmasse Puddinge, smokinge hotte,
Oh, 't is a goodlie sighte!
Eatte heartilie, an' ye may ryde
A bonnie steede to-nighte —
Ye steede bye folkes yclept Nightemare,
That roams until ye lighte.

# FOOTBALL OF LONG AGO.

By Klyda Richardson Steege.



TENT OF TAMBUR.

It would be a strange sight to us if, in passing through Central Park, we should come to a statue inscribed:

To Henry Brown,
Champion of the Football Field,

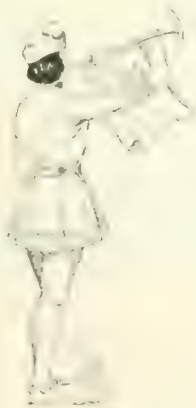
or farther on to another with the words:

To Arthur Murray,
The greatest baseball-pitcher of his day.

Yet there were once people who thought that men who made themselves famous in the national games deserved much honor, and who actually did raise a statue to a football-player.



PALLAIO.



TRUMPETER.

His name was Aristonico Caristo, and he lived several thousand years ago, in the most beautiful city in the world, Athens.

Athens, as you know, was a city adorned with wonderful sculpture, full of men and women learned in art and great in literature; and students of Greek history believe that the wisest of the Athenians knew a great deal more about many things than we shall ever know, though of course they were not so well informed upon some topics as are men



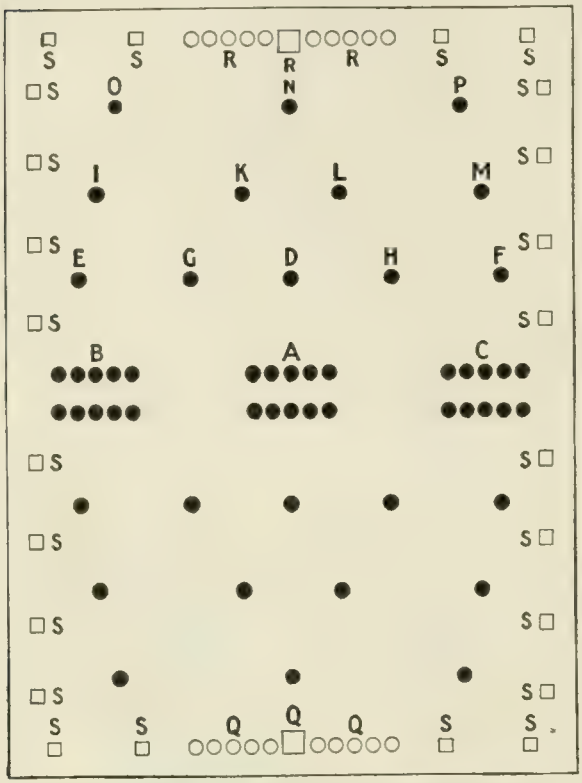
ALFIERE, OR STANDARD-BEARER



DRUMMER.

of the present day. But in addition to being learned and wise they were also a very strong and brave people, and, to fit themselves for warfare whenever they should be called upon, they kept their bodies in a perfect condition of health and their muscles continually trained by constant exercise in games and athletic contests. Every year they held the famous Olympian games, when all the young men of Greece contested for prizes, and when the winner of the race, or the victor in the wrestling-match, was rewarded with a crown of laurel or olive, and was accounted a great personage.

Because the Greeks kept their bodies so strong and well developed, they were a beautiful race, and, having the skill to reproduce this beauty, they have left in their sculpture models which we still study for their perfection of form and line. Even now we can pay no higher compliment than to say one resembles a Greek of the old days, a Greek who lived in what we call their golden age.




PLAN AND ARRANGEMENT OF THE TWO SIDES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE GAME.

A. Center Runners.
B. Runners near the wall.
C. Runners near the ditch.
D. Center Fronts.
E. Front near the wall.
F. Front near the ditch.
G. Center Fronts.
H. Center Fronts.
I. Half-back near the wall.
K. Center Half-backs.
L. Center Half-backs.
M. Half-back near the ditch.
N. Center back.
O. Back near the wall.
P. Back near the ditch.
Q. Tent. Alfieri, Trumpeters, etc.
R. Tent. Alfieri, Trumpeters, etc.
S. Halberdiers.

Nowadays one hears a great deal of talk about the waste of time spent in athletics, and many sensible people disapprove of intercollegiate contests and ball-games. Of course there is reason in their objections, for every good thing may be abused, and no doubt boys and young men often make athletics an excuse for neglecting their studies, or for spending a great deal of money and time in a perfectly useless way. But then, that is only one side of the question, and on the other hand we all know how little good work we can do with our brains if our bodies are feeble and our eyes and minds tired with constant reading and studying and bending our backs over desks. Whatever our occupation in life may be, we all need amusement and exercise, and not to take enough time for it is quite as bad as taking too much.

All the old nations knew the importance of physical development. The Persians, the Macedonians, and the Spartans were always trained and ready to use their strength for their country's need. Of these latter people, when they were under the stern discipline of Lycurgus, an old writer says that their youths were so accustomed to severe bodily exercise that when there were no other walls of defense, the breasts of her citizens formed her protection.

Among the sports of these nations who passed away so many centuries ago were always various kinds of ball-games; and the Athenian whom his fellow-citizens considered worthy of a statue was honored for his excellence in the game called *pheninda*. This was the original form of football; and from those early days until now it has been played by one set of people after another, until it has reached the present form. The Lacedæmonians used to have it, and a book was even written about it by a man called Timocrates. Homer sings of it as the game the heroes played, and several other Greek poets and authors mention it. In remoter times they played with a ball made of leather and blown up with air, and the players were divided into two parties, who each endeavored to send the ball over their opponent's goal at the opposite end of the field. Though first called pheninda, later it was *episcyrus*, and still later, when it had been for some time known among the Romans, *harpastum*. There is extant an account taken from a book by a Greek named Julius Pollux, in the year 177 A. D., and dedicated to the

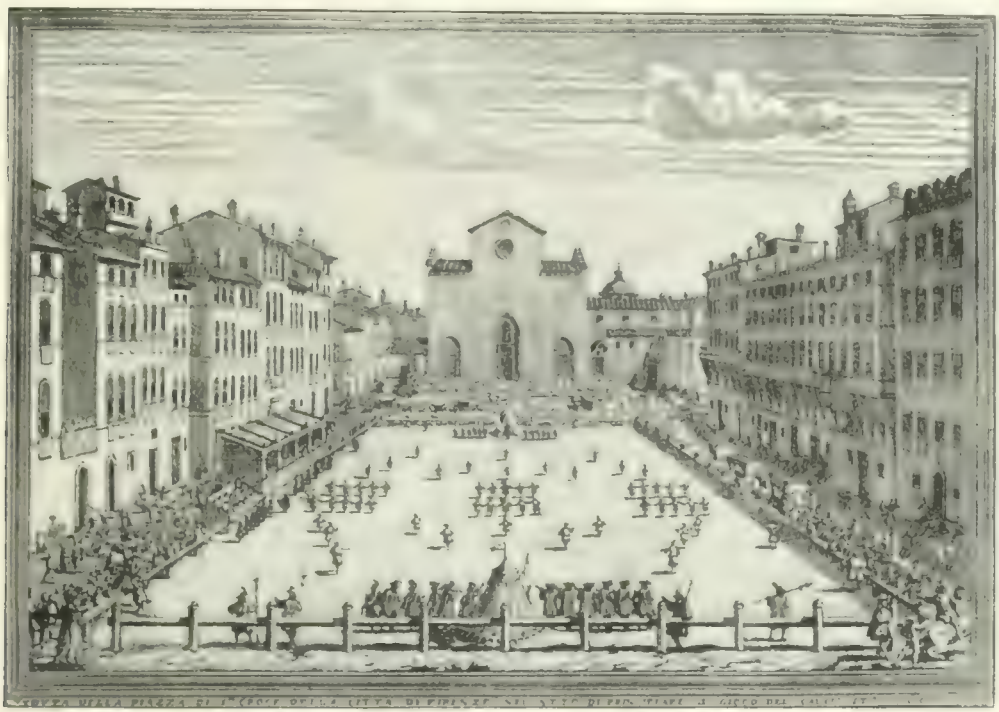
Emperor Commodus, of the game as played at that time; and apparently it has changed very little since.

As the Romans planted one colony after another, they brought with them their amusements, as well as their arts and sciences; and so, in their settlement of Florentia — our modern Florence — they established the game of harpastum. Perhaps other cities knew it, too, but for some unexplained reason this one town came to consider the game as especially belonging to itself, and there is no account of its being played elsewhere. The Florentines called it *cálcio*, a word meaning a kick, and it formed one of the principal entertainments of the people.

Until the early part of the eighteenth century it was played constantly during the winter, especially in carnival time; and no festival in honor of a coronation, grand wedding, or entrance into the city of any distinguished stranger was complete without its game of calcio. Nearly all the Florentine historians and chroniclers mention it; and to give an idea of what importance they attached to the game, one should read what a sixteenth-century writer says of its many advantages:

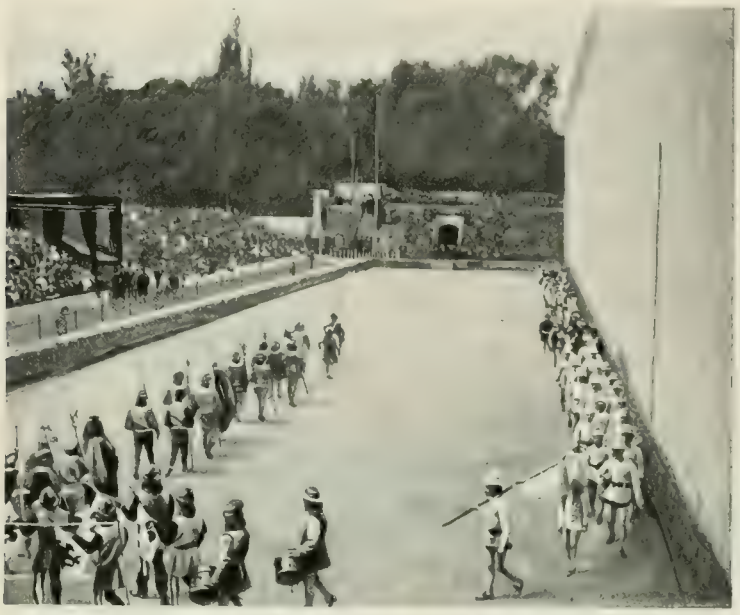
> All exercises and all arts of the gymnasium are combined in the game of calcio, which exercises every muscle and all parts of the body. It makes the body healthy, dexterous, and robust, and the mind alert and strong and eager for virtuous victory.

This year, 1898, has been a memorable one in Florence, for it is the four hundredth anniversary of important historical events, as well as commemorative of men such as Toscanelli, Amerigo Vespucci, and Savonarola, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century. It was planned to have a grand festival in April, and to revive a number of the medieval spectacles. But it rained nearly all the festival days, and so a great part of the program could not be thoroughly carried out. Then there was a time of revolution and riot all over Italy, when Florence was under military rule, and no public gathering was permitted. Consequently the celebration on which so much thought had been spent, and of which so much was expected, did not altogether come up to its



ideal. But one feature of it was entirely a success, and that was the game of calcio.

In former times, the square or piazza, in front of the Church of Santa Croce was generally the scene of the calcio, as well as of other public games or spectacles. It is very much in the same condition now as it was five hundred years ago, and the beautiful church, which was begun in 1297, still stands, unharmed by the passing centuries. At one side of the piazza, a marble tablet in an old palace wall marks half its length, and where this tablet is was the spot against which the ball was thrown at the beginning of the calcio.



THE PROCESSION BEFORE THE GAME.

It is one hundred and sixty years since the last calcio took place in Florence, and this year it could not be played on its old ground; for now there is a huge statue of Dante in the center of the piazza, and it is too big to move. Instead, then, of having the ancient palaces and church walls as a background, the game was played in an inclosure of the park by the river. The fifteenth-century costumes and the bright dresses of the spectators were seen to the best advantage against the fresh spring green of the trees, and the players had soft earth under their feet, instead of the hard stones of the city square.

They held the rehearsals for the calcio in the great cloisters of another old church, Santa Maria Novella, where the monks used to walk and meditate, and where to-day soldiers drill. These young men of various nationalities shouted as they rushed about with as much freedom as though on a college campus. The faded frescos of saints and martyrs looked down on them, and occasionally the ball would strike a saint in the eye, or fly against another's halo. The soldiers were always passing in and out, and a few younger brothers looked on admiringly.

But the rehearsals were nothing to the game itself, when everything possible was done to make it like the original calcio. There were trumpeters with the old Tuscan trumpets, halberdiers carrying halberds and wearing real armor belonging to the fifteenth century, the standard-bearers with their silk banners, the players in their costumes of white satin with blue, and white satin with red, and their long hair falling down on their shoulders. The sun shone fitfully that afternoon, and an occasional shower came down; but no one was tempted to leave until all was finished, and the victory gained by the wearers of the red. Even the King and Queen, who were present, were undisturbed by the rain, and made no objections when, by a misdirected kick, the ball shot suddenly into the improvised royal box.

The prettiest sight of all was the procession which, according to ancient custom, preceded the game. The trumpets blew, and there marched into the inclosure the quaintly dressed company, who made a circuit of the field. Following the prescribed order, came first the

trumpeters, then the drummers, halberdiers in between the various groups, then certain of the players, two by two. These last were supposed to imitate the effect of squares on a chess-board, and to that end the first couple was composed of a man from either side, each in his respective color, while the second couple reversed the colors, the third again was like the first, and so on. After these came the standard-bearers, one for each side, more drums, other players, one of whom carried the ball, and finally musicians. There were one hundred and three persons in the procession, and the effect was very striking. The trumpets sounded when the game began, and whenever there was a victory to be recorded for one side or the other. It was all very interesting and picturesque, and it did not require much imagination to put one's self back in the old days when Lorenzo the Magnificent controlled the city, and the Florentines were great and rich and prosperous.

On the night of the day following the calcio there was a magnificent costume ball given in the Palazzo Vecchio — the Old Palace. Here once more the calcio-players assembled, and, as on the field, made a circuit of the great hall. Among the brilliant throng of knights and soldiers, heroes and heroines of old stories and poems, none attracted more attention than the calcio-players, nor more faithfully copied the men of 1498, the year which Florence was commemorating.

As a calcio club has been formed, we may have other opportunities of seeing the old costumes and customs revived, and thus have a permanent commemoration of this year's centenary.

In former times the Florentines would have thought the dresses which were worn this year much too poor and plain, for the rules insisted on suits of velvet, satin, or cloth of gold, and what was equal to several hundreds of dollars was spent on a single game. The costumes consisted of a jacket, tight-fitting trousers, and stockings made in one piece, thin shoes, and caps, and were frequently trimmed wherever possible with gold and silver lace, buckles, embroidery, feathers, and all sorts of rich and costly ornaments. As the rules say:

> The dresses of the players must be as light and convenient as possible, because the less impediment they offer, the more easily can the men move, and the more agile will be their limbs. But especially should each one endeavor to have his clothes beautiful and gay, and to see that they are well trimmed and becoming to him, remembering that there will be present to see him the most charming ladies and the most noble gentlemen of the city, and whoever, therefore, appears badly dressed makes of himself an ugly sight.

There were two kinds of calcio. One was the ordinary game, which was played at any time from January to the end of carnival, when there was not the same necessity for rich dress, and the players were expected only to wear different colors, distinguishing one side from the other. This was a somewhat impromptu game, and might be played whenever there were gathered enough nobles and gentlemen in an



appropriate place. Then two captains were selected, and those who wished to play having arranged themselves in a circle in the center of the field, each captain chose the men he wanted, and the game went on to its finish.

But when the calcio was played in costume, the would-be players assembled first at the house of one of the principal nobles of the city, and the best men were carefully selected. The day would be fixed, and a notice published of it. Then they named two of the best-known and important young men as *alfieri*, or standard-bearers, and on the appointed day each of these would invite all the men on his side to a feast. After this they started for the field, the standard-bearers and trumpeters first, and when all the players were assembled, they cast lots for places, and entered the field in order.



CALCIO-PLAYERS READY TO ENTER THE FIELD.

As to the game itself, it was really rather complicated, and to go into all its details might prove tiresome, but these were its main points:

"None but gentlemen, honored soldiers, or nobles might take part in the calcio; no artisans, servants, infamous or common persons, were permitted"; and the ages of those who played were supposed to range between eighteen and forty-five years. The general number of persons on a side was twenty-seven, making fifty-four in all, though this number might be more or less. The calcio was to be played in a large square, or piazza, where there should be room for ladies to see comfortably, and place for the general public. Around the square was erected a barrier or railing about one hundred and ten yards in length, fifty-four yards in width, and in height one yard. When, at the sound of the trumpets, the game was ordered to begin, all servants and persons who had no right there were sent off the field, and could not come nearer than behind this railing.

At each end of the field was a goal over which the ball was to be kicked, and there was also erected a tent or pavilion for each side. These were decorated with the respective colors of the two sides, and here were stationed the musicians, halberdiers, captains, and so on. The judges, of whom there were six, three for each side,— men who had been famous players,—

sat in a high place, where they could overlook all the field. Their decision was absolute, and a difference of views was settled by a majority of votes. The judges also took charge of the banners, and consigned them to the soldiers of the Grand Duke, when they were stationed each in front of its proper pavilion.

The twenty-seven players were to be divided as follows:

Fifteen *Innanzi*, or runners, who are placed in the front, and divided into three equal groups.

Five *Sconciatori*, who try to impede the opposite innanzi as they run with the ball. They may be called the fronts.

Four *Datori innanzi*, or half-backs.

Three *Datori addietro*, or backs.

This arrangement of the three rows of the calcio was supposed to resemble the order of battle in the Roman army, the last row being most widely extended of all. The innanzi took the place of spearmen, and the sconciatori represented the elephants in ancient warfare, or, later, the artillery.

When the players had taken their places, as shown in the accompanying plan, the *pallaio* (so called because he carried the *palla*, or ball), dressed in a costume made in the colors of the two sides, threw the ball against the marble tablet in the wall. In very ancient times the ball was placed in the center of the field, as now in football.

As the ball bounced back among the players, the innanzi ran to kick it and push it toward the goal.

The game was won by the side who made the greatest number of goals, called *cáccia*. It was considered equal to a caccia for one side when the other made two faults, or *falli*. A fallo was made when the ball, being thrown or hit with the open hand, bounced higher than the ordinary height of a man. It also constituted a fallo when the ball fell outside the goal, beyond the ditch on one side.



THE ROYAL BOX.—THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY WATCHING THE GAME OF CALCIO DURING THE FESTIVAL OF 1898 IN FLORENCE.

Whenever a goal or a fault was made, the players changed sides, and the victorious ones carried their banners high and marched around to the pavilion at the opposite end. The conquered party, on the other hand, was obliged to lower its banner. Sometimes this regulation caused trouble, as the young Florentines did not like to own themselves beaten, and would occasionally refuse to lower their flag. Then their opponents would rush to compel them to it, and frequently in such a scrimmage the banners would be torn and the players injured. This, however, was considered extremely undignified and entirely contrary to all rules.



THE GAME IN FULL SWING ON A RAINY DAY

The regulations as to politeness and dignity were strict, and the old book of rules drawn up in the sixteenth century has a long chapter on the general conduct of players, and speaks with praise of young men who will not allow "anger, envy, or any other passion" to make them rough or inclined to retaliate fiercely if they are injured by mistake; and the subject is thus concluded:

> This principally is demanded in the calcio: for without such harmony it would not be an amiable rivalry of gentlemen, but an angry fight of mad beasts; and whoever makes it otherwise than this should remain dishonored by all noble persons of the city.

The game ended when the clocks sounded twenty-four, which in old Italian reckoning was about sunset, and the signal to stop was given by the explosion of two *masti*, or mortars. The banners were then given to the alfiere of the victorious side, unless there happened to be a tie, when each alfiere received again his banner.

There are a great many entertaining accounts given of the calcio as it used to be played. In the time of Lorenzo de' Medici there were several songs written about it, and nearly all the writers of that period and later mention it. Of all the notable games, perhaps none was more brilliant than one played in 1584, as portion of the "Pomp and of the Fêtes made on the coming to the City of Florence of His Serene Highness Don Vincenzo Gonzaga, Prince of Mantua and of Monferrato, for his consort, Her Serene Highness, Donna Leonora, daughter of the Prince of Tuscany."

On this occasion there were many noblemen among the players. One part were dressed in yellow, the jackets being of satin, and the close-fitting trousers, or tights, of cloth of gold, the whole suit striped with silver. Their caps were of yellow velvet, ornamented with ostrich-plumes, gold medals, and pearls. Those of the red were dressed in similar fashion, except for the difference in color and the ornamentation of their costumes, which was of gold instead of silver. The pallaio of this party (for there was at this time a pallaio for each side) wore red satin, and the ball which he carried was of red and yellow. After him followed four trumpeters in red cloth, and two drummers similarly dressed. Then two Germans, playing flutes. After these came the pallaio of the other side, in a costume of yellow, followed by the same order of trumpets, drums, and flutes.

The standard-bearers (alfieri) came on the field dressed like the others, excepting their hose, which were more richly trimmed, and entirely covered, the red with gold, and the yellow with silver embroidery. There were also pages in the respective colors of the two parties. On the morning before the game each alfiere had given a sumptuous lunch to his party, when they had had the most delicate food and a plenteous supply of the finest sweetmeats.

The banners were of thin silk, and to each banner there were six Germans, dressed in the German fashion, and in red or yellow, according to the side to which they belonged. The other gentlemen who were to take part in the game wore costumes as above mentioned. The master of the calcio, elected by the Grand Duke, bore all the expenses, and prepared the confections and wines. But the alfieri paid for their own costumes, and for the feast they gave to the players. The masters were dressed somewhat differently from the others, their doublets or jackets being made of lace, red or yellow, with gold or silver underneath showing through.

All the gentlemen having arrived, they made a circuit of the piazza, and after the ball was thrown the game began. At first the yellow gained; but at the end the red had the advantage, and conquered. Each caccia was followed by shots of cannon, and after the second caccia the players all stood together while a song in praise of the game was sung.

Then, to refresh those who had need of it, there were brought fifty-two great silver bowls, all full of the finest confections, and an immense number of flasks of the choicest wines. These were carried into the piazza by sixty-two young girls, three of whom, dressed in costumes like the players, acted as stewards, one of them waiting on the judges, the other two on the players. The covering of the flasks was all of red and gold.

When they had eaten and drunk all that they wanted, they began to throw the confections among the people surrounding them until all were scattered. Then, beginning the game again, they continued until dark night. The piazza where they played was surrounded by platforms like theater galleries, and yet there was not place for half the people. The houses were all full, and even the roofs were crowded; and it is believed that altogether more than forty thousand persons were present.

Six thousand scudi, about six thousand dollars, were spent on this calcio.

Among other games which are mentioned particularly was one played during the siege of Florence, on February 17, 1529, by the same class of men, the soldiers, and others who had been engaged in the defense of the city. To show their defiance of the enemy, they stationed musicians on the roof of Santa Croce Church. The besiegers fired volleys from the hills just outside the town, but fortunately no one was injured. The young men probably finished their game, and then went out to return the shooting with fresh vigor. This calcio was given as a sort of challenge to the enemy, and to let them know that the Florentines had so little fear of them that they had even time for amusements.

The last calcio before this one of 1898 was played on January 19, 1738, when the Grand Duke Francis II. of Lorraine and the Archduchess Maria arrived in Florence. And since that time the game has fallen entirely into disuse and been almost forgotten. It would be interesting if this year's revival of it should once more bring it into favor.

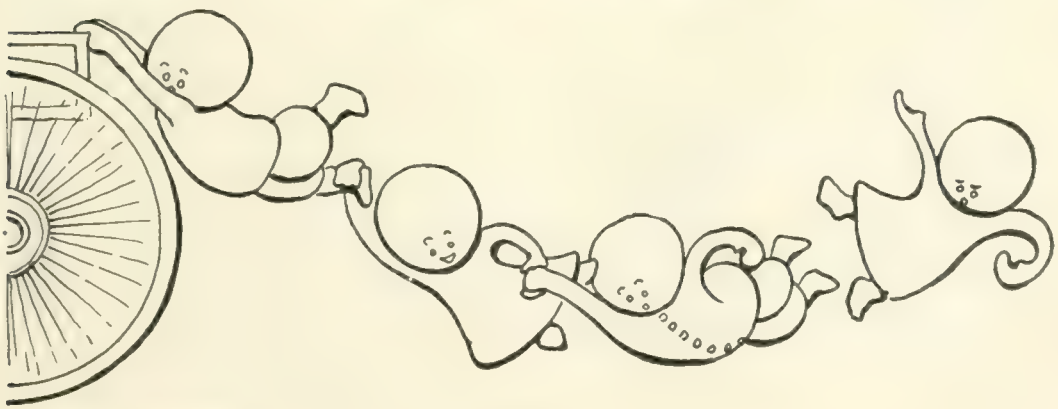






# CAUTION

The Goops they are too soft to hurt
When they 're run over in the dirt.
But you have little bones that break,
And little arms and legs to ache;
So I shall listen for your screams
If you catch on behind the teams!



# BOOKS AND READING FOR YOUNG FOLK.

On Christmas eve or Christmas day it is not an uncommon custom, in some families, to read aloud Dickens's "Christmas Carol"; and in many ways the custom is a good one. But an American might also do honor to a writer of our own land by reading Washington Irving's delightful essays on Christmas, in the "Sketch Book." Nowhere else can be found a more delightful account of the old traditions of the day; even Dickens does not leave the reader in a more wholesome state of mind for the holiday season:

> "Those who at Christmas do repine
> And would fain hence despatch him,
> May they with old Duke Humphrey dine,
> Or else may Squire Ketch catch 'em."

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"Forlorn hope" is a name often given to a small body of men making an attack under desperate circumstances. It is a curious name, and, strangely enough, possibly has nothing to do with either "forlorn," as the word is commonly used, or with the usual sense of "hope." An author speaks of it as an opposite to "rearelorn hope," in a book published in 1600; and in 1849 the phrase was explained as meaning "forward head"— forlorn being equivalent to forward, and hope to *haupt*, or head. The phrase therefore meant "leading body" of soldiers — the van. The most recent dictionaries say that forlorn here means *verloren*, or lost, in German; but the older explanation is quite as probable. At all events, the question is worth looking into some day when you are in a library and can examine good authorities.

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The real names of certain learned and celebrated men are often little known. Thus, the older Balzac's real name was Guez (a beggar); Erasmus was really Gerhard; Melanchthon is a translation of Schwarzerd; Metastasio's proper name was Trapassi. Voltaire and Plato and John Paul Jones, all were changed names. Diocletian, the Roman emperor, was once Diocles. Lewis Carroll is a well-known pseudonym; Peter Parley was used by several writers as a pen-name; and Mark Twain is more widely known by that name than by his own. Tamerlane and Masaniello are two proper names connected with an interesting history. Tintoretto and Domenichino are nicknames. Many of the Italian artists bear fanciful names by which alone they are popularly known. Who can give other instances of celebrated men best known by assumed names?

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In "How to Form a Library," by H. E. Wheatley, the author says:

> The children for whom Miss Kate Greenaway and Mr. Caldecott draw and Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Ewing write are indeed fortunate; but we must not forget that Charles and Mary Lamb wrote delightful books for the young, that Miss Edgeworth's stories are ever fresh, and that one of the most charming children's stories ever written is Mrs. Sherwood's "Little Woodman."

Does any boy or girl now read this book? Will some St. Nicholas reader volunteer to tell us about it?

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When Henry M. Stanley set out to cross Africa, he started, he says, with one hundred and eighty pounds of books; but as his men were "stricken by famine, fighting, and sickness," the books were gradually abandoned until only five were left. Two of these were an almanac and a book on navigation, kept for their practical value, and the remaining three were the Bible, Shakspere's works, and Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." He said, "Poor Shakspere was afterward burned by demand of the foolish people of Zinga. At Bonea, Carlyle and Norie and nautical almanac were pitched away, and I had only the old Bible left."

Here was a practical test of the relative value of the greatest books to a man of action!

It is often interesting to make a list of the few best books, say a dozen, that you would choose if you were going to a desert island for the rest of your life, and could never have others.

You will be surprised to see what books are chosen by different persons. Try to make out a list for yourself, and compare lists with other readers of about your own age.

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A writer in an old number of "Notes and Queries" says that Peter James Martelli, a native of Bologna, composed a little play for wooden puppets. It was called "The Sneezing of Hercules," and told how the demigod once wandered into the land of the pygmies. Taking him for a moving mountain, the tiny people hid in holes and caverns. Hercules fell asleep, and was attacked by hundreds of the little creatures, armed with rushes. One of them having poked the great giant's nose, Hercules sneezed, and the little fellows fled in dismay.

There is something in this scene not unlike the first appearance of Gulliver in Lilliput Land.

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Dean Swift wrote on the fly-leaf of a book of travels:

> If this book were stript of its impertinence, conceitedness, and tedious digressions, it would be almost worth reading, and would then be two thirds smaller than it is.
> 1720. J. SWIFT.

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"A little bird told me" is a humorous excuse for not telling the source of one's information. Very likely it may have been suggested by a verse in the book of the Bible called Ecclesiastes (x. 20):

> A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.

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Pliny says that Cicero once saw the Iliad of Homer written so minutely that it could be contained in a nutshell. Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," tells that a learned man named Huet once proved that this was possible. He showed that a piece of vellum 10 inches long and 8 broad would admit of 30 verses being written across, and 250 such lines would go upon each side, making 7500 verses (or *lines* of the poem) on the front and the same on the back of the vellum — thus giving room for the 15,000 lines of Homer's poem.

Dr. Brewer, author of "The Reader's Handbook," also discusses this question of the nutshell Homer and tells how an engraver far excelled any penman's achievement in compressing letters within a small space.

Photography has recently compressed the whole English Bible into as small a space; and this miniature work may be bought for less than a dollar! Of course it can be read only with a magnifying-glass. No doubt many boys and girls have seen one of these tiny Bibles in a bookstore.

It has been suggested that a whole encyclopedia could, by a similar process, be made into a vest-pocket volume.

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WHEN a boy or a girl finds a good bit of reading, what is more natural than to seek a friend to share the pleasure of the discovery? The conductors of this department will be very glad if its readers will share any nuggets unearthed from the Klondike of Literature by forwarding them so that they may be shown to the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls. But the show-window is not so very large, and the nugget must be valuable or bright or odd enough to be worth the space. If your nugget seems a treasure to you, the conductors will be glad to make an assay of it, and to show the quality of the gold to the appreciative eyes of our readers.

Please send with any extracts from books or periodicals a reference to the source of the quotation, in order that it may be carefully verified, and proper credit given where due.

# CURRENT EVENTS.

## VESUVIUS.

AFTER sixteen years of quiet, Mount Vesuvius has again been in eruption. This volcano is probably the most noted of the three hundred or more known to our geographers.

The mountain is about twenty-five miles around at its base, and three quarters of a mile high. There is at the top a great crater, which is two thousand feet across and five hundred feet deep. But at every eruption other craters are formed around the great opening, and during the recent outbreak eight new craters spouted hot lava, flame, smoke, and steam.

The eruptions of a volcano often are preceded by earthquakes. Thus, in 1857, repeated earthquake shocks were felt at intervals in the country around Naples. Several towns were destroyed, and thousands of people perished. But the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1858 afforded an escape for the confined gases, and doubtless prevented the destruction of Naples.

A volcano four hundred feet high was formed on the west coast of Italy in two days, and was named "Monte Nuova," meaning "New Mountain." The earth round about it was elevated so that what had been the bottom of the bay was raised far above the water-level, and the fish suddenly lay gasping on the land.

An active volcano may have slight, nearly harmless, eruptions every few years, and then suddenly burst forth and lay waste the surrounding country; or a volcano which is considered extinct may again become active. Mount Vesuvius is always in a more or less eruptive state; but notwithstanding the danger, a railroad from its base nearly to its top enables the curious to ride up to the great crater.

## THE PHILIPPINES.

THIS archipelago, which was discovered by Magellan in 1521, and named the "Philippines" by the Spanish in honor of King Philip II., is made up of over twelve hundred islands, and forms a division between the China Sea and the Pacific Ocean. The nine largest islands are Luzon, Mindanao, Samar, Panay, Mindoro, Leyte, Negros, Cebú, and Bohol.

It is on Luzon that the city of Manila stands—a large city, with a population of about two hundred thousand. The total number of inhabitants on all the islands is about eight millions. These people, with the exception of a few thousands, are Malay Indians, who are divided into two tribes, the Tagals and the Visayans. Although uneducated, the people are not savage, but devote themselves to farming, fishing, and simple manufacturing. The great forests contain ebony, cedar, and rare tropical woods; the fruit-trees offer oranges, tamarinds, mangos, and cocoanuts; and in the farms and gardens are abundant rice, hemp, tobacco, coffee, bananas, vanilla, indigo, pineapples, and ginger. The mineral wealth of the Philippines includes gold, copper, iron, coal, and quicksilver, and the surrounding sea holds amber, coral, and mother-of-pearl. But commerce is held back by the lack of facilities to use these treasures. The industries are carried on as they were two hundred years ago.

In Manila, during the summer no one ventures out of doors between 8 A. M. and 4 P. M. The whole town rises at four in the morning, and attends to its business and household duties before eight o'clock. The children go to school during these early hours, and the civil and military offices are open. Then, as the heat becomes intense, every one goes into his house and stays there until sunset. The evening, often breezy and cool, is devoted to visiting, sight-seeing, or promenading. Manila is certainly not a beautiful city; not a dozen attractive buildings have been erected there in as many years.

The houses are old two-story affairs, with board shutters. In the center of each house is an open-air court, called the *patio*. All the rooms open on this court, which is adorned with palms and vines, and is used as a family sitting-room and dining-room. Instead of panes of glass, semi-transparent oyster-shells are used in the windows, in order to temper the fierce rays of the sun.

The Manilans are like Spaniards, but the average Philippine Islander is a peaceful sort of creature, who would welcome good government and education.

*C. W.*

# THE LETTER-BOX.

In answer to many inquirers, the editor is glad to announce that during the coming year, Mr. Rupert Hughes will continue his amusing account of "The Lake-rim Athletic Club." The famous "Dozen" will soon greet again their many friends among ST. NICHOLAS readers.

## RIDDLE.

I HAVE two legs, but cannot stand alone;
Two arms, and they have neither flesh nor bone;
A chest expansive, neck and shoulders fine;
A back that 's broad enough, yet has no spine;
A body without head, or hands, or feet;
Still, this creation you will find complete.

I travel far and wide, but understand
That I was born in Oriental land;
There was I christened, and my foreign name
Gives me my prestige and my lasting fame.

F. B. GRISWOLD.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine for over twenty years — long before I was born; but ever since I have been able to read, I have enjoyed it and looked forward to it every month.

I have just returned from a most interesting trip, and I would like to tell you about it. A party of us started last Friday morning for Mill Valley, a small country-place, from which the Mount Tamalpais scenic railway runs. It was a beautiful morning, but quite foggy toward the ocean. However, we had a beautiful view of San Francisco Bay and vicinity. On reaching the summit, the little tavern looked so inviting that we decided to remain all night. By five o'clock the fog had lifted entirely, and the view was magnificent. As soon as it was dark, we all stood on the porch of the tavern and looked at the wonderful sight before us. The city of San Francisco, lit up with thousands of lights, was like a huge cluster of diamonds; and the many smaller towns around it added greatly to the brilliancy of the scene. The night was beautifully clear, and we could see many miles out at sea the revolving light on the Farallone Islands. We came down the mountain early the next morning, and took a conveyance for Point Bonita Lighthouse. The light is situated on a low bluff overlooking the Pacific just outside the Golden Gate. It is a second-order light, but, nevertheless, a very fine one. It is also a stationary light, and can be seen seventeen miles out at sea. The following day we went out to our ranch, which is called Point Reyes Rancho, and is 76,000 acres in extent. A large portion of it lies along the Pacific, and on the extreme northern point is Point Reyes Lighthouse, the largest lighthouse in the world. We started at five in the morning, and reached the lighthouse by 10:30. You have to walk seven hundred steps down the cliff to the lighthouse. It is a first-order light, having five wicks, the Point Bonita light having three. It is a revolving light, and can be seen twenty-three miles at sea. Around the light is a revolving cover of cut glass, which catches the rays of the light and throws them far out to sea. Coming up, the steps made fourteen hundred altogether, and we have felt lame ever since. It was a most interesting trip.

With many wishes for the prosperity of ST. NICHOLAS for many years to come, I remain your devoted reader,

EDNA SHAFTER ORR.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We stayed here last summer on a branch of the Piscataqua, two miles out of town. It was the third summer that we had been here. The day we got down here the "St. Louis" came in with about four hundred Spanish prisoners on board. A little later the "Harvard" come in with some more. I have seen them several times on my way to the shoals, and some of the times they were washing their clothes in the salt water. My father and mother saw them having a mock bull-fight one day. I went out to-day in a small sloop to see the English ocean liner "City of Rome," which came to take the Spaniards home. We saw Admiral Cervera on board, who took off his hat to us and smiled. A great many blankets were loaded on board for the Spanish prisoners. They have gone at last, and their stockade is empty.

I liked your story "Two Biddicut Boys," and hope you will have another like it soon.

Your affectionate reader, S. A. SARGENT, JR.

KITTERY POINT, MAINE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in your account of "Weather-vanes," and where I am staying this summer — Kittery Point, Maine — there are quite a good many kinds. I saw one with three little soldiers on a stick, waving their arms with the wind. It had a little wheel on the end which also whirled in the wind. Then I saw a pole with four little sail-boats with their sails set, and their bows all pointing the same way, and revolving around the pole.

I was very fond of windmills and weather-vanes always, and your account in the July number interested me greatly.

I look forward to your coming every month, and I enjoy you *very* much.

I wish you a long life, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

I am always your devoted reader,

"SADIE STANFORTH."

OWOSSO, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Owosso, Michigan. Owosso is a very pretty little town. You see, it has an Indian name. It was named after an Indian chief, and it means "bright spot." There used to be many Indians around here; and now children digging on the banks of the river have dug up stone arrow-heads. The river is called Shiwasee, which is also an Indian name, and means "winding river." There was once a coal-mine on the bank of it. About three miles from Owosso are some mines called the Owosso Coal-mines. The coal

taken from here is very good. We have mineral springs also. A mastodon's tusk was dug up here about a year ago; but it has, of course, fallen to nothing now.

I remain your loving reader,

HELEN GRAHAME.

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GREYTOWN, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little English girl, and I thought I would write to you, because I have never seen a letter from Natal before.

I wonder if you have heard of the rinderpest? It came from Matabeleland, and it was here for several months last year. It killed a great many cattle. One farmer near here had seven hundred cattle, and now he has only thirty left.

We generally spend our holidays out at our farm, where my father has a large wattle-plantation. The wattle-trees are chopped down when they are about seven or eight years old, and the bark is stripped off and sent to the tanneries, to be used in tanning leather. Our trees are not old enough to be stripped yet.

In winter brakes have to be burned round the plantations, because there is so much danger from the grass-fires, which often burn down plantations if they are not well protected.

Your loving reader, NORAH E. FANNIN.

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HATTUSBURG, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and have been reading you for one year, and like you ever so much more than I can tell. The "Letter-box" is most interesting to me, and I have just been reading the letter from Tarrytown about Sleepy Hollow and Ichabod Crane, and it is just what we had in our school lesson in American classics; and the two little French girls, I like them too, only I wish they had been on our side instead of for Spain. I have a brother in the army, but he is to be mustered out soon, we hope. I have no nice pets, only a mocking-bird, and have no wonderful things to write you, as many of your little friends have; but I hope you will be glad to hear from a little friend who lives where the Gulf breezes blow and the forests are decorated in spring with the beautiful magnolia. Your admiring reader,

MAGGIE HURST.

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SACKETT'S HARBOR, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter in you from here, so I thought I would write one. I am just past fourteen, and have taken you since 1890. I think you very interesting. I liked especially "Denise and Ned Toodles." I have all your numbers saved up, and some day I shall have them bound. I like to go back and read the stories I have forgotten or was too young to understand.

I have a young cat named "Remus Toddie." She is black all over except three white spots on her breast. She has a kitten named "Nig Second."

There is a United States military post here named Madison Barracks, and since the war with Spain the troops were ordered away. It was the gallant Ninth Regulars who raised the flag at Santiago. The good-by was something never to be forgotten. It was so sad to see the long line of blue-coats, and think we might never see the men again. Yet it was good to think what a noble army the United States has, and how ready they are to defend their country at a moment's warning. The streets were crowded so that it was difficult to pass. Wives, children, sisters, and friends surrounded them for last good-bys.

Some of the soldiers' friends received from Tampa several live young alligators, and other things which are curious to us. There is a lady ninety years old living here who can remember the War of 1812. There was a fight here, and the captain ordered all women and children to go out of the town. Her aunt would not go, but stayed at home and made bread for the soldiers. While she was baking, a cannon-ball rolled across her front porch and smashed a baby-carriage that stood there. After the fight the soldiers came rushing into her house, and grabbed the loaves of bread, some of them half baked, from the oven, they were so hungry.

Last year the government dredge was clearing out the harbor, and one day brought up an old British cannon, which was supposed to have been used in the naval fight in 1812. It is now mounted on a large glacial-period boulder (which was also brought up by the dredge), on the village green. My mother remembers rolling bandages and making lint during the Civil War, when she was just my age.

My mother is a "Daughter of the American Revolution," and belongs to the Red Cross, too.

I remain your devoted reader,

JULIA G. MCKEE.

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NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written you, to tell you how much I enjoy reading you.

I have one brother and no sisters, and this brother is very fond of natural history, as I am of botany.

This fall I was driving a pair of ponies, when I came to a field full of goldenrod. My brother, who was with me, exclaimed: "Look at the sea-gulls!"

I saw on a rock hundreds of sea-gulls, looking like little white fluffy snowballs. While I was examining the goldenrod, I heard a great noise, looked up and saw the sea-gulls flying far out to sea. My brother returned and told me that through his glass he saw some ring-necked gulls among them. I found five different species of goldenrod. They were the common goldenrod, the bushy, the plumy, the small-spiked, and the noble goldenrod. I gathered some of each kind and brought it home. I am your devoted reader,

MILDRED BOOTH GROSSMANN.

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear about my pets. We have a horse which can perform many cunning tricks. She is very fond of sugar, and will put her nose into papa's pocket to see if he has any. When we give her some she will rub her nose into our necks to kiss us. Her name is "Bess."

We have another horse who has a very cunning way of getting her dinner. Day after day the oats were spilled out of the bin without any one knowing how they were spilled. But one day, when I was watching, I saw a long brown nose stretch out of the stall and coolly take off the cover of the oats bin, and when the oats had stopped falling Miss Juno had a fine meal. I must stop now. Your devoted reader,

KATHARINE HARLOW.

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WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Margaret C. Phillips, Céleste Heckscher, Sara Hardenbergh, Jane B. Wheeler, Ruth Townsend, Milton R. Williams, Addie Smith, John F. Frye, R. L. and M. J., Helen Katherine Cahen, Eleanor Morris, Gladstone Allen, Jeannette K——, Marie McNeal, Villette Clautice, Martha McNicol, Hazel Irving Fischer, Julia H. Voorhees, William Maser Beck, S. B. N., Carl Ford, A. L. B., Victoria N. Gary, Eleanor Mann.




ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

RIDDLE. B, Bee.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. 1. Aspire. 2. Apennine. 3. Benjamin. 4. Armor. 5. Mean. 6. Hereafter. 7. Stagnate. 8. Avail. 9. Assigning. 10. Assure. 11. Begin. 12. Beat.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. William McKinley. 1. Sewer. 2. Pride. 3. Silk. 4. Bulky. 5. Brim. 6. Beats. 7. Camel. 8. Times. 9. Razes. 10. Pikes. 11. Rhine. 12. Pines. 13. Bolus. 14. Irene. 15. Bayou.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Nansen.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Peasant, caravel, pencils, statues. Tape, area, pens, east.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Yale. 2. Aud. 3. Loam. 4. Elms.

CONCEALED DIAMOND. From 1 to 12, Indian Summer. Cross words: 1. Capital. 2. Coronal. 3. Remands. 4. Mascah. 5. Immortal. 6. Sparred. 7. Mission.

ZIGZAG. Arthur Hugh Clough. Cross-words: 1. Anvils. 2. Crates. 3. Patter. 4. Sashes. 5. Mercur. 6. Mortar. 7. Faiths. 8. Though. 9. Zigzag. 10. Shames. 11. Creeks. 12. Sleeve. 13. Acorns. 14. Clouds. 15. Enrage. 16. Enough.

A NOVEMBER CHARADE. Princeton.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Mane. 2. Area. 3. Near. 4. Ears. II. 1. Pale. 2. Aged. 3. Lead. 4. Eddy.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, family; finals, feasts. Cross-words: 1. Fief. 2. Amuse. 3. Malta. 4. Indwells. 5. Light. 6. Yours.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Nessie and Freddie — C. W. B. T. — Louise Ingham Adams.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Raymond Mount, 1 — Doris Stanton, 1 — Pearl Reese, 2 — B. C. Hart, 1 — K. S. [illegible], 1 — Lesley B. Crawford, 1 — Mary K. Rake, 1 — Rena and Mat Seay, 1 — Etta and Betty, 8 — Mildred Taylor, 1 — S. Weinstein and H. A. Seeligman, 4 — Jack and George A., 9 — Musgrave Hyde, 7 — Uncle Will, E. Everett, and F. J., 6 — Mabel M. Johns, 9 — Sigourney Fay Nininger, 9 — No name, New Orleans, 6 — Marguerite Sturdy, 5 — Helen Sears, 1.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a famous poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A kind of wild goose. 2. To wash out. 3. Made of oak. 4. To rouse. 5. Clamorous. 6. Objects that are worshiped. 7. An African. 8. A deep moan. J. O.

### RHYMED BEHEADINGS.

ROUND and round and round I go,
Cause of pleasure, cause of woe.
Take off my head, and I am put
Wherever you may rest your foot.
Behead again; I 'm in the flood,
A creature not averse to mud.
Behead once more; your elbow 'd be
Quite fractured now, except for me.
Should you cut off my head again
I still am good for five times ten.

A. M. P.

### NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.




CROSS-WORDS: 1. A close-fitting cap. 2. A European bird. 3. Shines. 4. Motive. 5. A cooling beverage flavored with the root of a familiar plant. 6. Consisting of trochees. 7. Numerous. 8. A genus of leguminous trees and shrubs. 9. A support.

Primals, from 1 to 9, a word that all love; finals, from 10 to 18, what we all strive to make it. "CALAMUS."

### WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A METAL. 2. To travel. 3. Inequality. 4. A snug place.

II. 1. A PERIOD of time. 2. Otherwise. 3. Requests. 4. Repose.

III. 1. AUCTION. 2. An old word meaning "to lose." 3. An animal. 4. A volcano.

IV. 1. A KIND of fish. 2. A monster. 3. Weapons. 4. A table. FLORENCE AND CELIA P.

### RIDDLE.

PRAY note first my ubiquity:
At home in every land,
Although of great antiquity,
I 'm made each day by hand.

I cannot run to catch you
With but one foot, you say;
In one respect I match you —
I 've my clothes put on each day.

I am not economical;
With maid I take the air,
But must look rather comical —
She *never* combs my hair.

My head ne'er aches as yours may do,
Nor can I nod and beck;
But no one would expect me to,
Because I have no neck.

I pray you come and see me;
At home all day I bide;
But evenings I am dreamy
And often occupied. S. S. GREEN.

### DIAMOND.

1. In sailor. 2. Object. 3. Steel or iron covering. 4. Like. 5. Overgrown with a tiny fungus. 6. A kind of fish. 7. In sailor.

"CELERY."

### ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



When the ten objects in the above picture have been rightly guessed and arranged in proper order, their initials will reveal a benefactor.

### CHARADE.

My *first* is full of sweetness,
  Yet fills the thief with dread;
My *last* is always silent
  When peevish words are said.
My *whole* is seldom written,
  Though recently 't was read.

ANNA M. PRATT.

### ZIGZAG.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous general.

Cross-words: 1. Benevolent. 2. An equal. 3. A desolate tract of land. 4. A wild animal. 5. A wise man. 6. An achievement. 7. Sly. 8. A poet. 9. Part of a ship. 10. Hasty. 11. Grasp. 12. Soon. 13. A high wind. 14. A heavenly body. 15. An apartment. 16. A pledge.

S. M. M.

### FRAMED WORD-SQUARE.

```
1 . . . . . 2
. . . . . .
  . 5 * * 6 .
  . * * * * .
  . * * * * .
  . 7 * * 8 .
. . . . . .
3 . . . . . 4
```

From 1 to 2, what Shakspere says one should not be; from 1 to 3, a nostril in the top of the head of a whale; from 2 to 4, to refresh after wearying toil; from 3 to 4, to mount by means of ladders; from 1 to 5, a club; from 2 to 6, to regret; from 4 to 8, part of the head; from 3 to 7, part of the head.

Included Square: 1. A weed. 2. To declare. 3. A kind of fever. 4. A pitcher.

FLORENCE AND CELIA P.

### CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous locality.

Cross-words: 1. A name borne by many kings. 2. A confession of faith for public use. 3. Obscure. 4. To throw out forcibly and abundantly. 5. A plant from which is obtained a substance of great commercial value. 6. To repel by expressing displeasure. 7. Officers in a merchant vessel ranking next below the captain. 8. A machine for raising and lowering heavy weights. 9. Containing sensible moisture. 10. The characteristic fluid of any vegetable or animal substance. 11. Two.

S. H. K.

### CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The primals spell the message here;
The finals bring us every year.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. The brightest joke, half understood,
   Is often not considered good.

2. And if 't was cracked ere we were born,
   We say, "a chestnut" quite in scorn.

3. Yet many an ancient jest and rhyme
   Are licensed till the end of time.

4. And if a germ in every joke
   Infects with joy some solemn folk,

5. Should one grow ill, I am quite sure
   He 'd rally with the "chestnut cure."

6. For though a joke is weak and frail,
   A cobweb blown before the gale,

7. 'T will make dyspepsia hide its head,
   And bundle ague out of bed.

8. So laugh at jests worn out and old,
   Though all that glitters is not gold.

ANNA M. PRATT.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



QUEEN MARIANA OF SPAIN.

(ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN, FROM THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVI. JANUARY, 1899. No. 3.

## THREE LITTLE SPANISH PRINCESSES.

By Isabel McDougall.

One of them was a queen, and the other two were princesses who afterward became queens. The youngest princess was the daughter of the first-mentioned queen, and the queen herself was in her teens. The other princess was the queen's stepdaughter, and she was about thirteen. In 1651, and for ten years afterward, all three lived in the gloomy "queen's quarters" of the Alcazar Palace at Madrid, when Philip IV. was King of Spain, and the great painter Velasquez was busy painting all the fine folk of the court.

The queen's quarters were decked with costly tapestries, but had few windows, and those few were without glass. In these dark rooms the Infanta Maria Theresa, daughter of the king, first lived alone, in such grandeur that it was considered a favor to be allowed even to linger at her door. She was a bright-eyed, gentle child, more like her mother, a lovely French princess, than like her cold, indifferent father. But her mother was dead, and her father cared only for her brother Balthazar, who was to be his heir. So Maria Theresa was rather neglected. She was taught to read and to write, and to answer all the long questions in her catechism very, very exactly, and to speak a little French. She learned to sink slowly, slowly down to the ground, and rise slowly, slowly up again, in deep curtsies that sent her brocade skirts ballooning out like children's when they "make cheeses." These reverences were only in her father's honor, or for some especially distinguished personage. Everybody else was expected to pay them to her, and it was part of her education to receive all with haughty condescension. Daughters of the noblest families of Spain waited upon her. She must not even take a glass of water from a servant's hand. The servant brought it to the nurse, and the nurse handed it to the maid, and the maid passed it to one of the young ladies-in-waiting, and the young lady-in-waiting presented it to the infanta, who probably was growing thirstier every minute.

There were almost no fairy-tales or story-books. Spanish princesses did not read much in those days. There were no such things as jolly games, or even informal walks, or spending the day at other girls' houses. Maria Theresa's principal exercise was in those very dances and reverential bendings. Her principal entertainment was in the uncouth antics of court fools and dwarfs. Fools, or jesters, used to be kept at every court to make jokes, and the Spanish court kept more of them than any other — perhaps because it was the gravest. Dwarfs, idiots, and deformed persons were also brought there in large numbers. Many of them, according to their portraits, were hideous, and many looked ill-tempered and unhappy, which is hardly to be wondered at

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THE INFANTA MARGARITA MARIA. A SPANISH PRINCESS OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO
(ENGRAVED BY J. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ, NOW IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.)

in human beings treated like pet monkeys. It seems to us nowadays a strange taste that surrounded children of high rank with such unfortunate creatures.

As a great treat, Maria Theresa was occasionally taken to a bull-fight, and taught that it was a merry spectacle to watch the men kill the bulls, or the bulls kill the horses, in a sandy arena, arranged something like our circus-rings, only much grander. She enjoyed wearing her best clothes, and sitting with the rest of the royal family in a gorgeously decorated box, hung with crimson curtains, surmounted by the Spanish shield, and guarded by soldiers in glittering armor. Perhaps she was there, one day, when King Philip told her brother to see if he could kill the bull with his own little gun. Don Balthazar brought down the animal at the first shot, and everybody cheered. No doubt the little sister clapped her hands, too, and thought enviously that boys had much the best of it in this world, as many a girl has thought since with far less reason. Don Balthazar,* as heir to the throne, had his separate palace, his ponies and dogs and guns. At fifteen years of age he was already betrothed to Mariana, a princess of Austria, who was thirteen; for royal personages were betrothed in early childhood.

When Infanta Maria Theresa was ten they began talking about a husband for her. But here unexpectedly the little girl showed a will of her own. She said she wanted to marry her cousin, the young King of France. She had never seen him, except in a picture, but she had heard a great deal of him. Spain, which had been the most powerful of nations, was beginning to go downhill, and France was coming up. It was the most refined, the most splendid, and the wealthiest of nations. Its young king, Louis XIV., was said to be a perfect fairy prince. No one else was so handsome; no one else had so bold a spirit, or such gracious manners, or wore such magnificent clothes with so grand an air. Maria Theresa thought he would just suit her.

And then, quite suddenly, the Infante Don Balthazar died, and Maria Theresa became the heiress presumptive of the Spanish throne. Then there was no more talk of her marriage to the King of France; if she was to be the Queen of Spain she would have to stay at home. Then there came another sudden change. The king, her father, decided to marry again; and whom should he take for a second wife but that very Mariana of Austria who had been intended for his son's bride.

Mariana does not seem to have cared much whether her husband was a young prince of sixteen or a royal widower of forty. Probably she knew that her wishes had very little to do with such a matter of state as her marriage. Besides, she was rather a stupid little princess. When she crossed the Spanish frontier on her way to her new husband's capital, a deputation came out from one small town with a welcome and a present for her. The town was famous for the manufacture of silk stockings, so the worthy citizens brought out the very finest of their wares and begged her to accept them. Her silly old chamberlain considered this an ill chosen offering to make the young lady, and waved the citizens and their gift away, saying grandly: "Fools! a Queen of Spain has no legs!" Whereupon Mariana cried out in great alarm that she did not want to be Queen of Spain; she would not have her legs cut off; she would rather go back home!

There were now a thirteen-year-old queen and an eleven-year-old infanta living together like sisters in the great palace of Madrid. They both took part in the court dances, wherein the Infanta Maria Theresa generally outshone her young stepmother. Mariana was not really a pretty girl, but she had abundant fair hair, her eyes were blue, her skin white and rosy, all of which was much admired by the dark-complexioned Spaniards, and her gloomy husband enjoyed her childish gaiety. Her duenna had to rebuke her for laughing too uproariously at the court dwarf. "Then let this irresistible jester be removed," said Mariana. Once she showed her idea of humor by setting loose some white mice among her maids-of-honor, to see them scramble shrieking out of the way.

It took a long time to make a dignified Spanish queen of this simple German princess, but it was done at last. She sent a picture of herself proudly home to Vienna, so that her friends

* See "Three Boys in Armor," in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1898.

might see how she looked in the peculiarly ugly dress then worn by noble Spanish ladies. They wore huge oval hoops, flattened in front and behind, but standing out so far on the sides that they would hardly pass through the doors. The managers of theaters used to make ladies pay for two places. They plastered themselves over so thickly with powder and paint that one could hardly tell what the face underneath was like. Then it was the fashion to wear wigs of wool or silk, and these were frizzed to stand out on both sides of the face. In Queen Mariana's picture her wig is arranged in regular rows of ringlets, coming down about even with her chin; each one is tied at the end with a funny red bow, and over the whole mass falls a long white feather. She was fifteen when this was painted, and the mother of a dear little daughter, the pet and pride of the whole court.

Little Margarita came like a single ray of sunshine into Philip IV.'s last years of decline and disaster. A portrait of her that was sent to her aunt, the mother of the young French king, still hangs in the Louvre Palace at Paris, and is pleasing because of its sweet baby look and its quaint, old-fashioned dress. "L'Infante Marguerite" is marked in gold letters over the flower-like little face, with its large, serious blue eyes, and its frame of silvery fair hair. Her hair is tied on one side with a bow of ribbon, and her tiny gown of white silk is trimmed with black lace, and spread out over a hoop as large in proportion to its four-year-old wearer as that of a grown woman.

Little Margarita was full of fascinating baby tricks, so that even the fastidious French ambassador, De Gramont, wrote that she was a "little angel," and declared her to be "as sprightly and pretty as possible."

She must have been a restless little mortal, for in the most famous picture of her half a dozen people seem to have been brought together for the purpose of keeping her quiet, and even the king and queen themselves were present to use their royal authority over their rebellious pet. One may see their faces reflected in the mirror that hangs upon the wall, and we see the infanta's eyes looking out of the picture at them, instead of at the pretty maid-of-honor who is kneeling before her with a cup of water. The small princess is in the act of taking the cup, but she pays so little attention to it that she will surely spill it over her new frock. Another maid-of-honor makes a light curtsy with her hands spread out upon her large hoop. Then, there is a big dog lying on the floor, with two ugly dwarfs beside him; there is the painter Velasquez himself, busy at his easel; and, further back, a lady, and two gentlemen in waiting, or guards. The room is a vast one, with dim pictures on the wall, and the mirror already mentioned.

It all showed so exactly the way the idolized little princess looked in her every-day surroundings that the king exclaimed delightedly: "There is but one thing lacking to this picture." And he took up the brush himself, and painted the red Cross of Santiago upon the breast of Velasquez's portrait. You will see this bit of royal handiwork in the copy of this famous picture here reprinted from a former number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Very likely this was a poor enough bit of painting; but you may be sure Velasquez preferred it to the whole of the canvas, for it was the badge of a noble order of knighthood, to which his sovereign thus gracefully admitted him with his own hand.

Afterwards, Queen Mariana had two little sons. The Infanta Maria Theresa was no longer heiress to the throne, and there was no reason why she should not leave the country. De Gramont, the French ambassador, came seeking a wife for his young master, and Maria Theresa's childish wish came true. She was greatly pleased. She used to run away from her ladies-in-waiting to the room where hung the portrait of the handsome French king, and curtsy to it, saying with a laugh:

"That is for my bridegroom!"

So the King of France, with a magnificent suite, journeyed down from Paris to the frontier of his kingdom; and the Spanish princess, with a magnificent suite, journeyed up from Madrid to the frontier of hers; and there, on an island in the Bidassoa, which is the boundary stream, they were very magnificently wedded. The bride's dresses filled twelve large trunks, covered with crimson velvet and mounted with silver; twenty morocco trunks

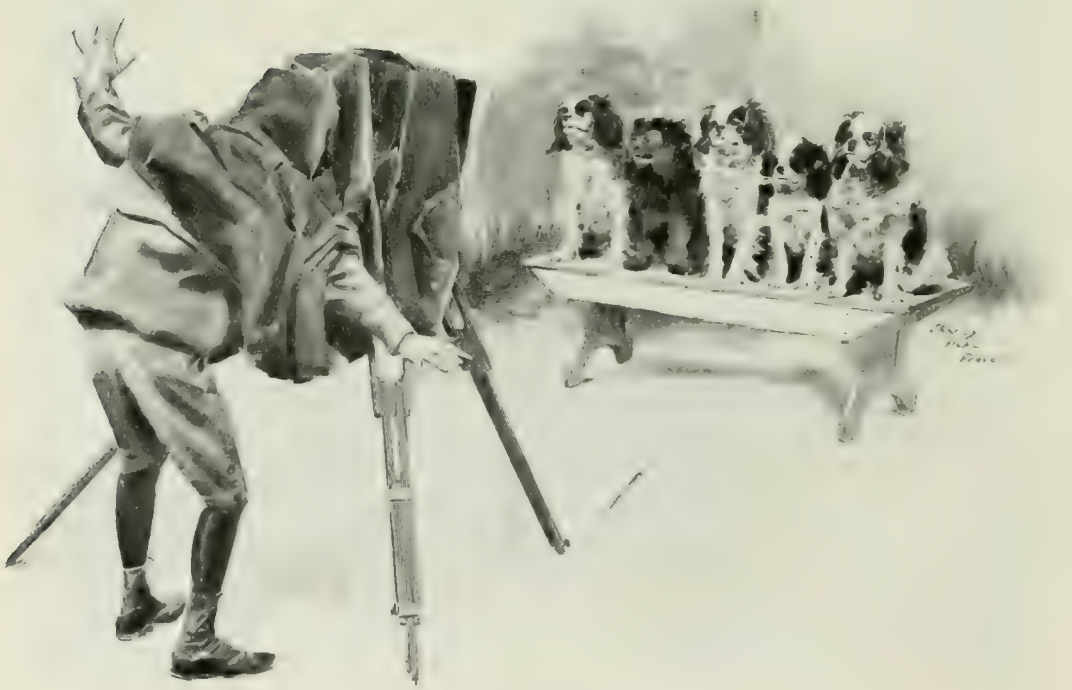
contained her linen; fifty mules were laden with her toilet plate and her perfumes. Besides all this, she took with her quantities of presents, among them two chests filled with purses, gloves, perfumes, and whisker-cases for her future brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans. I cannot tell you exactly what "whisker-cases" were, except that they were made of leather, and that the dandies of the time went to bed with them on their mustaches. Perhaps they were something like curl-papers.

Ah, well! There is seldom anything pleasant to tell of the grown-up lives of little princesses, even when their childhood has been happy. Poor Maria Theresa had never been educated into the good and intelligent woman that she might have made. At her husband's gay court she cut a poor figure. He was always polite to her, but cared nothing for her society, and found his amusements or attended to his business without any thought of her. Nobody was of less consequence in France than the lonely, neglected wife of the king.

When she died, King Louis said, in his grand, selfish way, that this was the first trouble she had ever given him; and everybody thought it very kind of him to say so much.

Queen Mariana was left a young widow with a sickly baby son. Until he grew up she ruled the kingdom for him; and she ruled it very badly, for she had developed into a peevish, obstinate, narrow-minded woman.

As for the Infanta Margarita, sad to say, she lost her prettiness as she became older, and was married, as an ugly little girl of thirteen, to the Emperor Leopold of Austria.



"DON'T MOVE!"

# MARK TWAIN'S PETS.

By Edwin Wildman.



You might not suspect the great humorist "Mark Twain" of being fond of cats and dogs. Though it would seem that his mind must be thronged with queer fancies and imaginary characters, always getting into laughable and difficult situations, Mark Twain yet has room for thoughts of friends belonging to the animal kingdom. He once owned four of the prettiest and daintiest mousers that ever basked in an atmosphere of fame.

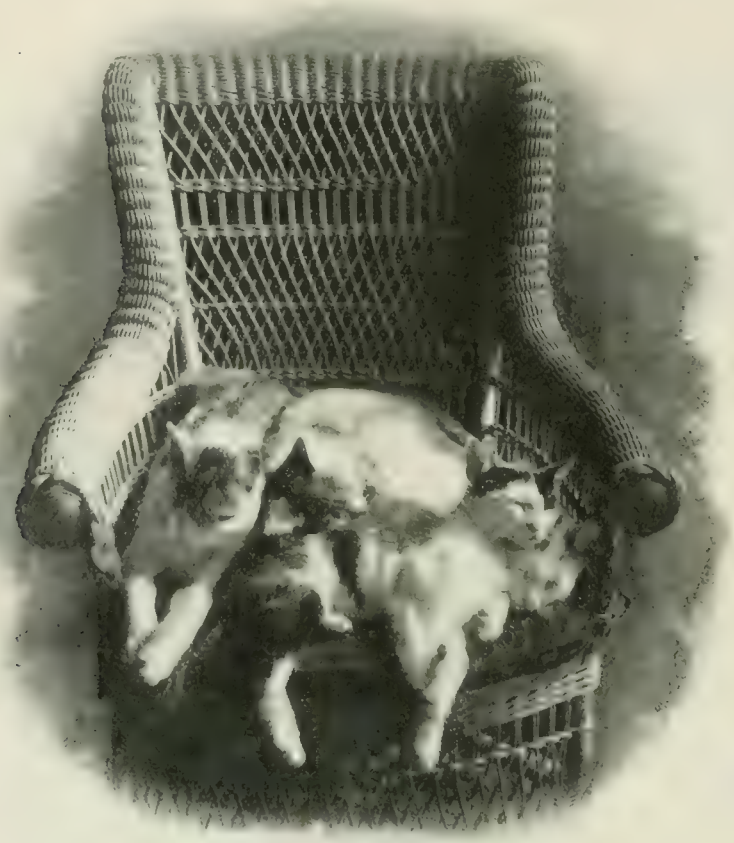
When Mark Twain lived at "Quarry Farm," a picturesque home high up on a southern New York mountain, overlooking many miles of landscape, he did most of his writing in a little eight-sided summer house, which he called his "Pilot House," in memory of the days long ago when he was a pilot on the Mississippi River. That adventurous business he followed for ten years, until the outbreak of the Civil War, when, deprived of his occupation and means of livelihood, as navigation was closed, he turned to account his talent for telling funny stories, and



MARK TWAIN'S COUNTRY HOUSE, "QUARRY FARM."

as a newspaper reporter and humorist began the career that has led to fame and fortune.

Those ten years and the following five were filled with incidents, and proved a rich storehouse from which, in after days, he drew material that kept the world in merriment. It was very natural, then, that he should seek to surround himself with an environment that called up to his mind more vividly the early days in which occurred the thrilling events of which he wrote.



MARK TWAIN'S CATS, BEFORE THE DOG INTERFERED.

From the great height of Quarry Farm, sitting in his Pilot House, Mark Twain could look out across a wide valley for miles and miles, and, perhaps, imagine himself again at the steering wheel, high on the hurricane-deck of a Mississippi steamer. When Mark Twain took possession of the Pilot House as a study, he wrote of it to a friend: "It is the loveliest study you ever saw. It is octagonal, with a peaked roof, each face filled with a spacious window; and it sits perched in complete isolation on top of an elevation that commands leagues and leagues of valley and city and retreating ranges of distant blue hills. . . . And when the storms sweep down the remote valley, and the lightning flashes above the hills beyond, and the rain beats upon the roof over my head — imagine the luxury of it!"

Cozily nestling in a great chair or snuggled comfortably upon an old lounge in this literary workshop, at almost any time of the day, could be found Mark Twain's pets. They were allowed there because they had the good manners to keep quiet while he worked. If they had presumed to jump upon the desk and put their little feet upon the manuscript or tip over the ink, they would not have been as welcome guests.

The cozy little Pilot House was very popular with these cats. It may have been because it was such a nice, sunny place, having windows upon all of its sides. Being upon the very tip-top of the great hill, it received the warmth of the first and last rays of the sun, of which these pets were quite as fond as was the humorist himself. Mark Twain knew that although cats are said to have nine lives, the time must come when even his pets and he would have to part, so one day he summoned Mr. Van Aken, the photographer, to climb up

the winding road that runs from Elmira in the valley to Quarry Farm, to take pictures of the cats. Mr. Van Aken, who claims to be the "longest man in the business" because he is the tallest, arrived, after a long trudge, at Quarry Farm. He found four lively, restless sitters, who had never known a harsh word, bowed to no mandate but their own untrammeled wills, and had always been rocked in the cradle of luxury.

Now, how was he to pose those cats? They had never been to a photograph gallery; had never been rebuked for tardiness at meals; had never been told to sit up straight, look pretty, and smile sweetly. It was a task at which even the "longest man in the business" stood aghast. Finally a happy idea occurred to their master. The cats were corralled by the alluring prospect of something to eat, and all bunched in their favorite chair, with the warm rays of the sun shining directly into their eyes. They blinked they winked, and finally, forgetting all but the coziness of their situation, went soundly to sleep.



And another pet, a dog, came in. Jealous of all those attentions to mere cats, he was fuming with impatience outside the window, but no notice was taken of him, despite his whining and prancing. Mr. Van Aken took off the cap of his camera, and everybody but the cats held their breath for an instant.

"Better take another, to make sure," said Mark Twain, as the cats slept on. So the camera was prepared and another plate put in. But the dog could endure neglect no longer, and just as Mr. Van Aken reached for the cap, Mr. Dog jumped nearly up to the window and brought his paw down across the pane with an emphatic "Yap!"

Well! Like a flash, every head was up. But that flash was enough; the cap was off, and the cats were caught — but in the camera only, for they gave a wild leap, scattered for dear life around the corners of the Pilot House, and vanished as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

Although docile and mild, those cats never took kindly to Mark Twain's dog. In vain did the master struggle to get an amnesty declared; the cats and the dog would never lie down in peace. Mark Twain reasoned with the cats and chastised the dog, but as long as

they lived the feud existed. It must have been some old quarrel handed down from generation to generation, for even the subtle humorist was not able to fathom the cause of their dislike to one another.

And now comes the saddest part of the story — so sad, indeed, that the writer feels that he is incapable of doing the subject justice.



MARK TWAIN AT WORK IN THE "PILOT HOUSE."
(DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. M. VAN AKEN.)

The cats, in due time, lost all their lives. Of that misfortune let their master speak — the dog it was that lived; but let not the blame be his, for perhaps he was innocent. But they died, and their only memorial is a shaft of sunshine that comes, every cloudless day, into the little Pilot House at Quarry Farm, and crossing the room rests caressingly upon an old lounge where once the pet cats basked lazily in its comforting warmth.

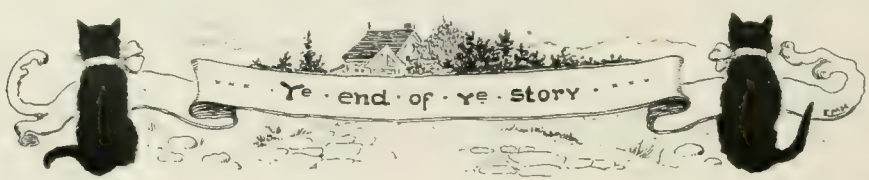
And here, then, is their obituary, short and unromantic, yet it will show that even Mark Twain's cats contributed to the diffusion of knowledge, and that their little lives were not lived in vain:

"HARTFORD, CONN.

"I don't know as there is anything of continental or international interest to communicate about those cats. They had no history. They did not distinguish themselves in any way. They died early — on account of being overweighted with their names, it was thought, — 'Sour Mash,' 'Apollinaris,' 'Zoroaster,' 'Blatherskite,'— names given them, not in an unfriendly spirit, but merely to practise the children in large and difficult styles of pronunciation.

"It was a very happy idea — I mean, for the children.

"MARK TWAIN."



# THE PILLOW-FAIRIES.

By Annie Willis McCullough.

I 've just found out the queerest thing!
  Sometimes, when I am good,
And go to bed without a word
  When mama says I should,
The fairies come there in the night,—
  They fly in with their wings,—
And underneath my pillows white
  They leave a lot of things.

One day it was a penny new,
  One day a dolly sweet,
And once it was a picture-book,
  And once a cake to eat.

They do not always come—oh, no!
  They have too much to do.
But when you are not thinking so,
  They bring a gift to you.

And now it 's fun to go to bed;
  Sometimes I lie and wait
To catch the fairies flying in—
  They must come very late.
I never seem to see them quite,
  Although I hear their wings;
But—just then it is morning light,
  And time to find my things.



# A HARMLESS EARTHQUAKE.

By Helen A. Hawley.

It was five minutes to twelve on the last night of the old year. One would suppose that at five minutes to twelve every small boy and every small girl would be in bed and, what is more, asleep hours ago.

Here were Mr. Schmidt and Mrs. Schmidt, who were grown up, so that was well enough; but here were nine little Schmidts, and they were all wide awake at this late hour. Peter Schmidt and Hans Schmidt were twins. There was Greta Schmidt, there was Louise Schmidt — but dear me! it is too much to give all their names. Two pairs of twins make four, and five who were n't twins — four and five make nine little Schmidts. Add Papa and Mama Schmidt, and there were eleven in the family.

Why were they all up and dressed at so late an hour? To explain, they were just from Germany — not that very day, but only a few weeks from the "Faderland"; and now they lived in a tenement-house in a great city. It was not one of the very, very poor tenements, but fairly comfortable. They had not learned new ways yet, but did everything as they had done it in the home land.

It was funny to see them at five minutes to twelve on the last night of the old year. Papa Schmidt and Mama Schmidt and all the little Schmidts stood each one on a chair, each one bent over ready to spring, but with chin raised, and every eye on the clock. It seemed as if that minute-hand never would get over the last five minutes. When the clock struck twelve, they jumped to the floor all together, as hard as ever they could, and shouted, "*Glückliches Neu Jahr!*" as loud as ever they could. They called it "jumping into the New Year." It was what they used to do in Germany.

Now, Papa Schmidt and Mama Schmidt were really heavy, and the little Schmidts were by no means thin. The tenement-house, though comfortable, was by no means new, and when they all came down hard it made things shake.

Then something funny happened.

In the next rooms another family lived. Not being German, but Irish, they had gone to bed in good season, and were fast asleep, ready to wake up and wish one another "Happy New Year" when the daylight came. In the middle of the night the bed shook. Papa and Mama Dolan were wide awake in an instant.

"I belave it 's an earthquake, shure! The powers presarve us!" said Mama Dolan.

"Where 's thim matches, now?" said Papa Dolan — as if he needed a light to see an earthquake. Then little Pat Dolan set up a yell. He was lying pretty near the edge of his cot, and the jar of the "earthquake" had sent him bumping on the floor.

"Bedad!" said Papa Dolan, who had a light by this time, and was pulling on his trousers. "It 's thim haythenish Germans next door. Bad cess to the lot! It 's mesilf will fix thim so they won't go disturbin' quiet folk!" And out he went into the hall, Mama Dolan after him in her wrapper, and little Pat after her in his night-gown, crying noisily.

"Hush up, will ye, youngster!" said Papa Dolan, who was cross at the sudden wakening. He gave a thundering knock on the Schmidts' door, and marched in, scarcely waiting for any one to say "Come."

"I 'll call the perlice. What yer rowin' for like—?" But he could n't finish. His voice was drowned by a chorus of eleven voices, each shouting, "Glückliches Neu Jahr!" and each face beamed. At that little Pat yelled louder than ever, he was so frightened, and hid his face in his mama's gown.

Mr. Schmidt could speak a little English, and he said: "I see. You not unterstand. Ve make — vat you call it? — Happy New Year. Ve joomp in the New Year. See?"

He climbed on the chair and jumped. And all the Schmidts climbed up and jumped, too.

It was ludicrous, and it touched the Irish love of fun so that Mr. and Mrs. Dolan laughed till the tears came. Of course they could n't feel vexed any more; and Pat laughed because they did.

"Shure, an' is that all?" said Mr. Dolan. He looked at the group. "Well, 't is no won-

dher ye made the owld house trimble. Now, now, give us your hand. It won't bring on let 's shake hands. You 're good fellows, I another earthquake to shake hands."



"'I TELAVE IT 'S AN EARTHQUAKE, SHURE,' THE TOWER TRESARVE 'S S'," SAID MAMA DOLAN."

see, even to the bit baby, an' meant no harrum. So they shook hands all round, little and an' I 'll not call the perlice this time. Here big, and wished each other "Happy New Year."

with the heartiest good-will, in English and in German, and their curious mixture of both.

And then Papa and Mama Schmidt, and the four twins, and the five who were not twins,



"THEY JUMPED TO THE FLOOR ALL TOGETHER, AND SHOUTED, 'GLUCKLICHES NEU JAHR!'"

Then Papa and Mama Dolan and little Pat went back to their own rooms and to bed.

went to bed also, for midnight was past and the "Glückliches Neu Jahr" had come.

# THE RAID OF THE RAFFERTYS: A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

By R. W. Raymond.

"What can't be endured
Must be cured."



Miss Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd
Was very rich and very odd.
Her grandfather on her mother's side
(I mean old Frisbie), when he died,
Left her a wad of money; and Todd,
Her father, left her another wad:
And thus the orphan, by favoring fates,
Became possessor of both estates,
Each of them large enough for two
Moderate people, like me and you.
Here ends my first division, which
Tells you briefly how she got rich.

What made her odd? That was begun
When she was born, the only one
To inherit the wealth from whales and cods
Amassed by generations of Todds,
And the Frisbie money, reported to come
From cargoes of New England rum.
In lonesome grandeur the earth she trod;
One 's an odd number, so she was odd—
Miss Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd!

Proud of her aristocratic descent,
With other children she never went.
Relatives, even, she would not claim;
For there was nobody of her name—
Never a soul above the sod
That was a genuine Frisbie Todd.
Cousins, of course, to a large amount
She had,—poor cousins, who did n't count.

There was an Uncle Frisbie, whose
Business lay in mending shoes.
He had taken his children, Jack and Hatty,
To the far West,—to Cincinnati,—
And died, and nothing had ever come back
In the way of news from Hatty and Jack.

And there was a nearer cousinly brood
She would not suffer to intrude
Upon her elegant solitude;
The Raffertys, namely—the children many
Of good-looking Patrick of Kilkenny,
Who carried away in his mason's hod
The heart of Aunt Matilda Todd;
And having the heart, he took the rest
With an honest hand to a loving breast.
He was a husband kind and true;



"WITH OTHER CHILDREN SHE NEVER WENT."

They were happy and well-to-do;
And the little Raffertys were not few.

Miss Lucretia used strong appellatives
Concerning these plebeian relatives—
Thought that, if gone, "they would n't be missed";
Did n't believe they ought to exist.



"SHE DETECTED SWINDLERS BY THEIR LOOKS."

And so she grew through many a year
More lonely, selfish, proud, and queer,
Till what she had and what she lacked
Made some folks say she must be cracked.

Not that she showed incompetence:
She had no end of business sense;
Commanded servants, kept her books,
Detected swindlers by their looks,
Bought cheap, sold dear, and got in trade
The best of every bargain made.
But never did she condescend
To think, acknowledge, or pretend
That any person was her friend.
Their business over, all retired,
With mingled anger and awe inspired
By the superior farewell nod
Of Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.

And she was pious — had a pew;
Paid for it promptly, sat in it, too —
Filled it, in fact; for none would dare
To introduce a stranger where
Sat, like a pea in a roomy pod,
Miss Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd!

Once a year the minister called,
Timidly wiping his forehead bald,
And coughing meekly, to intimate
That the sufferings of the poor were great,
And the church expenses were heavy indeed,

And foreign missions were much in need.
He did not have to utter a word,
For she behaved as if she had heard,
And handed him, ere he had begun,
A check with a couple of naughts and a one;

Then he made haste to disappear,
Not to return for another year,
While she was conscious of treating God
In the style becoming a Frisbie Todd!

Perhaps you will say: "Here is no fact
To indicate that Miss Todd was cracked."
Perhaps you will say: "The case is plain;
The woman was somewhat sour, but sane.
If selfishness were loss of wit,
Any one might be charged with it."
But I venture to say that if you view
A person selfish through and through,
Within that person you will find
Somewhere a crack in that person's mind.



"ONCE A YEAR THE MINISTER CALLED."





THE CAVALIER



GRANDFATHER FRISBIE.

At all events, this happened to be
True of one person, as you will see.

For she, shut up to pride and pelf,
Had made a world unto herselt,
And, since no kin nor friend was hers,
Dwelt ever with her ancestors.
Within her stately dining-hall
Their portraits hung along the wall:
Old Todd, whose weather-beaten front
Told of the stormy ocean hunt;
Old Frisbie, whose bright ruby nose
Betrayed the beverage he chose;
And Todds and Frisbies back of these,
Having less certain pedigrees.
Indeed, the truth must be confessed,
The lady had picked up the rest
At auction sales where heirlooms old
To sympathetic heirs are sold!
Thus she had got a cavalier
With plumed hat cocked above his ear —
That was a Frisbie most antique
Once settled on the Chesapeake.
And near him hung a face sedate
As of a councilor of state —
'T was "Governor" Frisbie; but of what
He governor was, this tale saith not.



AS LADY TODD



LADY FRISBIE.



And there was one with bands and gown
And folded palms and holy frown;
This soundly learned man of God
Was said to be an early Todd.
And here and there a woman's face
Looked stiffly over frills of lace,
With hands in jeweled rings arrayed
Upon a satin stomach laid.
'T was Lady Frisbie, true to life,
Or Mistress Todd, the doctor's wife.



MARTHA LUCRETIA FRISBIE TODD.

Miss Martha's mother was not there:
Poor thing! she had had naught to spare
Of time or money from her toil,
To get her portrait done in oil;
For she had washed and darned and cooked
While Father Todd harpooned and hooked;
Ere he had gathered his golden gain
She was beyond all paint or pain;
And as auctioneers don't furnish mothers,
Her face was not among the others.

But there was a picture of a girl
Grimly gorgeous in starch and curl,
With a poodle and pony and other pets,
And most remarkable pantalets,
And mits, and a riding-whip in her hand,
And in the distance a castle grand;
And this little girl with a riding-rod
Was Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.

I might observe, with obvious ground,
One could not see, as one looked around,
The Rafferty who had carried the hod
And married Aunt Matilda Todd,
Or that most respectable Frisbie whose
Life was devoted to cobbling shoes.
Such folks Miss Martha could n't let in;
They were as if they had never been;
While, on the other hand, to her
A lot who never *had* been *were*.
She believed in them all, and curtsied and
bowed,
She simpered, and spoke to them aloud,
And seemed to hear, as well as to hark,
When each one answered her remark.
Indeed, to quote her footman John,
"It was creepy an' crawly, 'ow she went on!"
But creepiest, crawliest, I must say,
Was her performance on Christmas day;
For then, with all the pride that was in her,
She gave her ancestors a dinner!
Silver and china and glass galore;
Bunch of mistletoe over the door;
Turkey as big as an albatross;
Sage and onions and cranberry sauce;
Plenty of mince and pumpkin pie,
With apples and walnuts by and by;
And, to indigestion antidotal,
Something to drink not *too* teetotal.
Yet nobody sat at the table broad
But Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd!

There she sat in her splendor dressed,
Bowing and smiling to each new guest,
As, in her fancy, the sirs and dames
Came one by one from their gilded frames
To share the viands and taste the cup
Of her who had bought and hung them up;
Graciously greeted each empty chair,
Seeing a high-bred visitor there;
Heard and answered in fine content
Many a courtly compliment;
Till at last, with a grave decorum,
She rose and curtsied low before 'em,

And sailed away, in the style of hostesses,
Leading a train of lady ghostesses,
And leaving the gentlemen ghosts to sip
Bubbling cider and steaming flip!



FOOTMAN JOHN.

How they did it I cannot say;
Certainly, nothing was left next day—
All of the victual and drink was gone.
Perhaps the maids, and that footman John
Could have told us how it was done!

Patrick Rafferty of the hod
And she that was Matilda Todd
At this period of my story
Long ago had gone to glory,
Leaving behind a numerous race—
The brightest youngsters in all the place;
And these, by virtue of native gift
And cheery temper and sober thrift,
Had prospered quite beyond the stage
Of anybody's patronage.
They cared not for the manners odd
Of Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd;
They pitied her who could not be
A fortunate Todd-Rafferty.
They wrote not letters by the dozen
To flatter their beloved cousin,
Nor ever o'er her threshold slid
To ask her sweetly how she did;
They were not even waiting till
They could contest Miss Martha's will.
Only on Christmas day, of course,
The Raffertys turned out in force,
Marched through the unfrequented door,
Drew up in line along the floor,
Presenting thus a smiling squad
To Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd,
And solemnly, yet lightly too,
Remarked in chorus:

"Here 's to you!
The Raffertys would be delighted
If you would kindly feel invited
To come along with them and see
A real old Rafferty Christmas spree!"

Then, waiting not for more reply
Than mutely gave her stony eye,
The Raffertys would homeward plod
From Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.
"Sure, it 's no use," they laughing said;
"She 's got ancestors in her head.
But blood is blood; 't was but polite
Our own relation to invite.
Faith, conversation must be small
With all those people on the wall,
And human patience it must tax,
Carving turkey for canvasbacks!
Poor lonesome creature, doomed to be
A Todd without the Rafferty!"

So year by year the thing went on.
It sadly worrited footman John
That the Raffertys were so sat upon;
Those fine young people had not merited
To be disowned and disinherited.
If they could only break the spell,
Bring their cousin to know them well,
Make the old place ring with jokes
And swarm with regular human folks,
Put in the garret that painted throng,—
The garret, where such things belong,—
And stop these creepy goings-on—
"I 'll try it," one day said footman John!



"SHE ROSE AND CURTSIED TO HIM BEFORE 'EM."

That very day a hint he spake
The Raffertys were quick to take.
"Sure," they remarked, with sparkling eyes,
"'T will give our cousin a grand surprise;
And her ghostly dinner—it shall be
A real old Rafferty Christmas spree!"

Christmas was then not far away,
And the time grew shorter every day;
But what the Raffertys took in hand
Was bound to "go," you will understand.
Besides, they could always rely upon
The help of the maids and the footman John.
In secret visits to the hall
They studied the pictures, one and all;

The rest had departed, every one of 'em,
Every mother's daughter and son of 'em
(It was very cleverly done of 'em!),
Leaving alone with her ribbons and rod
Little Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd!
And the grown-up Martha, down below,
Felt her senses beginning to go;
For it 's two very different things, you know,



"OLD FATHER TODD, WITH HUSKY CHEER, CALLED, 'WHY ARE NOT THE RAFFERTYS HERE?'"

Of every picture they dressed with art
A Rafferty for a counterpart;
And when the festival hour was come,
John smuggled them into an anteroom,
Where giggling they waited the sign agreed,
On which the procession should proceed.
John, meanwhile, in his thoughtful way,
Had altered the scene to suit the play.

Feather-headed and satin-shod,
Came Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.
She entered the glittering banquet-hall,
And smiled politely along the wall;
But it froze her greeting upon her tongue
To note that each frame empty hung!—
Excepting only the maiden young,
Who primly presented her posies and pets,
Her pony and poodle and pantalets.

To dream a dream and to find it 's *so!*
It gives you a shock that you had n't conceived
To *see* what you made-believe you believed!
And the shock to this credulous female skeptic
Rendered her almost cataleptic.
She was near to leaving *her* earthly frame,
When the door flew open, and in they came!

Every one went straight to his place;
She sank in hers; and who said grace
But the Reverend Dr. Ichabod
Whom she had purchased and surnamed Todd!

After that the fun began,
And soon so fast and furious ran,

The hostess hung her frightened head,
Wishing her ancestors were dead!

Old Father Todd, with husky cheer,
Called, "Why are not the Raffertys here?"
And the governor and the cavalier
Pounded the table and cried, "Hear! hear!"
And Father Frisbie, whose nasal red
Over his great round face had spread,
Pounded likewise, and said, "Well said!"
And yet more terrible was the din
When all the ladies came chattering in
With, "Pray, what could you be thinking about
To leave those charming Raffertys out?"

Then each began most boisterously
To praise some particular Rafferty.
The governor vowed that he liked Jim —
There was something dignified in him;
The cavalier said fair Kathleen
Much resembled the Maiden Queen;
Old Frisbie bawled out Peggy's praise —
She made him think of his younger days;
And Father Todd exclaimed: "Egad!
Give me young Patrick; he 's the lad!"
Whereat the ladies all began
Each to extol some favorite man:
Terence and James and Mike and Pat
Were praised for this and praised for that,
Till Dr. Ichabod, waxing hot,
Thundered: "You 're all a precious lot;
But the first and foremost o' the men is
That fine young fellow whose name is Dennis!"

Then the whole crowd, with one accord,
Faced about to the head of the board,
And in a chorus loud and clear
Repeated thrice: "Why — are n't — they — here?"

Poor Martha! 'T was too much for her.
"Good heavens!" she cried, "I wish they were!
I wish you all were safely dead,
And the Raffertys were here instead!"

More she had uttered, I make no doubt,
But here her failing strength gave out,
And to the floor, a senseless clod,
Fell Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.

'T was but a temporary fit;
But e'er she had come out of it
Swift hands had wrought a mighty change
Within her wondering vision's range;



"SHE WAS TOO HAPPY TO OBJECT."

For when she lifted up her face,
Lo! every picture was in place,
And round the table, to her surprise,
The Raffertys sat, without disguise!
Jim occupied the governor's chair
With quite a gubernatorial air;
Michael's features did still disclose
Some of the hue of old Frisbie's nose;
Pat was the image of Father Todd,
And Dennis of Dr. Ichabod,
While elegant Terence, it was clear,
Ought to have been a cavalier;
And Polly and Peggy and Kathleen
Were scattered about, the boys between.
Their hair still stood in the high old style
(They could n't take that down in a minute!);
But they had put on the Rafferty smile,
With never a bit of stiffness in it —
The Rafferty smile, that did comprise
The pearly teeth and the starry eyes,
And gave a truly bewitching air
Even to towers of powdered hair,
As if some tricksy, laughing fay
Peeped from under a castle gray.



"THE POOR REMEMBERED HER JOYFULLY."

Then into a great melodious shout
The rollicking Raffertys broke out:
"Dear cousin," they cried, "it was so polite
Us to your dinner to invite;
And we feel specially at home
Because you wished that we would come.
You made that very plain, you know,
When you told the others to go!
No matter if to-morrow find
You altered to your former mind,
We 'll let this one occasion be
A real Todd-Rafferty Christmas spree!"

So said, so done. The dame obeyed,
Too paralyzed to feel afraid,
Too numb to scorn, too dazed to scoff,
Till presently the chill wore off
In something she did not expect —
She was too *happy* to object!

Oh, that was a feast of the soul fun,
If there ever on earth was one!
Loving mockery, kindly wit,
And Martha right in the midst of it,
More and more to herself confessing
How her hard pride was deliquescing,
More and more to her guests betraying
All that she to herself was saying.

Have you never under a shower-bath
stood,
Gasping and chuckling and feeling good,
When, after the first sensation numb,
The glorious prickles begin to come,
And every nerve from crown to toe
Leaps and tingles and sings, "Ho, ho"?
In that selfsame way at this period
Felt Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd!
Gone was her spirit's icy crust
Of dim delusion and dumb distrust,
And speak she did, for speak she must,
While the Rafferty cousins, wondering, saw
How spring, resistless, follows a thaw.
"I have lived," she said, "in a dream apart.
You have opened my eyes and waked my
heart;
And I gladly exchange the past so drear
For the Christmas present you bring me
here!"

She never returned to her lonesome ways.
All of her days were Christmas days,
And the rest of her life turned out to be
A long Todd-Rafferty Christmas spree!
Footman John said: "It were prime
To see her a-makin' up lost time!"
All the neighbors shared in the fun;
She was a neighbor to every one.
The poor remembered her joyfully,
And so did the heathen over the sea
(Though perhaps *they* did n't know it was
she!).
The minister used to call and stay,
Instead of piously running away;
He got not only a check, but a chat,
Yet the check was all the bigger for that;
And it was really a thing to view,
How many people sat in her pew!

But the Raffertys were her delight;
She could n't bear them out of her sight.
They put her up to adventures new,
And whatever she did they helped her do.

Many a year she among them moved,
Blessing and blessed, and loving and loved.
When she was gone, a grand conclave
Met in the graveyard around her grave,
Pondering long what flower were best
To mark with beauty her place of rest.
They wanted something appropriate —
Something lovely that blossomed late;
So the Raffertys planted a goldenrod
Over Martha Lucretia Frisbie Todd.

# BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY.

By E. H. House.

## Chapter V.

### The Antiquity of Puns and Riddles.

The museum, as Uncle Claxton called it, consisted of a series of large rooms in which were gathered great numbers of curious and valuable objects, mostly collected by their owner during his travels in various parts of the world. Uncle Claxton used to say he had no time to put his treasures in order, but for this very reason the children found them all the more attractive. They never knew what marvels they might light upon as they wandered here and there.

Following the instruction of the previous Friday, the young guests amused themselves in this delightful resort until their uncle joined them, a little before the dinner-hour.

"Have you discovered anything new?" he asked, as they ran to greet him.

"There are always new things," answered Amy, speaking first,—"new and beautiful. But I am just as fond of the old ones."

"Are you, my dear? It is good to stand by tried friends. And which of those old ones do you like best?"

Amy looked around, but made no reply.

"Oh, Amy," cried Harry, "why don't you tell?"

"You think it is easy, Master Harry? Well, then, tell us *your* first choice."

But, somewhat to his own surprise, Harry was as much at a loss as his sister; and so, it proved on inquiry, were Percy and Louise. Little Dick, however, was troubled by no doubt. When asked to name his favorite object in the museum, he answered promptly:

"You, uncle."

"Bless me, Childe Richard!—I never should have suspected you of being a courtier."

"Did you say he had *caught you*, uncle?" asked Percy.

"My flighty nephew, this is the second pun you have made lately, and both as bad as could be. Are you going to let it grow into a habit?"

"Puns are disreputable," remarked Amy. "Somebody said that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket."

"Oh, Dr. Samuel Johnson, of course," replied Percy. "He was too stiff and pompous for puns or jokes of any sort."

"That is a mistake, Percy," corrected Uncle Claxton. "I know the remark is often credited to Dr. Johnson, but it was an older and less celebrated writer, John Dennis by name, who said something of the kind. He did not, however, condemn all puns. Only a particular kind irritated him. As to Johnson, he had his merry moments. He could even make comic verses—though very few people seem to be aware of the fact. You will read and laugh at them one of these days. Oh, no; the burly doctor was not always sitting in state. I dare say he would not strongly have objected to a pun, if it had been one of his own manufacture."

"So much the better for him," Percy announced. "Do you call puns disreputable?"

"Amy was joking, you know. Puns may be permitted when they are very good indeed—good enough to be really witty; not otherwise. It is true they have the sanction of great antiquity to support them."

"Do you mean it, uncle?"

"Certainly. Does not the oldest of poets, Homer, make his hero Ulysses escape a terrible danger by aid of a pun? When captured by Polyphemus, the huge king of the Cyclops, Ulysses said his name was 'Noman.' Afterward, in a struggle for life, he put out the giant's single eye, and the sufferer, helpless in his blindness, called upon his subjects to inflict vengeance. When asked who was the guilty one, Polyphemus shouted that Noman had wounded him, and Noman should be slain. The other Cyclops took him at his word, and punished *no man;* and presently Ulysses, who had kept himself in hiding, got safely away. There were plenty of clever men among the ancients who made puns whenever they saw a chance. Demosthenes, the great Grecian orator, was not above them; and no Roman scholar was more distinguished than Cicero, who delighted in this kind of pleasantry."

"Cicero again!" exclaimed Harry. "He must have been a man worth knowing. Were *his* puns good, uncle?"

"They had that reputation. When he was in his prime it was the fashion to credit him with almost every joke in circulation. But this did not quite please him. While he was on a military expedition in Asia, he wrote home to a friend, complaining that all sorts of wretched puns were passed off in his name, because he was absent and could not defend himself. He laughingly told his correspondent that he was not ashamed of his own 'salt-works,'—salt being a byword, both in Greece and Rome, for wit,—but refused to be accountable for the poor stuff turned out by inferior manufacturers. Julius Cæsar thought so highly of Cicero's smart sayings that he made a large collection of them. Of course they lose a good deal in translation, and witticisms that have to be explained never seem to amount to much. However, you shall hear one or two. There was a senator who hated to be reminded that his father had been a

cook. Cicero pretended to compliment him on his knowledge of law, but used words that had a double significance, and sounded as if he was praising a cook for his gravy. Another senator was equally ashamed of being the son of a tailor. Cicero congratulated him on his sharpness in a point of argument, and said, 'You have touched the thing with a needle.' I am happy to say that he could rise above puns, when he saw an opportunity, and his sharp thrusts of raillery were as much dreaded as his powerful oratory. When the rich Crassus was close upon sixty years old, he remarked in a public speech that none of his family had ever passed that age. Cicero declared that the statement was made to gain popularity, because nothing could please the citizens more than to hear from Crassus himself that he was near his end.

"An opposing advocate wound up an argument by stating that his client had urged him to conduct the case with industry, eloquence, and fidelity. 'Then how *could* you,' demanded Cicero, 'have the heart to disregard every one of his requests?' Sometimes the satirist's retorts were rather brutal. One day, when Cicero was making a speech, Octavius kept interrupting, complaining that he could not hear. At last Cicero lost patience. 'That is strange,' he exclaimed, 'for surely you have holes in your ears!'—meaning that his ears were bored like those of all African barbarians and slaves. No doubt these things went off with a snap as they were spoken, but they do not sound very brilliant when interpreted. It seems about as hard for me to pick out good specimens as it is for all of you to decide what pleases you most in my museum."

"Not for me, uncle," objected young Dicky. "I did n't find it hard."

"Ah, you rogue; you are bound to say a good word for your benevolent uncle, who gives you fish-dinners and apple-dumplings."

"Don't say that, dear uncle," the eldest nephew protested. "Truly, we are glad to get the nice things, but you know how much more we care for our uncle *per se*."

"There it goes again," said Uncle Claxton; "the third time within a week! And he is not satisfied with putting his own language to torture, but must abuse the fine old Latin as well. You ought to know, my lad, that puns on people's names are considered the least excusable of any."

"Why, uncle, you made one yourself, the other day, on Mark Twain's name."

"That is true, more shame to me. And so you think you are safe in making a pun on mine? Well, we shall have to fall back on Cicero once more. Cicero's own name, I may tell you, grew out of a play upon a word. It was fastened upon one of his ancestors because he was marked by a dent in the nose resembling the nick in a tool called a *cicer*. His famous descendant was urged, when he became powerful, to take a less vulgar name; but he replied that, vulgar though it might be, he would try to make it as renowned as any in Roman history. I think that answer was worth a hundred cheap jokes; and if I were you, Percy, I would take Cicero as a model for better things than punning."

"I won't do it again while I am here, uncle, if I can help it. I suppose even Cicero sometimes made jokes without stopping to think."

"I believe you are right, Percy. When he took time for reflection, he saw how many enemies he had needlessly made. He was really the soul of kindliness and generosity, but he could not control his quick tongue, and if anything touched his sense of the ridiculous, he did not know how to keep it to himself. There was less malice in his mischief than people thought. He would make as much fun of members of his own family as if they were strangers. His daughter, whom he loved with all his heart, was married to a man named Dolabella—rather a worthless creature, who happened to be very short of stature and insignificant in appearance. One day, when Dolabella came to Cicero's house in full soldier's dress, his father-in-law made him excessively unhappy by inquiring who it was that had tied him so nicely to a sword! In private or in public, it was always the same with Cicero. The younger Cato did not hesitate to rebuke him, in the senate, for his levity, though Cato himself, like all his family, had a knack of smartness, and was rather proud of the inherited gift. They were all in the stiff



THE CYCLOPS ENTERING THE CAVE IN WHICH HE HAS IMPRISONED ULYSSES AND HIS COMPANIONS

and labored Greek style, such as was taught in ancient Sparta. Yes, Percy; I am bound to tell you that the Spartan boys were drilled to repartee as a branch of their education, and had to pass examinations in ready wit. The practice was more or less followed all over the country, and the Grecian records are filled with specimens of keen, pithy word-play, often very effective, but generally too formal and stilted to touch our merry senses. Humor is a natural gift, and I doubt if any amount of training could produce it. Certainly you will not find much of it in the school of Lycurgus."

"Cicero will do for me, uncle," said Percy; "and I will keep clear of the puns."

"Brave boy! And now we have something more substantial than verbal flights of fancy to discuss. Dinner is ready. After it is over, you can return and settle the question of what object you like best in my collections."

## Chapter VI.

### STATUES WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Uncle Claxton's last suggestion lingered in Percy Carey's mind, and during dinner he brought the subject forward again.

"We have all confessed, uncle," he said, "that we could not decide what we thought the most of in your museum. Why can't you give us a hint, and tell us, really and truly, what is your own first choice?"

"Really and truly I have n't the slightest idea," his uncle replied.

"I don't wonder," said Amy. "When you asked me, I thought I should need a month to make up my mind."

"That is not so certain, either, Amy. If you were called upon in a great hurry, you might be all the more ready. Alexander the Great showed his friends that he could come

to a decision quickly enough, and Praxiteles was even more sudden in speaking his mind. Would you like to hear about them?"

"You know we would like to hear anything you will tell us," Amy answered.

"Very good. I 'll tell you first, then, about Alexander the Great. After that irresistible warrior had conquered Persia, he discovered among certain treasures of Darius, the defeated king, the most magnificent casket he had ever seen — a marvelous piece of workmanship, made of gold and covered with precious gems. Darius had filled it with his ointments, but Alexander said he had no time to think of pomatum and perfumes, and would put it to a better use. He asked his followers what was most worthy to be kept in such a box, but without paying attention to their opinions, declared that his copy of Homer's 'Iliad' was the only suitable object. This manuscript had been revised expressly for him by Aristotle and other learned men. He used to sleep with it under his pillow, until he found this fitter resting-place for it. That was a fine tribute to literature from a soldier."



HE RAN INTO THE HOUSE, TELLING IT WHILE [illegible]

"The 'Iliad' is a soldier's book, is it not?" said Amy.

"It is full of fighting," her uncle answered, "and Alexander himself called it a 'portable treasury of military knowledge.'"

"Do you agree with him about the 'Iliad,' uncle?" inquired Amy.

"Ah! many books have been written, and many authors have lived, since that time. We don't know what Alexander might say if he were alive to-day."

"But," persisted Amy, "if you had a casket like his, what would you put in it? Or, if you

had to give up every author but one, which would you keep?"

"Why, there is another very old question. You can't imagine how often it has been asked, and what various answers have been given. Many learned men are of the same mind as Theodorus Gaza, a classical scholar of the Middle Ages, who wrote that if the world's stock of literature were to be destroyed, excepting only the works of one man, those of Plutarch, the Greek biographer, had the best claim to be preserved. Theodorus probably spoke with a view to the instruction of mankind. An eminent Englishman of our day, thinking of what would afford the greatest amount of wholesome entertainment, fixed upon the productions of Walter Scott. For my part, Amy dear, I don't feel equal to such problems. You had better hear how Praxiteles was forced, against his will, and by an ingenious trick, to point out his favorite work of art at the shortest possible notice. Do any of you know who Praxiteles was?"

"I know a little about him," answered Amy, with some hesitation. "I read it in Hawthorne's story 'The Marble Faun.'"

"That 's Amy's way of learning things," laughed Harry.

"And what is your way, my boy?" demanded Uncle Claxton. "No matter how she learned it, Amy knows a little, as she says, while you are wholly in the dark. As to Praxiteles, he was a celebrated sculptor of ancient Greece, and his works were all considered so fine that no one could positively say which was the most beautiful. Many times he was urged to give his own judgment, but he always refused. His friends tried to make him avow his preference; but he seemed to feel as if his statues were living beings, and that if he acknowledged a particular liking for one, it would be acting unkindly toward the others. So he was constantly on his guard, and concealed his opinion completely, until a certain rich woman of Athens set her bright wits to work against him. She ran into his house, one day, pretending to be in a great fright, and told him that a fire was raging near by, which threatened to destroy the rooms in which he kept his most cherished possessions. Praxiteles flew at once to the studio, calling his servants to help him save a statue of Cupid, and paying no heed to his other treasures. That was enough for the ingenious plotter. She confessed the trick, and Praxiteles was obliged to admit that she had discovered the truth. The Cupid was indeed his masterpiece."

"Was he very angry?" asked Amy.

"Apparently not at all. He even offered the statue as a free gift to the author of the ruse, in reward of her cleverness, and so made her the most envied woman in Athens. To possess one of that great artist's works was an honor kings and emperors contended for. When the city of Cnidus, in Asia Minor, was burdened with a tremendous debt, the King of Bithynia offered to pay the whole amount if the citizens would let him take away a statue of Venus by Praxiteles; but they would not listen to the proposal. The Cupid was especially coveted by powerful rulers. In later years it was owned by Roman emperors, and was always looked upon as worth more than its weight in gold, though Parian marble is a heavy substance."

"Who has it now, uncle?" asked Percy.

"It disappeared centuries ago. The owner gave it to the city of Thespia, of which she was a native, and it remained there until bought by Caius Cæsar, and carried to Rome, where the Emperor Claudius afterward obtained it. The Thespians mourned the loss of their beautiful statue so grievously that Claudius, who was anything but soft-hearted as a rule, restored it to them; but his successor, Nero, was not so generous, and by his order it was brought back to the imperial palace. We have no record of it since that time. Perhaps it is now lying hidden beneath the ruins of Rome."

"A good find for somebody," said Harry. "Do you suppose it will ever turn up?"

"It is very possible," his uncle replied. "Several of the finest ancient sculptures have been discovered by pure accident, in comparatively recent times. The famous Apollo Belvedere, now in the Vatican, was brought to light only about four hundred years ago, at Antium, where many art treasures of the Roman rulers were once stored. The group

of the Laocoon was dug from the ruins of the baths of the Emperor Titus, and the stately Venus of Milo, or Melos, lay hidden and forgotten for centuries, in an island of the Mediterranean, before it was found by a lucky chance. Undoubtedly there are plenty more of equal value under Italian and Grecian ground, if people only knew where to look."

"And did these works really bring their weight in gold?" asked Harry again.

"Some of their kind certainly did. The Venus of Milo, now in the Louvre, in Paris, is a colossal marble image; yet I do not believe that France would part with it for twice its weight in gold. Such possessions are too precious to be sold."

"Then," said Percy, "we cannot expect to see any of them in America."

"It is not likely," Uncle Claxton replied. "Their owners would not willingly give them up, and I hope we shall never have occasion to demand them as spoils of war. Napoleon did that on a very extensive scale, and filled the galleries of Paris with statues and paintings plundered from the countries which he conquered. Most of Napoleon's artistic captures remain in Paris, where you will all enjoy them some day."

"Those Grecians would have been very proud, I should think," said Amy, "if they could have known what honors were to be paid them after two thousand years."

"They were pretty well satisfied with themselves as it was, my dear. A more vainglorious set of men than the Athenian 'old masters' never existed. They gave themselves the airs of sovereigns, not to say demigods. Among the haughtiest of them was Phidias, who was thought by many to be the greatest of all sculptors. He lived a century before Praxiteles, and was selected by Pericles, the ruler of Athens, to adorn the Parthenon—that beautiful temple which is still partly standing, though its artistic decorations have been lost or carried to other countries. Some of the friezes carved by Phidias are now in the British Museum. The glory of the Parthenon was his gigantic image of the goddess Minerva, nearly forty feet high, and made of ivory overlaid with gold. He gave so much offense by his arrogance that his enemies were always watching for a chance to do him harm. At one time they accused him of stealing some of the gold from the statue; but the gold plates were taken off and weighed, and his innocence thus proved. Then it was discovered that two of the figures he had placed upon Minerva's shield were likenesses of himself and Pericles; and a cry of impiety was raised against him, in consequence of which he was banished from the city. He took his revenge in a curious way. The Minerva had been universally considered his noblest work; but now he proclaimed that he would surpass it for the benefit of the people of Elis, another Grecian town, in which he had sought refuge. The Athenians declared that this was impossible; but a little while later, when he set up his colossal Jupiter, they were compelled to acknowledge that their goddess was eclipsed. The citizens of Elis adopted Phidias with acclamations, and decreed perpetual honors to his family. His loss was deeply lamented by Pericles, whose ambition it was that Athens should lead the world in cultivation and refinement, and who delighted to surround himself with eminent scholars and artists of all kinds—musicians and painters, as well as sculptors."

"Then the Grecian painters were also great," said Amy.

"We are bound to believe that they were. I will tell you something about them, if you like; but it can be only a little, for reasons that will be evident before I have gone far."

(To be continued.)



# A New-Year's Dream.



By Margaret Johnson.

IN the cozy depths of an arm-chair thrown,
On New Year's eve, I mused alone.
"Welladay!" thought I, "and deary me!
This world is a fairly good world, I own.
But how much better indeed 't would be
If, putting aside his natural pride,
Each living thing in the world so wide
Would honestly try his simple best
To be obliging to all the rest!
With a little more kindness and sweet civility,
Courtesy, patience, and amiability —
Ah, welladay, and deary me,
What a highly agreeable world 't would be!"

Then softly faded the firelight's gleam,
And I fell asleep,— or so it would seem,—
And dreamed this very remarkable dream:

I stood, methought, in the same old world,
With the same old ocean round it curled;
But a singular state of things I found,
As I rubbed my eyes and looked around.
Each man and woman, each chick and child,
Wherever I met them, bowed and smiled,
And answered my questions before they were asked,
And with my errands their memories tasked;
And each, I saw, with an equal zest,
Was doing the same for all the rest!
Such consideration and thoughtful zeal,
Such delicate tact! — I could but feel,
From the President, bland on his lofty seat,
To the dear little cricket that chirped at my feet,
There was not a thing in that land so fair
But lived to oblige.

With the tenderest care,
The ragman muffled his bells, for fear
They might awaken some sleeper near.
And the newsboys called the "Times" and "Post",
In tones like a cooing dove's — almost.
The plumber offered the pipes to mend,
"Just as a favor, to please a friend."
The lawyer begged that his little bill,
Unpaid, as it happened, be unpaid still.

And the worthy parson, considerate man,
Finished his sermon before he began.

The cook made tarts each day in the year,
And nobody thought it the least bit queer.
The kind policemen in all the parks
Just stayed to see that the boys — such larks! —
Kept *on* the grass; and the teachers bright
Gave only — as children know is right —
The shortest lessons and highest marks.
The printers sent out, in the kindest way,
A new ST. NICHOLAS every day;
And the editors *always* took the rhymes
That the poets sent at all possible times.
To please the fisherman down by the brook,
The fish came swimming to catch the hook;
The oysters smilingly opened their shells;
The buckets sprang merrily up in the wells;
And the little dogs gathered the downy brood,
And helped the chickens to scratch for food.

The currants and blackberries picked themselves,
And stood, all canned, on the pantry shelves.
The sun sat willingly up all night
To cheer the earth, when it needed light.
The babies their natural cries suppressed,
For fear of breaking their parents' rest;
And the dear little, kind little, sweet little boys
Refrained from making the slightest noise,
But quietly played with their harmless toys,
And washed their hands without being told,
To please their mothers, as good as gold.

The breeze came blowing in gentle gales
Whenever 't was wanted to fill the sails;
The prisoners stayed in the unlocked jails;
And the mice sat up on the balcony rails,
To let the kittens play with their tails;
And the old cats stifled their nightly wails;
And the little fish danced to tickle the whales;
And the brown hawk hurried to warn the quails;
And the butterflies loitered to help the snails;
And the hammers were gentle and kind to the nails;
And the mops took care not to scratch the pails;
And Princeton's ball gracefully yielded to Yale's;
And —

Here the wonderful story fails;
For I breathless woke. It was New Year's day.
The world wagged on in the same old way.
"It was only a dream!" said I. "Dear me!
But — *I* 'll be obliging as I can be,
And the world may be better for *that* —
we 'll see!"






BY CAROLYN WELLS

## CHAPTER I.

### "AN IMP OF WICKEDNESS."

IT was seven o'clock on a shining spring morning, and Warren Street was receiving its daily bath. All up and down its elm-shaded length, men and women and girls and boys were splashing and dashing and scrubbing and rubbing; and even the sun seemed willing to help, for he peered through the branches and winked and blinked as if to say, "You wash the steps and the pavements, and I 'll dry them."

In front of No. 27 stood a personage whom the owner of the house No. 27 variously characterized as a "Looby," a "Good-for-nothing," a "Hobbledehoy," and an "Imp of Wickedness." She is the heroine of this story. Betty McGuire was a lanky girl in her fourteenth year. Her thin face was sprinkled with freckles, and her little nose was neither Greek nor Roman; but her merry deep-blue eyes and her glossy black curls suggested the best type of Irish beauty. For Betty was of Irish descent, though American by birth and by several years of knocking about in American boarding-houses.

Not that Miss Betty boarded — oh, dear, no! She had been waitress, scullery-maid, and maid of all work; and once, for three blessed weeks, she had been a lady's-maid; and those weeks were the one bright chapter in her poor little career. For Miss Christabel had been so beautiful, and so sweet and gentle; more than all, she had been *kind* to Betty, and that had been the child's only experience with that virtue.

But Miss Christabel was only as a dream now, and Betty's life in Mrs. Tucker's boarding-house was a hard and cold reality.

It was n't the work only,— she could have stood that,— but it was the injustice. It did seem that, no matter how hard she tried, she never could convince the irascible landlady of her good intentions. For Betty was a conscientious little girl, and truly tried to do right; only, the right bobbed about so she was never sure just where to find it. Indeed, from Mrs. Tucker's point of view, the right seemed to be always the thing Betty left undone. As she stood in front of No. 27, she presented a comical picture.

Dressed in a shirt-waist which had seen brighter days, and a short and skimpy old black skirt, she wore at her belt a huge bunch of daisies, and her battered and torn straw hat was loaded with the same inexpensive blossoms. Around her neck and tied under her chin in a great bow was a strip of Turkey-red calico, which Ellen the cook had given her.

Betty's love of bright colors amounted almost to a passion; and as, in consequence, Mrs. Tucker prescribed only dull and dark clothes, the child was obliged to choose with great

caution the times and seasons when she might fling her colors to the breeze, and this strip of Turkey red was among her most cherished possessions. It had been originally intended to enliven Ellen's collection of carpet-rags; but Betty had shown such an overwhelming desire for its possession, that the good-natured cook had presented it to her; and ever since it had been a necktie, a sash, or a hat-band, as occasion required, but was always so adjusted that it could be instantly whisked off when the voice of Mrs. Tucker was heard in the land.

So this morning it was a necktie, and imparted an air of great dignity to its wearer, while she grasped firmly in her bony hands the nozzle of a garden hose, which rested its slimy, snaky black length across the pavement.

A spray of water sparkled through the air, and bit the dust in the middle of the road.

Then Pete, the ashman, came along, and with a grin surveyed the red-bowed maiden.

"Hi, Betty, what yer doin'?"

"I should think you could see. I 'm playin' the pianny in me boodore."

"Funny, ain't yer? Where 's Mike?"

"Sick. Have you got anything for me?"

"No, Betty; the ash-barrel business ain't what it was. I don't pick up no satin sashes, nor yet no spangled overskirts — in fact, nothin' as ladies like yerself would care for."

"All right, Pete; but keep a good watch out, all the same. I 'd like a new feather most exceedin', me red one havin' been croolly put in the fire by me friend Mrs. Tucker."

"Now, that 's a real shame, Betty, and I 'll thry fer to hunt ye another, sure I will."

Pete departed, whistling, and Betty moved along and began on a fresh section of dust. Her next interlocutor was Jack, the lame newsboy, who hailed her from across the street:

"Hello, Imp! what are you up to now? Out for dust?"

"Oh, only amusin' meself. Come on over."

"'Fraid you 'll shrink my new clo'es for me."

"No, I won't, honor bright! Come on."

"Gutter seats all engaged?"

"No; take one. Now see me hit the bird on that hydrant."

"Smarty! Let me try it. There! he 's gone. Let 's try it on a dog; here 's 'Bumps.'"

"No; you sha'n't tease Bumps. Give me the hose; I must get the dust laid before Mrs. Tucker comes, or she 'll blow me sky-high."

"Yes; I 'll give it to you in a minute; but here comes Van Court's trap, with all the swell dudes in it. Must be a picnic as brings 'em out so early. I 'm going to see how near I can come to 'em and miss 'em."

"Oh, Jack, don't! It 'll spoil the young ladies' dresses if a drop of water touches 'em. Give me that hose!" And Betty snatched at it; but, with the proverbial viciousness of inanimate things, the hose gave a squirm, and a great stream of water was divided impartially among the surprised occupants of the carriage. The young man who was driving reined up his horses with a jerk, threw the lines to his companion, and sprang to the ground, confronting the two terrified children. He glared at them both, and then deciding that the inoffensive-looking cripple could not be the culprit, he turned to the more daring-looking Betty.

"What did you do that for, you minx? How dare you play your disgraceful pranks on a party of ladies and gentlemen? Who are you?"

"Please, sir," broke in Lame Jack, "the Imp did n't do it; it was my fault."

"The 'Imp'! A fine name, truly! Don't attempt to shield her, boy; her guilt speaks for itself in her face."

For, naturally, poor Betty was blushing scarlet, and although she tried to speak, the irate gentleman gave her no chance.

"Be off, lad, and sell your papers. I 'll attend to this. Now, Imp, where do you belong?"

"Go on, Jack, do," implored Betty; for the lame boy's face showed an eagerness to do battle for his friend, and she feared that if the gentleman's wrath should be transferred to Jack it would go hard with him. So, feeling more than ever his uselessness, Jack hobbled away.

Then Betty turned to her accuser.

"It was an accident, sir; I was trying *not* to hit the carriage, but the hose twisted about so, I could n't handle it."

Betty's earnest face might have convinced even a more skeptical judge; but the daisies nodding above it, and the audacious red bow below it, gave the child an air of frivolity that argued ill for her cause.

"A likely story! Popinjay! Where do you live? Who is your father?"

"Oh, sir, I have n't any father, or mother, neither. I 'm Mrs. Tucker's kitchen girl; and please, *please* don't tell *her* about it. She could n't help you any, and she 'd 'most kill *me*."



"THE HOSE GAVE A SQUIRM, AND A GREAT STREAM OF WATER WAS DIVIDED IMPARTIALLY AMONG THE SURPRISED OCCUPANTS OF THE CARRIAGE."

This was philosophy; but the enraged Mr. Van Court was n't asking for philosophy. He strode up the steps and rang Mrs. Tucker's door-bell with decision and energy.

Meantime the two besprinkled ladies had climbed down from the trap and presented themselves also at the door; and when Mrs. Tucker came, she beheld three of "the quality" apparently very anxious to enter her house.

Now, Mrs. Tucker was cut out for a successful boarding-house keeper by every implication of her being. Her features, her person, and her dress all gave the impression of economy and even of a scant table. And, although an early hour for such an errand, her businesslike intuitions told her that these people had heard of the justly famed excellence of her house and table, and were seeking accommodations.

So it was with a beaming smile of hope that she invited them in — a smile, however, which turned to a stare of amazement as she saw the ladies' wet dresses, and changed again to a thunder-cloud frown as the terrified Betty was pushed into prominence by Mr. Van Court.

"I ask, madam," he said, "why this overdressed factotum of yours should be allowed to drench innocent passers-by?"

His satire had expended itself, and he stood glaring at Betty, too angry for further words.

Miss Van Court took up the thread of the complaint, saying in a drawling voice, "My new barege is spoiled." In truth it was, and her bonnet also. The other lady interrupted her, saying concisely: "What we want is to come in and dry our clothing by your fire, if we may. Richard, you will lose your train if you tarry

longer. Go to the station, and Thomas may call for us on his return. You see, madam, we were taking my brother to the cars, when we were suddenly deluged by a stream of water from the garden hose. We cannot go farther in this state, so we ask assistance — though I fear my parasol is beyond all help."

She looked regretfully at the soaking mass of white chiffon and silk, and the utter ruin of the lovely sunshade went straight to Betty's beauty-loving heart.

"Oh, miss," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "the purty parrysol!" And her big blue eyes filled with tears at the bedraggled wreck.

Mrs. Tucker urged the ladies to come in, at the same time snatching at Betty's arm with such a vicious jerk that Mr. Van Court felt he had secured for the "Popinjay" a punishment to fit her crime, as he hurried away to his train.

"You imp of wickedness, what have you been doing now?" murmured Mrs. Tucker, in a tone no less menacing because of its low pitch; "and what do you mean by wearing this disgusting trumpery? You are a disgrace to my house!"

She twitched off poor Betty's red necktie, which the child had forgotten, and, pushing her, added:

"Go at once to the cellar and split wood. Stay there until I call you, and mind you are not idle a moment!"

Then Mrs. Tucker turned to the ladies a countenance meant to show respectful regret and sympathy.

"I am so sorry that you should have suffered through the vile pranks of that imp of wickedness," she said, as she lighted a wood-fire which was laid ready in the drawing-room; "she makes my life a torment."

"Ah, well," said the younger Miss Van Court, who had been impressed by Betty's tearful eyes, "perhaps it was an accident; don't be too hard on her."

Mrs. Tucker took the cue. "Yes, ma'am; as you say, an accident; but what a pity, ma'am! Pray let me help dry your feathers."

The blazing fire did quick and efficacious work, and when the trap returned, the damaged clothing was almost entirely restored, only the parasol being permanently injured.

With renewed apologies and regrets, Mrs. Tucker bowed her guests out, and then went downstairs in search of the luckless Imp.

## Chapter II.

### In the Cellar.

In obedience to Mrs. Tucker's order, Betty started for the cellar, and as she went down the stairs she felt that her cup of woe was full indeed. To be brought in from her beloved fresh air and sunshine, and set to work in the dark, damp cellar was bad enough, but far worse was the loss of her beautiful Turkey-red calico. And, too, Betty had had no breakfast that morning, and hunger does not add to the bravery of a little girl fourteen years old.

As she passed the kitchen door a goodly smell came out invitingly; but she dared not stop there, for Mrs. Tucker would expect the pile of split sticks to measure fairly with the time which might elapse before her appearance.

So Betty went on down-cellar, picked up the ax, and attacked a log of wood. She knew that Mrs. Tucker, in the parlor above, could hear her strokes, and that consequently they must occur in rapid succession.

"It 's starvin' I am!" she said to herself. "Neither bite nor sup this blessed mornin', an' likely nothin' till noon — an' me a-tryin' most especial this week to be good. But the more I tries, the more things happens from outside to pervent. I s'pose it 's just my luck. Some folks is born to bad luck, and what luck comes we has to take. But I wish I had a home. Seems to me I would n't mind havin' bad luck if I had a pretty home to have it in. Hallo, Jack! — come on down."

The crippled newsboy had appeared at the cellar window, and, in response to Betty's invitation, Jack swung himself and his crutch inside, with an agility that would have done credit to a boy who had full use of his legs.

"What 's up, Betty? Where 's the old lady?"

"In the parlor, passin' the time of day wid the Miss Van Courts. Say, Jack, did you ever have a home?"

"A home? Naw — nothin' but the hospital, and I runned away from that."

"Don't you wish you did have a home?"

"Yep; but I 'd ruther have money. If yer have money, yer can buy a home."

"Oh, I *never* had any money. I 've just worked for clo'es and board. Of course, while you 're wishin', you might as well wish for money. But I 'd rather have schoolin'. I 'd just *love* to go to school, an' learn 'I am, thou art, he is.' That 's what Ethel Green learns; and she learns beautiful map-questions and figgers, too."

"Stop yer choppin' a minute, Betty; I can't hear what yer say."

"I *can't* stop. She 's up above, listenin'."

"What a nipper she is! Will yer ketch it fer the hosin' performance, Bet?"

"S'pose so."

"It 's a shame, 'cos that was my fault. Say, Betty, I 'm awful sorry I got yer in trouble."

"Oh, it does n't make any difference. If she was n't ragin' about this, it 'd be somethin' else. She 's gen'rally mad at somethin'. Oh, jiminy, Jack, she 's comin'! You won't have time to get out. Hide behind the ice-box."

Jack scrambled behind the big refrigerator, the noise of his clattering crutch drowned by the vigorous blows of Betty's ax.

"You good-for-nothing looby!" began the landlady. "You have brought disgrace and reproach upon my house; you have spoiled the ladies' fine gowns, and you deserve to be turned into the street. After all I 've done for you, you have no sense of gratitude! After all I 've taught you, you have no sense of decorum, but stand out in front of my house, tricked out like an organ-grinder's monkey, and insult passers-by. Lay down that ax and look at me! What can you say for yourself?"

Betty dropped the ax and looked at Mrs. Tucker. Impressed by the lady's extreme rage, the thought struck her that she had nothing to lose and everything to gain, and she resolved on a bold stroke.

"I 'm sorry," she said,—"awful sorry; but truly, ma'am, it was an accident. But please, ma'am, if you 'll give me back me red necktie, I 'll not wear it out o' doors again."

"Give it back to you!" fairly screamed Mrs. Tucker. "I 'll throw it in the fire; indeed you *won't* wear it out of doors again. Now, as part of your punishment, you may stay down here and split wood all the morning."

"But, Mrs. Tucker, I ain't had breakfast."

"And you don't deserve any. But there 's some cold tea in the pantry; you may have that and a slice of bread. You 'd better not dawdle over it, for all those sticks must be split and neatly piled up by the time Ellen calls you to pare the vegetables."

"Yes, ma'am," said Betty, meekly; and Mrs. Tucker walked away, feeling doubtful whether she had punished her prisoner enough, and resolving that the careless girl should pay for her fault in some other way.

Betty chopped away sullenly, and Jack came out of his hiding-place and offered sympathy.

"She 's a mean old thing; but ain't you goin' to eat nothin', Betty?"

"No; I don't want her food. I hate her!"

"Say, Betty,"—and Jack's kind voice was very comforting,—"I 've got a nickel, and if yer say so, I 'll skip down to Gruber's and buy you a hot muffin and a sausage, 'cos it was truly my fault that yer got trapped. Will yer eat 'em, hey?"

"Yes, indeedy! You 're awful good, Jack."

The lame boy hobbled off on his errand, and Betty whacked away at her task until he returned. Then she dropped her ax, and sat down to enjoy the hot muffin and sausage.

"My, but it 's good, Jack! But are n't you hungry yourself?"

"N-no — not to say *hungry*. I had some breakfast. But that 's tiptop, ain't it?"

"It 's prime; but I won't eat any more unless you take some, too. Here"; and Betty broke off a generous bit and gave it to him, and the two children sat nibbling away together.

"Let 's pretend, Jack," said Betty; "that 'll make it last longer, and be more fun, besides. Let 's pretend we 're quality, and you 've come to dine with me. I 'm a grand lady with heaps of book-learnin', and a red silk dress trimmed with blue bugles, and I live in a home. You 're a hero who was lamed in the battle of Waterloo —"

"But I *couldn't* be, Betty. That battle was years ago."

"Oh, was it? Well, never mind; any old battle will do. Now pretend. Good even-

in', Mr. Riley; it 's pleased to see you I am — thou art — he is.' "

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, that 's grammar, Jack. The quality always talks grammar. It 's all the grammar I know. But I know one bit of history. I heard Ethel Green studying it out of a book. She said it over and over, and I learned it while I was dusting her room."

"What is it?"

"Well, if you 'll pretend with me, I 'll say it. The quality brings in history as they talks."

"All right. Good evenin', Miss McGuire. You 're lookin' gorgeous to-night."

"Yes; me new gown *is* a becomin' color, though I say it as should n't. Will you have some of this strawberry ice-cream? It 's the best I 've ate since the crescent waved over the church of St. Sophia and the Byzantine Empire fell forever."

"Whew! Is that your history, Bet?"

"Yes; but don't notice it. Just talk away. You 're no good at all at pretendin'. Why, I can pretend this cellar is a beautiful parlor, or a flower-garden, or a school-room. I like the school-room best, and I pretend there 's a kind, gentle teacher-lady, and lots of books and slates and things; and I learn away like fury; and when I say me lessons, the teacher says, 'That 's excellent, my child.' I heard Ethel Green's teacher say that to her once. Now I must go back to me choppin', or I won't have sufficient of sticks to gratify me friend Mrs. Tucker. Clear out, Jack; I can't work if you 're here to talk to"; and as the boy hobbled away, she added: "I 'm awful thankful to you for the muffin. I 'll pay back your kindness when I come into me fortune."

Betty's fortune was a standing joke among her small circle of acquaintances. It was purely traditional, and no one but Betty had any faith in the authenticity of the tale.

The facts of Betty's early history were these: A young Irishman had come over to this country as an agent for a firm of Belfast linen-dealers. He had wooed and won a fair Boston girl contrary to the counsels of her parents, who had objected to Martin McGuire with no very good reason. But the young couple ran away and were married. For several years the parents continued implacable; then they relented, and wrote for Mr. and Mrs. McGuire and their baby daughter to come home and be forgiven. With great joy the party started; but during their journey a serious railroad accident occurred, and the train in which they were traveling was thrown from the track. The wounded passengers were taken to various hospitals, and it so chanced that Mrs. McGuire was separated from her husband and child, and afterward received the report that they had both perished.

Though the report was true of Martin McGuire, it had been a mistake about the child, for the baby Betty had been found very much alive, and had been taken to an orphan asylum.

In his dying moments Martin McGuire managed to write a few words on a paper, which he pinned to his child's frock. The paper read: "Elizabeth McGuire. Possible heiress to a large fortune." He did this because he hoped it would attract attention to his orphaned baby, and insure kind treatment for her; and as to the fortune, he had always lived in expectation of an inheritance from his father, who had long ago gone to Australia in search of gold. No news had ever been received from him since he started away with pick and pack, but if he had amassed wealth, Martin McGuire was his only heir and must inherit it.

Even this paper, however, failed to disclose Betty's whereabouts to her sorrowing mother, for no attention was paid to the scrawled message, and the paper was soon lost. But it had served to fix the child's name, and the episode remained in the memory of the matron of the asylum, and was told to Betty in after years.

As she grew old enough, she was made to work, and the hardest and most menial labors fell to her share.

When she was ten years old she was put out to service, and had drifted from one employer to another ever since. Although she inherited her father's indomitable pluck and energy, his good nature and sense of humor, yet the girl was very like her mother in innate refinement of character, her winning ways, and her sensitiveness; and so the poor little starved heart and brain suffered even more than her ill-

clothed and ill-fed little body. In spite of her enforced association with ignorant people she felt a desire and a capacity for education, and although she naturally adopted something of the careless language and rough-and-ready ways of her associates, yet the finer instincts were latent and ready to recognize and respond to true culture and gentleness wherever she might meet them.

Betty loved beautiful things, and, not possessing any, she tried to make up for the lack of substantial luxuries by furnishing her poor little air-castles with a lavishness which was limited only by her own ignorance.



"'IT 'S THE BEST I 'VE ATE SINCE THE CRESCENT WAVED OVER THE CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA'"

But all her other trials and deprivations were as nothing to her longing for a home; or, rather, all the other sorrows were summed up in that. She wanted to feel that she belonged somewhere, that she would be welcomed somewhere; and her feelings of envy were roused only on seeing some manifestation of home happiness.

Betty had ambitions, and a dogged determination to achieve them, sooner or later; and she thought that, if she could ever get a place where, besides giving her board and clothes, they would pay even a small amount of money, she would save it all toward this future home of hers, which at present seemed as remote as the distant sun.

But the days went by, with no change for the better; in fact, Betty's hard life was made harder as the summer days grew warm and Mrs. Tucker became correspondingly more irritable and thoughtless.

And so it happened that one beautiful, bright morning when Mrs. Tucker felt sure that Betty wanted to be out of doors, she sent her to the dining-room to kill flies.

Greenborough people, though living near the city of New York, were primitive and conservative; so in Mrs. Tucker's dining-room a

pink mosquito-netting was spread over the always-laid table between meals. It chanced to be a new one, and of a very bright pink, and it suggested many possibilities to Betty's admiring eye.

She took it from the table, and tried it in various capacities — as a train, a shawl, a sash, and finally as a bridal veil.

This proved so satisfactory that she attacked the marauding flies with the pink gauze still fastened to the top of her head and floating behind her as she danced around.

So when Mrs. Tucker glanced in to see if the fly massacre was proceeding with sufficient rapidity, the waving pink cloud that met her eye failed to inspire her with mirth or admiration.

"You imp of wickedness!" she began; and then the situation seemed really beyond her range of epithets, and she paused and looked at Betty until the child shivered with dread.

She had done wrong, she knew; there was no excuse for her; but the temptation to see how the beautiful pink fabric would become her had proved too strong to resist.

"I 'm sorry," she began; but she shook in her shoes as Mrs. Tucker interrupted her and cried:

"Leave my house to-day! I 've been tormented with you for two years, and I 'll harbor such a minx no longer! Out you go this very day, you good-for-nothing, and seek some place where they will let you destroy their house-furnishings to gratify your jackanapes foolishness. Go at once, I tell you; *I* 'm done with you"; and Mrs. Tucker pushed the frightened and weeping child out into the hall.

Betty went on blindly through the hall and kitchen, and out on the little back porch, where she sat down and gave way to violent crying. Not that she loved Mrs. Tucker; not that she was sorry for her naughtiness; but the house from which she had been turned was the nearest approach to a home that she knew of, and where to go was a question with absolutely no answer.

Now, Mrs. Tucker had not really meant for Betty to go away — she was too useful a servant to lose; but the landlady thought that a lesson of this kind would do no harm, and might frighten Betty into more discreet behavior.

So Betty was left alone with her grief, and continued to sit sobbing on the back steps. Even Bumps, who poked his frowzy little head up within her arm, and blinked his sympathetic eyes at her, failed to show her a way out of her difficulties.

After a while a hobbling step was heard coming round the corner of the house, and



BETTY HEARS NEWS

Betty raised her head to see Lame Jack with an excited look on his face. He came up at a rapid pace, and did not wait for her to speak.

"Betty — I say, Bet, stop cryin' while I tell yer somethin'."

"Don't want to hear it," she mumbled.

"Yes, you do. You 'll want to hear this. The postman brought a letter for you."

"What?"

"He did, true as true. I was goin' by, and he asked me, did Betty McGuire live here, and I said yes, and he give all the letters to Ellen at the door. I asked him afterward if there was one for you, and he said there was."

Betty had stopped crying now, and her troubles were all crowded out of her mind by this new wonder.

"Jack! what can it be about? Where is the letter?"

"Dunno; s'pose old Tuck 's got it by this time. Like as not you 'll never see it," replied the crippled boy.

"But I *must*, Jack; it 's *mine*."

Just then Mrs. Tucker's step was heard in the kitchen, and Mrs. Tucker's voice — but such a different voice from the one she generally used — said, "Betty!"

*(To be continued.)*

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# A DOUGHTY SPIRIT.

By Rosalie M. Jonas.

FENCING foils,
and balls,
and bats,
Golf-sticks,
tennis-rackets! That 's
A real "daisy"
roller-skate,
And there 's a "chainless" '98.
A boy could fly on her —
gee-whee!
That is, 'most any boy but me.

And "crops" and saddles — my!
what fun,
To sit your horse quite straight,
and run
The game to cover — if the
"game"
Was n't so often hunted lame!
But most boys don't mind that,
you see,
Because most boys are n't just
like me.



# THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

By George A. Henty.

## Chapter V.

Guy and the negro were half suffocated before they reached the window and drew in long breaths of air at the loopholes of the shutter. No sound was to be heard in the nearer apartments, but from below half a dozen men's voices still joined in the hymn.

The shutter was opened sufficiently for one to pass out at a time, and the rope, one end of which was securely fastened to a piece of heavy furniture, was lowered.

"When you get to the bottom, lie down straight, Massa Guy. I stop and pull de shutter to behind me when I come out. Slide down quietly; no jump down on de ground."

The sky was so lighted up by the blaze in the front of the house that Guy felt sure that any on the watch could not fail to see them, forgetting that to others standing behind, the house would loom up black against the glow of the fire on sky, cottages, and trees. He slid down rapidly, and, the instant his feet touched the ground, threw himself flat, and lay, pistol in hand, expecting every moment to see the form of a savage bending over him. Shanti joined him almost instantly.

"Now, marse, which way you t'ink ob going?" he asked in a whisper.

"I have not the least idea, Shanti. You lead the way."

"We must wriggle along like snakes, sah. Turn your belt so de sword come on your back; if it strike against stone, all up wid us, sure 'nough. Must go bery slow, marse; plenty ob time. When we once t'roo dem, we run; if you hear noise, you no stir; if we come across skulking redskin, me quiet him!"

Drawing his long knife and placing it between his teeth, the negro started, moving with an absolute noiselessness that Guy found it hard to imitate. They were now in the garden in which the vegetables for the household use were grown. The negro bore away obliquely toward the right until he reached the spot where some rows of maize had already gained the height of eighteen inches. Guy wondered that he had not thought of these, which certainly afforded a shelter from sight, unless the boys came right upon some Indian posted there. They had gone some twenty yards when Guy's hands fell upon the negro's foot, and found that he had stopped. Feeling sure that there was some obstacle in the way, Guy also lay motionless, and, looking fixedly ahead, made out something dark a pace or two in front of the negro. Presently the latter pushed Guy's hand with his foot, as if to bid him remain where he was; then it was withdrawn.

Still watching, Guy made out the outline of an Indian with a head-dress of tall feathers. He was squatting as motionless as if carved in stone; his eyes were fixed on the back of the house, but Guy fancied that he was listening intently. Suddenly the figure became blurred, and there was a dull sound. Shanti had crept up to within a yard, and then, gathering his feet under him, had suddenly sprung upon the Indian. Grasping him by the throat with the left hand, Shanti buried his knife deep in the redskin's body. There was a moment's pause, and then Guy again saw the plumed head, and, to his delight, came Shanti's whisper:

"Come on, marse; dat bad Indian gib no more trouble."

Guy could not help shuddering as he crawled past the dead body of the Indian. Once or twice they stopped again, and through the blades of maize Guy saw a dark figure standing but a few paces away. When they came to the end of the row there was a ditch, a foot or so deep, for carrying off the water in

times of heavy rain; and Shanti turned into this. They could hear the sound of many voices round them, and knew that they were now close to the spot where a number of redskins were on the watch to intercept fugitives. Suddenly a great light flashed up, the ground shook, and there was a deep roar, followed by a heavy, rumbling sound, above which rose yells of astonishment and alarm from the Indians, who could be heard rushing away in all directions.



"SHANTI HAD CREPT UP TO WITHIN A YARD OF THE INDIAN"

For a moment Guy lay motionless. The necessity for devoting every energy to the work of crawling noiselessly, and the expectation of momentary attack, had so occupied his thoughts that, beyond a deep feeling of pain and oppression, he had been able to give but slight thought to those he had left. Now all was over; his father and all those among whom he had been brought up were no more; and deep sobs of pain burst from him.

"Come on, Marse Guy," the negro said. "No time to weep for fadder now; plenty ob time afterward; now de time to get as far away as can; lose lives if stop here."

Thus urged, Guy moved forward again; and they presently came to a wall, at the side of which the drain ran. By this time the yells of alarm of the Indians near the house had changed to cries of triumph; the shouts were repeated by those who had lately fled, and they could be heard running toward the house. Looking back, Guy saw that the roof was gone, and a portion of the upper story; the light of the fire had greatly decreased, owing, no doubt, to timbers of the upper part having fallen upon it.

"Can get up and run now, marse. No fear of meeting redskin—all gone to look at house."

Guy was glad indeed to rise to his feet, and to run along, though stooping so that his head should not show above the top of the wall. A quarter of an hour later they were far out in the plantation.

"Which way now, Massa Guy?"

"We will make for the canoe."

"Good job, dat," Shanti said approvingly. "Water leab no trace Indian can find."

"There is no fear of their trying to track us, Shanti; they will suppose that every one has perished," Guy remarked.

"No, marse; dey not t'ink dat; when daylight come dey look about, and dey bery soon see dat rope hang from window."

"I never thought of that!" Guy exclaimed. "How unlucky! But I don't see how we could have got it down."

"Could n't get it down," the black said. "Too much smoke to untie knot, and if cut him, hab to jump, and dey hear de sound for sure. Bad job, marse, but could not help it. Directly dey find rope, dey look about, follow track, find dead redskin, den dey set out on hunt. Still, we get four or five hours' start, and dat a long time. We go up de stream or down, massa?"

"Up the stream," Guy replied. "It is certain that the whole of the plantations and small villages have been destroyed, even if Jamestown had successfully defended itself, which I fear will not be the case. At any rate, the whole country between this and the town will be occupied by the Indians, and I do not think that there will be a chance of getting through, though I might try if I were sure that Jamestown was safe."

It was not until long afterward that Guy heard that Jamestown and a few settlements near it had escaped destruction. The day before the attack, an Indian had warned a white who had rendered him a great service that the town and every settlement would be attacked that night, and the whites massacred, and implored him to go on board a ship and sail down the river at once. He went, however, straight to the governor, and gave information of the intentions of the natives. Although he had attached no credence to the message that Master Neville had sent him, the governor saw that this confirmation of it was serious indeed. The whole of the whites were at once called to arms, and messengers were sent off on horseback to two or three other small towns on the river. The consequence was that when the attack was made, it was repulsed with heavy loss, and the natives, discomfited at finding that their plans had been betrayed, made no attempt to renew the attack.

Everywhere else, however, they were completely successful. The whole of the outlying plantations and villages were destroyed, the whites in all cases being taken entirely by surprise, and being murdered before they could offer any resistance. Three hundred and forty-seven settlers lost their lives on that fatal night.

Half an hour's running brought the fugitives to the spot where the canoe was concealed among the bushes near the river-bank. The black, at Guy's request, took his place in the bow, as he was able to see far better in the darkness than his master. The river was some twenty yards wide, and the trees branched far over it on each side. Alone, Guy would have had to wait until daylight; but the negro kept the boat in the middle of the stream without difficulty, and the light canoe flew rapidly along under the powerful strokes of the paddles.

When daylight broke, the stream had narrowed and was but a few yards wide, the trees meeting overhead. They had now gone many miles beyond the highest point that they had reached in their hunting expeditions.

"Can't go much farther, Marse Guy."

"No; we have come pretty well to the end of the stream. We will land as soon as we get to a spot where we can go ashore without leaving marks. Look out for a little clump of dry ground or a fallen tree."

"Which side we land?"

"It does not matter. By the light in the sky, we must be heading nearly due south. I have been thinking while we rowed, Shanti, and it seems to me that our only plan is to make for a river that I have often heard the Indians speak of. They said that as far south as can be walked between sunrise and sunset — which means, I think, about forty miles — is another river, not so large as the James, but still a large river, which rises among the mountains to the west but a few miles distant from the point where the James runs through them. We cannot be very many miles from that river now. I should say that we had better keep southwest, because they said that the farther the river goes, the farther it is from the James; and they described the country where it runs into the sea as being wet and swampy."

"Ob course we take canoe, massa?"

"Yes; it is not a great weight to carry; but we shall have to be very careful that it does not get damaged going through the forest."

"Dat so, massa; Shanti could make another canoe, but not one like dat."

"Besides, we have no time to waste; we know how those redskins can follow the trail of the deer, and, from the stories I have heard them tell, I have no doubt that they can follow the trail of an enemy just as easily. As soon as they discover that we have gone, they will follow at full speed to the point where we launched the canoe; then some will, no doubt, go down the stream, and some will come up. There were certainly two or three hundred of them who attacked our house. Many will go off in other directions, but twenty or thirty may be sent in pursuit of us."

"Dey soon get tired, massa, when dey not find us."

"We must not count on that, Shanti. I have heard many stories of how they have tracked a foe for weeks, and finally overtaken and slain him. The Indians are hunters, and I believe that they prefer hunting man to any other creature; they will follow our trail until they lose it altogether, or until we arrive in the country of some tribe at enmity with them. However, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have a start of some twenty miles ahead of them, at least, even if they find the rope and take up the trail the first thing this morning. Probably, at first, only half a dozen will follow; but as soon as they find that we have taken to the river, they will see that more will be required, and there will be little loss of time before two parties are formed, one to go up the river and the other down. Of course they will have to divide again, so as to follow both banks; they will know exactly how far the river goes, and will have to examine the bank most carefully as they move along, and I doubt whether they will be here till late this afternoon. When they find where we left the stream,— which I think they are sure to do, however careful we may be, — they will, no doubt, follow until it gets dark, and will then probably camp until morning. I doubt whether even Indians could follow the trail by torch-light; so that even if this river is twenty miles from here, — I should hardly think that it was so far by what I have heard of it from the Indians, — we ought to be afloat long before they reach it. Then we shall have the stream with us, and I should think that we would be safe from further pursuit."

A spot on the bank free from bushes was soon found. They stepped out, and lifted the canoe ashore.

"Better take off boots, massa; naked feet no leave much mark; those heels of your boots make mark easy to see wid half an eye."

Guy at once pulled off his boots, and placed them in the canoe. In this they also laid their heavy pistols, and then lifted it on to their shoulders, and struck into the forest. Once away from the stream, there was little undergrowth; the trees stood thickly together, forming a shade so dense that, except where the light penetrated, at places where trees had fallen from age, or a space had been cleared by some great storm, the ground was clear of all obstacles. Both had sufficient forest experience to be able to keep their course without hesitation. Patches of moss or lichen were sufficient indication to them as to the points of the compass, while, as the sun rose high enough for its rays to find a passage here and there through the canopy of leaves, it furnished so unerring an index that it was unnecessary even to glance at the indications given by tree-trunks.

Their only difficulty consisted in crossing two lanes where tracts a hundred yards across had been cleared by hurricanes. One of these was a recent one, and they stopped dismayed when they arrived at its edge. The trunks were all laid one way, as if some gigantic roller had been dragged along across the forest; but their boughs were twisted in the wildest confusion, while a thick undergrowth, some fifteen feet in height, had already sprung up between the trunks and branches.

"What to be done, Marse Guy?"

"There is nothing that I can see but to cut through it. I know that these lanes often extend for many miles, and we have no time to go round it. It is lucky that you brought your ax instead of a sword. Let us begin at the point where that trunk, in falling, rested on the

one next to it. We can crawl under that; afterward we must take our chances."

It was terrible work. They took turns using the ax, finding no difficulty where only the fresh-grown underwood had to be chopped through, but having enormous labor in crossing the fallen trunks and hewing a way through the tangled branches. The most extreme care had to be used to prevent the canoe from being damaged by the rough ends of broken branches, and it was not until after two hours of incessant toil that they reached the other side of the barren.

A second lane was of much longer standing, and the trunks of the fallen trees were already crumbling into dust from the influence of the climate and the attacks of insect foes. Half an hour's work, therefore, sufficed to take them across.

Guy had put on his boots when they arrived at the first obstacle, and, knowing that there could be no difficulty in following up their track, continued to wear them. Darkness was already closing in when they saw the trees open before them, and a few minutes later they arrived on the bank of a considerable stream.

## Chapter VI.

It was fortunate that Guy had traveled southwest instead of south, for near where he found the Roanoke the river makes a sudden turn to the south, and it would have taken him two if not three days before he came to it.

"Thank Heaven!" Guy exclaimed, when they reached the river. "We are safe so far. Put the canoe in the water, Shanti; we will camp on the other side. I shall sleep a deal more comfortably with the river between us and our foes. I know they cannot possibly arrive here before morning, even if they are on the track all night; still, one would keep on fancying that one heard sounds in the wood."

"Dat so, Marse Guy; dar is some sounds dat me should be bery glad to hear."

"What sounds are those?"

"Me should like to hear de grunt ob a pig, or de call ob a gobbler. Just dis time last night we take our meal, and me dat hungry I could eat 'mos' anything," Shanti answered.

"I suppose I am hungry, too, Shanti, though I have n't given it a thought until now," Guy replied, with a look of surprise. "There has been no time to be hungry."

"Me been t'inking about eating, massa, and dat make me wonderful hungry. To-morrow morning, first thing, make bow and arrows. No use run away from Indians and den die ob hunger."

"That is true enough. Of course we have our pistols, if we see anything to shoot; but I should not like to fire them off unless in extreme necessity. There is no saying who might be about the woods, and the sound might bring a score of redskins upon us."

By this time they had reached the opposite shore. The canoe was carried a few yards into the forest, and then they threw themselves down; and even the thought of the loss that they had suffered, and the danger that surrounded them, was insufficient to keep Guy awake for more than ten minutes after he had lain down, while the negro fell asleep almost the instant his head touched the ground.

The sun had not yet risen when Guy was awakened. Shanti was shaking him by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Wake up, massa, quick, and get canoe into water."

Guy sprang to his feet with the idea that they were about to be attacked, and without question seized one end of the canoe and carried it to the water, took his place and seized the paddle.

"Where, Shanti?" he exclaimed.

"Dere, sah, half-way across de river. Paddle for yo' life."

Mechanically Guy struck his paddle in the water, but without having an idea what the negro meant. Leaning a little on one side so as to look directly ahead in the direction in which they were speeding, he saw what had so excited Shanti, and at once put more vigor into his strokes; for above the water he could see the head and antlers of a stag. The animal had already taken the alarm, and was swimming strongly; but the canoe flew along, and overtook it within ten yards of the shore. The negro laid down his paddle, seized one of the antlers, and with his knife cut the deer's throat. Then he dragged the carcass into the canoe.

"T'ank de Lord, massa, here am breakfast and dinner!" was Shanti's exclamation.

"That is good indeed," Guy said. "How was it that you happened to see him?"

"Shanti went down to the bank to get a drink, massa. Just as he stooped he hear a rustle in de bushes. He keep bery still; den he see a stag come out fifty yards away, and stop to drink. Me would have run to canoe and got pistol, but remembered what massa said, and me bite my teeth to t'ink ob all dat good meat, and not able to get um. Den me saw stag going to cross river; den me ran and woke yo' up. We go back and land?"



"THE CANOE FLEW ALONG, AND OVERTOOK THE STAG."

"No, Shanti; we will paddle two or three miles down the river first. The redskins might reach the bank before we have finished breakfast, and might swim across when we camp to-night. It is better to throw them off the track altogether. When they come here and see no signs of us, they will most likely give up the search; for we might, for all they can tell, have paddled all night, and by this time be forty miles away."

The negro made no reply, but it was evident from the vigor with which he at once began to paddle that he was determined to get his breakfast as soon as possible. In half an hour they landed, carried up the canoe, and then set about collecting perfectly dry sticks; for when hunting with Ponta, Guy had been taught that the Indians always burn dried wood, so that no smoke, that might betray them to an enemy on some distant eminence, should issue through the tree-tops. As soon as sufficient was collected, dry moss and lichen were gathered, and Guy drew the charge from one of his pistols, scattered a portion of the powder among the moss, and then, renewing the priming, flashed the pistol into it. A flame at once sprang up.

Small twigs were laid over it, and then larger ones, until a bright, smokeless fire was obtained. While he was doing this, Shanti had skinned the deer, cut slices of meat from one of the haunches, and spitted them on the ramrod of his pistol. As soon as the fire was well alight, he got two stones, and placed them on the fire at a distance apart that would permit the ends of the ramrod to rest upon them. Then he filled the other rod with meat, in readiness to take its place as soon as the first batch was cooked.

"Where are you going?" Guy asked, as he turned and walked abruptly away.

"Me going out ob reach ob him smell, massa; if stop here, must eat him before he is ready. Pity to do dat."

Guy laughed; but he himself was experiencing the same feeling, and it was not long before he called the negro to him. It could not be said that the food was well done, but they enjoyed it thoroughly, and were able to wait patiently until the second supply was well cooked. As soon as the meal was over, they hid the canoe very securely, and then started through the forest to look for a tree the wood of which Indians use for their bows. It was not long before they found one of the right age, and, cutting it down, Shanti hewed off a piece six feet long. Next they cut some wood suitable for arrows, having a straight grain and splitting easily, and then returned to their fire. As the negro was far more skilled at bow-making than Guy, the latter left the matter to him, and, as he worked, sat apparently idle, but really thinking deeply.

"It all seems so uncertain," he said at last. "We know that the Tuscaroras who inhabit the country through which we shall pass, although at present good friends with those of Virginia, have often been engaged in fierce wars with them; but I fancy that some of them must have joined in the uprising. If that was the case, we are not likely to meet with mercy if we fall into their hands on our way down to the sea; therefore we must take every precaution, and travel at night and hide during the day.

"I have heard that the journey by this river is twice as long as it is by the James down to the sea; so it will take us a week, at least. Once near the mouth of the river, the danger from the Indians will be comparatively small. Ponta described the swamps as being terrible, inhabited by fierce monsters and great snakes, and declared that few Indians would venture into them in search of game, although they abounded with wild-fowl. He said that there were great ponds, or lakes, among the swamps, and that everywhere there were little creeks and water-courses that could be traversed by canoes; that the ground in most places was so swampy that a man who placed his foot on it would sink down out of sight, but that in some places the ground was higher, and that here men who had for some offenses been expelled from their tribes, or who had drawn upon themselves the vengeance of some powerful chief, would build huts, and live by fishing and fowling until their friends could make terms for them by payment in skins and other things prized among them."

"Does de sea eber go ober dis low ground, Marse Guy?"

"No; great seas do not break on that part of the coast. Our people have sailed along it, and I heard from my father that there is, some miles farther out, a narrow strip of land. It starts a short distance south of Cape Henry, which is at the mouth of the bay into which the James runs; it extends south one hundred and fifty miles, or thereabouts, to a cape called Hatteras, and then southwest over a hundred miles. At some points this strip of land is twenty or thirty miles from the shore of the mainland, at others not more than three or four miles. There are several islands in the inclosed water, and there are two or three points where there is a break in the barrier. Farther on there is another reef of the same kind, but much closer to the land. My father said that fishermen sometimes established themselves on these strange sandy islands, catching and drying fish. When they had a boat-load they took it to Jamestown or sold it to the settlers near the river. Our best chance of escape is to find some of these fishermen; but it may well be that when they get news of the destruction of the settlers in Virginia, they will leave the place, and hide somewhere near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, so as to row out and

warn any ship that may arrive, and secure a passage in her back to England. Still, we may hope that some will remain, hoping that when the news reaches England reinforcements will be sent out."

"How do dey get water, massa?"

"I have no idea. In fact, I know no more than you do about them. Anyhow, I think that our best chance will be to establish ourselves on some ground high enough to be dry in one of these great swamps. As for the monsters that they talk about, it is hard if, with our pistols, arrows, sword, and ax, we cannot defend ourselves. There are sure to be some sorts of beasts that one can eat — bears, for instance; and we are sure to be able to catch fish or snare wild-fowl. At any rate, I would rather have a battle with wild beasts than with redskins."

"Me suppose the creatures must be like dose in de rivers ob my own country, sah."

"What are they like, Shanti?"

"Dey are long, and covered all ober with thick scales dat cannot be pierced by spear or arrow. Dey have big, big mouths, full ob teeth; dey have short legs, and a long tail. Dey are bery like de little lizards dat run about on de walls and banks, but twenty, thirty feet long."

"Well, I should not feel very comfortable in our little canoe, if a brute like that were to lift his head out of the water close to us; and I should certainly like a boat that was stronger or more solid. There are many such creatures lurking everywhere in the swamps here. By the way, Shanti, I don't see why you carry that big feather head-dress about."



"MESSENGERS WERE SENT TO WARN THE SETTLERS OF THE INDIAN UPRISING."

"No take up much room, sah; might be useful. If we paddle along one dark night, and Indian canoe pass by, dey just make out Shanti paddling with dese plumes on his head; too dark to see him black man; dey t'ink he chief."

"They would soon find you out when they spoke to you," said Guy, laughing.

"Yes, marse; but me know that de redskins not talk much to each other. Two white men meet on path, dey stop and talk; two redskins meet, dey walk straight past each oder — perhaps give grunt, perhaps not. But if dey speak, me say nothing; and den if dey paddle close to see who can be, den me shoot arrow into dem, or knock dem on head with paddle, and get rid ob dem."

Guy smiled at this. "It all sounds very nice and easy, but I am afraid that it might not go off as smoothly as you think. However, Shanti, keep your head-dress of feathers, anyhow; they may prove useful."

(To be continued.)

# "BIG JACK."

By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

I WONDER how many of the little people in New York City who read this magazine have ever heard of "Big Jack"? Not many, I fancy; and yet Big Jack is quite an important character, and holds a very responsible position, which he fills with much dignity as well as credit to himself, and satisfaction to his employers.

His headquarters are at Broadway and Twenty-Second Street, where he can usually be found at about ten o'clock in the morning, and from that hour, off and on, until about 5 P. M. In the intervals his business affairs call him to various parts of the city, but, being extremely methodical in his habits, he is usually at his office about lunch-time.

You may be somewhat surprised to learn that he is strictly a vegetarian, confining his diet solely to cereals or fruit, with occasionally a few lumps of sugar. He *should* have been a Scotchman, judging by his fondness for oats, but he was born, I am told, in our own country.

Possibly his love for oats may account for his beautiful complexion, which is snowy white, with just a suggestion of pink showing through and telling of the warm, rich blood flowing underneath.

I first became acquainted with Jack about five years ago. Indeed, I must confess that we *scraped* acquaintance. It came about in this manner. I was standing with my little daughter upon the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second Street, waiting for an uptown car, when I became aware that we were being very closely regarded by a pair of unusually large and extremely beautiful brown eyes — eyes which were very eloquent, and seemed to say much more plainly than words could have done: "I am very favorably impressed with that little girl, and I should like to know her. Will she speak to me, do you think?"

I called the little girl's attention to the big eyes looking at her so steadfastly, and, do you know, I believe she understood their language even better than I did, and yet I flatter myself that I am a pretty good interpreter of such glances. At any rate, she walked straight up to their owner and said: "Why do you look at me that-a-way? I just guess you *know* I keep lumps of sugar in my pocket to give to great, big lovely horses like you!"

Slowly a great white head with the most intelligent eyes I have ever seen was lowered to a level with the little maid's face, and two or three queer, sidling steps taken to bring it closer to the outstretched arms. The owner seemed to realize that those little arms never gave any save the tenderest caresses, and he was very glad to feel one circle around his huge, soft

neck, while the other carried a small hand to stroke a very silky muzzle, for Big Jack is a horse among horses. And big, indeed, he is — a giant of his kind.

There is nothing small about Jack either in his make-up or his manners. His head is massive, but magnificently formed, with thin, sensitive nostrils, wide-awake eyes placed widely apart, small, alert ears which point forward, or keenly on them, not many have the hardihood to push matters too far.

Big Jack has hosts of friends, who always have a kind word for him, and a day rarely passes without some one bringing him a dainty of some sort.

His driver carries him an apple every morning when he goes to the stable to take him out for his day's work, and Jack knows exactly the



"THERE IS NOTHING SMALL ABOUT JACK EITHER IN HIS MAKE-UP OR HIS MANNERS."

occasionally one is turned back as though to listen round the corner for the sound of a familiar voice, or a kindly word from his driver, who is justly proud of the big white creature.

And such a neck! I would not dare venture a guess as to the size of collar Jack wears, for the great neck arches up to a crest that is truly noble.

But his eyes tell more of his noble nature than all the rest of the head together; they are so big, so soft, so brown, and so eloquent. With them he talks to you, expressing by them love, kindness, expectancy, joy, and — sometimes — make-believe anger, for Jack is rarely angry in earnest.

But he resents the slightest approach to teasing by flashing his big eyes at his tormentor, and after they have seen the sharp eyes turned so hour to expect him, and the instant his footfall is heard, greets him with a loud whinny.

After Jack has enjoyed his apple, his master lets him out of his stall, and that is Jack's opportunity for a frolic. He prances about like a young colt until told to "go along and get his drink," when he at once marches off to the water-trough and proceeds to drink up a few gallons. A good breakfast follows, and then he puts himself in position to be harnessed, gets into his shafts, and is ready for business. He knows exactly what is expected of him, and trots straight to the express office at Twenty-second Street and Broadway.

Jack does not move rapidly; it is not compatible with his size and dignity to do so, for he seems to realize his importance and to understand how utterly impossible it would be



"HE [illegible] HEAD [illegible] DOWN."

for the company to conduct the express business without Jack's valuable assistance.

In front of his office, Jack is king, and woe to any other horse who tries to usurp his special post. He knows precisely how that wagon should be backed in to the sidewalk to receive its daily load, and does not rest until he has brought it precisely to the proper position.



"'NOW, JACK, WE [illegible] SHAKE HANDS.'"

Then he settles down for a nap, and no one would imagine that the big white horse standing there with his head hanging down and eyes partly closed had half an ounce of sense in his great head. But stand aside for a few moments and watch him. Presently you see one ear turned slowly backward for apparently no cause at all. But Jack knows more than you do, and that ear is sharp, and has heard the patter of familiar feet and the sound of a sweet little voice. He cannot see behind him because, long ago, some stupid man, who thought he knew more about horses' needs and natures than He who created them, decreed that they must wear a great patch of leather on each



"A FEW MORE LOVING PATS UPON THE DEAR OLD NOSE."

side of their heads in order that they may not know what is happening behind them; and *blinders* they are indeed.

But he did not stop up their *ears*, and Jack has that to be thankful for.

That pretty ear has heard a voice it recognizes, and when it has told its possessor that the owner of that voice is near enough to be seen, slowly the great head is raised and turned the least little bit to the right side, and the eyes, but a moment since so dull and sleepy,—so oblivious of surrounding affairs,—begin to beam with a wonderful softness.

Now comes dancing along a little girl about

four years of age, with brown curls waving and brown eyes sparkling. A little girl who *never* walks; she skips and she prances, she jumps and she dances, as she holds her mother's hand, and, I had better add, she chatters incessantly.

No wonder Jack has heard her. She comes up from behind him very quietly and says softly, "Good morning, dear old Jack!"

Jack hitches a step or two closer to the sidewalk and waits; for Jack is a sly old fellow, and he knows it would never do to turn too quickly, and so spoil this pleasant little game of peek-a-boo.

"Who loves sugar, and how many lumps have I in my pocket for somebody?"

The word "sugar" has broken the charm, and Jack can no longer resist. The big, soft head comes down to the little girl's outstretched arms and snuggles close up to her — so close that one passing by stops to say, "Oh, that horse will surely hurt that child."

But Big Jack and Wee Winkles understand each other too well, and the great creature's gentleness is a very beautiful lesson.

"Now, Jack," she continues, "before we can have any sugar we must shake hands."

Hardly are the words uttered when up comes a monstrous right foot, which two small hands grasp at the slender ankle; for to hold the hoof itself would be somewhat like trying to hold half a ton.

"That 's a dear horse. Now, find the buttons on my coat,— a lump of sugar for each button, you know."

Very gently the soft muzzle travels up the front of the little coat, and a sly nip is given to the top button. The reward is instantly given, and crunched with a relish. Before it has had time to slip down the huge throat, Jack has found the second button, and won his second lump. Four buttons in all, and four lumps of sugar.

A few more loving pats upon the dear old nose, the assurance that she "loves him *dearly, dearly*," and Wee Winkles prances away up Broadway to Madison Square for her morning airing, while Jack watches her until she is lost in the throng.

Nearly every day, during the winter months in town for almost two years, Jack was visited, and no matter how long a time elapsed during the summer, when his little friend was out of town, Jack never forgot her, but upon her return showed his delight in every possible way.

But at length came a long separation, for the little girl moved far away uptown, where she lived for two years, and then moved to the country, and Big Jack was seen no longer. We often wondered whether he missed his morning visitor and lumps of sugar, but concluded that several other children, who knew and loved him, would doubtless remember him. Not only children love Jack, but grown people find something very fascinating in the great creature, who is by turns affectionate or mischievous, and seems to act toward his friends with remarkable discrimination, showing to some all that is gentlest and sweetest — and this usually to the little people — in his disposition, and to others his mischief.

To see Jack dissemble is too funny for words to express. He will pretend he does not know a friend is near him until that friend slips his hand into his pocket for the apple or sugar which Jack knows all the time is there. Then he will turn his head slowly, very slowly, toward the individual, who may have been standing there for the past two minutes,— time is of no value to Jack,— then a quiet, scarcely perceptible change in the position of the ears, a surprised opening of the eyes, as though to say: "Why, really, are *you* there? I *am* surprised! I had no idea that you were within half a mile. *So* pleased to see you!"

Then the sweet morsel is accepted in the most gracious manner imaginable, as though his lordship were conferring a great favor by condescending to accept the attention.

And now I must tell you something which seems almost too wonderful to be true. After a lapse of five years, we can tell a tale of Jack's intelligence which is truly extraordinary, and which proves conclusively, if, indeed, the fact ever could be doubted, that our dumb friend has a memory which some of his two-footed friends might envy.

Not long since his little friend, now grown quite a large girl of nine years, went with

her mother to the city to do some shopping, and, turning into Twenty-second Street from Sixth Avenue, the first object which met her eyes was Big Jack standing in front of one of the shops.

Although five years have passed over Jack's head since we first met him,—and that is quite a number as horses' lives are counted,—they have dealt very gently with him, and he is but little changed. Not quite so sleek, perhaps, and not so kittenish, for Jack has worked hard and steadily all these years, and work tells even upon the strongest horses; but the same old Jack stood before us, and could not be mistaken.

We were behind him, and his blinders prevented him from seeing us.

"Oh, mama," said his little friend, "do you think he will remember me if I speak to him? How I wish we had some sugar for the dear old fellow!"

I replied that we would step into a store close at hand and get a few lumps, and then we would test Jack's memory. We soon had our sugar, and Wee Winkles — no longer "wee"— walked up from behind him as of old, and said in the voice which Jack had not heard for nearly four years, and which naturally must have changed considerably in that interval: "Good morning, dear old Jack!" To my great astonishment, the recognition was instantaneous. Quick as a flash the great head was turned; and not only that, but a soft whinny told of the dear old fellow's joy, as did also the quick snuggling down to the outstretched arms.

No one could possibly doubt these demonstrations of delight; and when they were followed by the voluntary upraising of the huge fore foot, as of old, for the — what shall I say — foot-shake? his little friend's joy knew no bounds.

"Oh, mama, mama," she cried, "did you *ever* know anything so wonderful?"

I replied that it was indeed very remarkable, and added, "Can it be possible that he has remembered all the tricks? Ask him about the s-u-g-a-r"— spelling the word lest the sound might recall the trick of the buttons.

"Who loves sugar, and how many lumps have I in my pocket for somebody?"

But, alas! fashions have changed in four years, and some coats have no buttons at all. In vain poor Jack felt about for the top button, then a little lower for where number two should have been found, then at the other side for three and four, but no buttons were there; and Jack, utterly disgusted, manifested it by shaking his head and stamping his foot. His surprise was absurdly funny, and if he could have spoken I believe he would have said with withering scorn: "Well, if *I* were in *your* place I 'd go straight home and *sew on my buttons!*"

Jack, however, got his four lumps despite the fashions, and was a very happy horse.

It is perhaps rather difficult to believe this little tale, but it is absolutely true from beginning to end, and has been written in order to give the little people who reside in that section of New York and who read this magazine,— for doubtless there are many,—an opportunity to see and know Big Jack, for I do assure you he is well worth seeing and knowing.

There are, I dare say, a great many very clever and very beautiful horses in our big city. Indeed, Wee Winkles and I know several ourselves. "Billy Borden," for instance, who knows his milk route so well that his driver has only to say, "8 West 66th, Billy," or "9 West 65th, Billy," to have him go at once to these addresses, or any other with which he is familiar. Again, he will say: "No milk here today, Billy," and Billy jogs on.

Then there is "Dan Sorrel," who draws the milk-wagon which takes the milk to Central Park Dairy every morning. His driver often amuses the children who gather about his pet by saying:

"Now, Dan, I believe you are a Democrat."

"No!" shakes the head.

"What! a Republican?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" and a stamping of both front feet, while the tail is slashed about like a banner to emphasize his sentiments.

Dan is great fun. Nor must we forget our old pet "Jingo" of the mounted policemen's horses; for he was truly wonderful, and I might go on almost endlessly telling of his remarkable sagacity and cleverness.

Jingo and Wee Winkles were warm friends, for Winkles spent two winters in a home very

near the West Seventy-second Street entrance to the park, and each sunshiny day carried her lump of sugar to Jingo, who would perform all sorts of tricks in order to win his reward. He would waltz, go down upon his knees, shake hands, fetch a pocket-handkerchief which she made believe she had dropped, whisper in his rider's ear, and do many things besides.

It is a never-ending source of surprise to me that so few people seem to understand the wonderful intelligence of horses, or the marvelous possibilities in developing that intelligence.

All my life I have either had horses of my own or been so fortunately situated that I might make the acquaintance of those belonging to others. I use the word "acquaintance" advisedly, for one *must* become acquainted, must be in sympathy with them, before they will show the best side of their horse natures.

I have frequently stopped in the street beside a horse who looked as though life had been a hard struggle for him, and whose every line of face and attitude showed a stolid endurance of the inevitable, as if fate had settled his lot beyond all power to change, and nothing remained but to endure and wait until death put an end to it all. After standing for a few moments unnoticed,— as though the poor creature were thinking within itself, "She is only one more, like all the rest, and will either pass on and take no notice of me, or say, 'Get out of the way, you brute,'"—I would say softly, but without moving, "Come here, old fellow."

At first there would not be the slightest response, save, perhaps, the slight turn of an ear; but upon repeating it two or three times in exactly the same tone, the head would turn slowly toward me, and a look of surprise would come into the tired eyes, as though a gentle word were a thing before unknown.

At the third repetition I have rarely failed to have the poor old nose stretched out toward me for a gentle stroke, and the neck thus brought within reach of a kind pat.

Not infrequently have I had the owner of some such unfortunate say to me, "Hi, there! Look out! That horse 'll bite ye!" and have replied, "Oh, I think not; watch him a moment, and see if I am not right."

I well recall one such instance, when I went up to intercede for a poor beast that was being cruelly lashed because it could not draw a load which was far beyond its strength.

I begged the driver to desist, which, I add to his credit, he did at once, getting down off his cart, whip in hand. As he did so I went up to the poor creature's head, and was greeted with a series of snaps and plunges, as though his tormentors had driven him nearly wild. "Don't go within tin feet av the baste!" exclaimed the man. "He 'll have the head off yer."

"I hardly think so," I said, and kept straight on, speaking softly and kindly to the trembling creature, while I reached out to take him by the rein.

Up flew the head as if to avoid a blow, telling all too eloquently how often the poor muzzle had smarted from one.

But dear Mother Nature is kind, and has endowed her dumb creatures with wonderful discerning powers; so not many minutes had passed before the poor tired head was nestled close to me, and soft strokes and gentle words seemed to act as a sedative upon nerves which were utterly unstrung.

The man stood by open-mouthed. "Well, be all the powers!" said he; "the likes av that niver did I see in all me born days. I thought the baste would ate the very handle off me shovel!"

"He is better than you thought, is he not?"

"Faith, I believe ye 've bewitched him," he answered.

"Yes," I said, "I have; but *you* can bewitch him in the same way if you will only try it. I wish you would."

All this is a long way from Big Jack, and we must not forget our chief character in our sympathies for his less fortunate kindred.

But I want the little people who read this to realize how much that is lovable and beautiful dear Mother Nature has put right in our daily paths, if we will only raise our eyes to see and our voices to win it; for surely it cannot fail to help us by developing all that is best and loveliest in ourselves.

# CHRISTMAS GIFTS.



TEN Christmas presents standing in a line;
Robert took the bicycle, then there were nine.
Nine Christmas presents ranged in order straight;
Bob took the steam-engine, then there were eight.
Eight Christmas presents — and one came from Devon;
Robbie took the jack-knife, then there were seven.

Seven Christmas presents direct from St. Nick's;
Bobby took the candy-box, then there were six.
Six Christmas presents, one of them alive;
Rob took the puppy-dog, then there were five.
Five Christmas presents yet on the floor;
Bobbin took the soldier-cap, then there were four.
Four Christmas presents underneath the tree,
Bobbet took the writing-desk, then there were three.

Three Christmas presents still in full view,
Robin took the checker-board, then there were two.
Two Christmas presents, promising fun,
Bobbles took the picture-book, then there was one.
One Christmas present — and now the list is done;
Bobbinet took the sled, and then there were none.
And the same happy child received every toy,
So many nicknames had one little boy.

*Carolyn Wells.*



# The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

By

Roberts B. Nelson.

Even the cardinal was satisfied. He stood before the old castle of Guisnes, and surveyed the plain between Guisnes and Ardres. It had been bare and desolate, but his genius had transformed it into a veritable fairy-land. He felt that its beauty made it worthy of the event it was to commemorate — the meeting of Henry VIII., King of England, and Francis I., King of France.

It was Wolsey, the cardinal, who had advised his royal master to meet Francis in all good fellowship; he feared the influence of the Spanish, and wished Henry to form an alliance with France.

The French king, too, was anxious to secure Henry as an ally, and the Plain of Guisnes had been agreed upon as the place of meeting; it was close to the French frontier, but on English ground.

Henry had consented to cross the Channel, and his prime minister, Wolsey, had arranged all the details of the journey and the meeting.

The king's retinue had been selected from the noblest of the kingdom. Wolsey, with his three hundred followers, headed the escort, and was followed by dukes, earls, barons, bishops, and knights, with their retainers. The escort numbered four thousand horsemen, not including the queen's escort, numbering nearly two thousand persons and eight hundred horses.

The French king had an equally splendid retinue.

King Henry and his great cavalcade were taken, on arrival at Guisnes, to the magnificent palace provided by Wolsey. There was an old palace there, and Wolsey had established himself in that, and erected a new one for his king. This palace was the most beautiful place imaginable; it had so many glazed windows that it looked as though built of crystal, and much of the woodwork, both inside and out, was covered with gold. All the way from the gate to the door were rows of silver statues. Inside, the walls of the chambers and halls were hung with magnificent tapestry embroidered in gold, and the ceilings were draped with white silk.

But Henry was not to spend all of his time in his fine palace, for tents had been erected on the plain, and in these the two kings and their suites were to lodge.

The tents of the French king were pitched just outside the walls of the town of Ardres, and extended almost to the tents of King Henry.

The tents in which the two queens were

lodged were covered with cloth of gold, as were also the tents of the ladies in attendance upon them, and of all members of the royal families. The effect was dazzling.

Beautiful pavilions, hung with cloth of gold, dotted the plain; banners floated everywhere; fountains of wine spouted in the bright June sunshine; horses, decorated with fluttering ribbons, pranced about gaily.

So gorgeous had the dreary plain been made that it has become known in history as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Cardinal Wolsey was very fond of splendor and pomp, and on this occasion had exerted all his powers.

He was quite satisfied with the result, and, after looking about carefully to see that all was in readiness, he gathered together his large retinue of noblemen, and in stately procession they rode across the field to pay the respects of Henry to Francis.

One hundred noblemen mounted on horses whose trappings were of red velvet rode first. After them came the bearer of a huge gold cross and a crucifix of precious stones. Then came the haughty cardinal, dressed in crimson velvet and wearing his red hat. His horse had trappings of crimson velvet, and the stirrups and buckles were of gold. Behind him were six bishops, and then a hundred of the king's archers with their great yew bows and keen arrows.

This grand procession rode to the French tents near the town of Ardres, where it was saluted by the French artillery. At the tent of King Francis, Wolsey dismounted, and presented the regards of his master to the King of France. Then he returned to the English camp, and the following day Francis sent one of his nobles to return the ceremonious visit in similar state.

The French noble and his followers were royally treated by the English, and "feasted marvelously," which is not to be wondered at, as the English had brought with them two hundred cooks.

It was on June 7, 1520, that the meeting of the sovereigns took place, and, amid the roar of saluting guns, they rode forth, each accompanied by a brilliant retinue similar to that of the cardinal; indeed, even the following of the greatest monarch could hardly be more gorgeous than Wolsey's.

The King of England was magnificent, attired in cloth of silver set with jewels; and his horse had golden trappings. The King of France was equally dazzling in cloth of gold.

When they met, they dismounted, embraced each other, and went into a beautiful pavilion to confer together. Their retainers kept guard outside until they reappeared, and then great revelry followed.

Day after day the good fellowship continued between the kings and their followers. Henry called on the Queen of France, and a splendid banquet was given in his honor, in which all the queen's ladies were dressed in cloth of gold. On the same day, Francis was entertained with equal splendor by the Queen of England. Occasionally, during these days of good cheer, a tournament was held, in which, each accompanied by twenty nobles, the two kings engaged in combat against any who dared to meet them. But only blunt lances were used, so no injury could be inflicted.

When no tournament was being held, the kings' soldiers gave exhibitions of their strength and skill in running, jumping, wrestling, or riding. These exhibitions Henry and Francis always attended, and the two queens, with their ladies, frequently watched the sports through the glazed windows of the long galleries erected for them.

A French captain, by way of amusing himself, collected all the boys of the neighboring towns, and formed them into a company, which he drilled every day. They were bright youngsters, and greatly enjoyed being drilled by a real soldier.

One day King Francis heard of this new company of his subjects, and expressed a desire to witness its tactics. Accordingly, preparations were made; bright new helmets and lances were provided for the young soldiers, and a new French flag obtained.

When the eventful day came, the kings, queens, and all the splendid retinue watched the drilling of the proud little Frenchmen, who went through with it very creditably and were highly applauded.

Then King Francis wished to test their bravery, and, at his request, King Henry's

archers, two hundred in number, and all of whom had been selected on account of height and strength, were placed at the top of a hill; and up that hill, facing the mighty archers, the company of boys was ordered.

They were armed with blunted lances, and they did not know that the king's archers had been instructed to send their arrows so far over the heads of the boys as to avoid all chance of hurting them.

Great guns were placed on the hilltop, to bewilder and terrify the young soldiers. It was a severe test of bravery. When the order came to advance and take possession of the hill, the captain who had drilled the boys placed the flag of France in the hands of a young peasant, Victor Bacheaux, with the command, "This is your king's flag; guard it with your life!"

Victor Bacheaux, proud as boy could be, stepped quickly to the front, holding the flag gallantly aloft.

"Go, now," the captain said very impressively to his company of eager boys, "and never look back; do not forget — *never look back!*"

Then the boy in command gave the order, and the gay little band marched straight to the hill and began the long ascent.

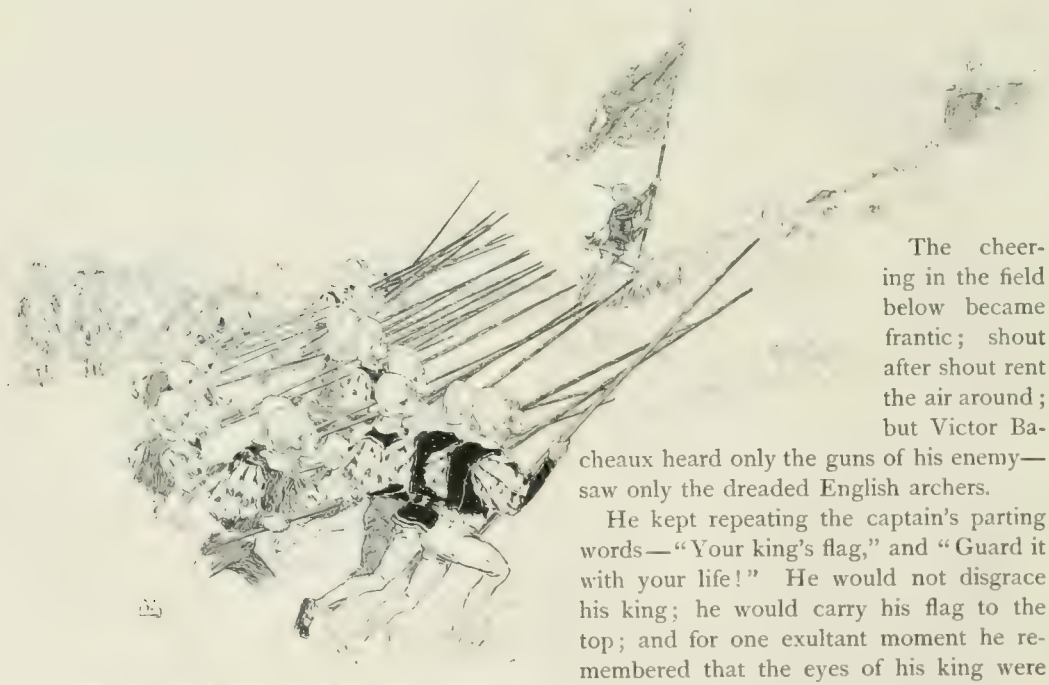
Then the guns began to roar, and the archers sent their arrows forth. Still the boys kept on; they were half-way up the hill. The people in the field below were shouting and cheering; but in front of them were those mighty archers whose arrows were flying thick and fast.

Suddenly a panic came upon the little Frenchmen — such a panic as has come upon many and many an army, in many a war.

Down the hill they ran in panic terror — an inglorious retreat.

But Victor Bacheaux still carried the flag straight in the face of the enemy. He heard the mad rush behind him, and knew his companions had deserted him; but he did not turn his head. "Never look back," the captain had said.

On and still on he went, holding the dear flag steadily before him. He was unarmed, defenseless. And, oh, how loudly the guns boomed, and how fearful was that grim line of archers and terrible the twanging of bows!



"THE GAY LITTLE BAND BEGAN THE LONG ASCENT."

The cheering in the field below became frantic; shout after shout rent the air around; but Victor Bacheaux heard only the guns of his enemy — saw only the dreaded English archers.

He kept repeating the captain's parting words — "Your king's flag," and "Guard it with your life!" He would not disgrace his king; he would carry his flag to the top; and for one exultant moment he remembered that the eyes of his king were upon him. But he was getting close to



those terrible archers, and he was marching bravely, steadily, to what he believed to be his death, when, to his intense surprise, the archers ceased shooting, and rushed toward him. He stood quite still, and held the flag higher than ever. "*Vive la France!*" he cried defiantly.

And the English archers, too, shouted, "Long live France!" as they caught up the little Frenchman and held him high for the field below to see.

Great was the cheering. The bravery of the little lad touched all hearts; and that day it was not the mighty King of England, nor the resplendent King of France, but Victor Bacheaux, the peasant, who had shown himself the hero of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

# ONE CHRISTMAS EVE AT MASTER MUFFET'S

By Alice Maude Ewell.



Y wife Patsey is a well-meaning woman as any in Virginia, an' that I 'll never deny; still, she hath her faults, neighbors, as who hath not in this mortal world? Ever since we were wed I 've been a-trying to correct 'em; but will womankind be so corrected by man alive?

My Patsey's main fault hath ever been a kind of wastefulness in housewifely spending. Nobody can say that Thomas Muffet is one to keep an' hoard. I am for doing the right thing at the right time, by mouth an' back; yet too much feasting one day will make too much fasting the next. "Woman," quoth I, a-many a time, "Patsey, woman, we shall be eaten out of house an' home with thy continual good cookery." To be sure, I did my best at the eating, an' thanked Heaven for my good digestion, since when all was cooked an' served on table, I bethought me 't was better eaten than left over. "Wilful waste maketh woeful want," would I say, forever falling to; for if good pease-porridge will fill you up comfortingly, is it not waste to choose mince-pie instead, at good ten times the cost on 't?

Now, as to my giving in as I did that Christmas-time,— aye, after putting my foot down to the contrary,— as to that, I 've never been quite cock-sure in my mind, neighbors, concerning the right or the wrong on 't. Be that as may, I could no more ha' holpen it, with that woman an' those children a-going on so, than I can help dying when my natural time comes. Certain, that was the merriest Christmas that ever we did spend.

Of all the times that a year round will fetch, I do know that Christmas is counted the bravest for good eating and all merrymaking. Whiles have I heard my gran'father tell of the Christmas good cheer in old England in 's young days; an' truly their eating an' their drinking, their singing o' carols, an' such like, their playing an' their pranking, would be something worth to hear an' tell again. We 've no such doings here in Virginia, to be sure, yet everybody will find you a feast, for white folk an' black, an' red, too, at Christmas. Maybe some o' you will be calling me a sorry churl to say nay in the first place. Judge for



"MY WIFE PATSEY IS A WELL-MEANING WOMAN AS ANY IN VIRGINIA."

yourselves. 'T was a mighty bad humor I was in that while, an' that 's past denying; an' my spirit 't was heavy an' my purse 't was monstrous light. Ye see, I 'd had a vast many losses an' crosses that year, an' what with the o'er high price of this thing an' the o'er-low price of that, why, the money came slowly in. I had barely made shift to pay for the young ones' shoes an' winter rigging when they all 'gan to talk concerning Christmas.

Now, when Patsey an' the youngsters 'gan to talk o' their plum-pudding an' their mince-pies, why, it did seem to me the last straw. I upped on tiptoes then, and I said stoutly that sure as my name was Thomas Muffet there should be neither eating nor drinking out of common, neither money spent nor time wasted, Christmas or no Christmas, in my house.

When I so spake they looked mightily taken aback, and in sooth I 'd a right queer feeling myself, 'fore the words were well-nigh out; for all, I kept a stiff upper lip, an' never once let on. 'T was the look o' the children touched me keenest,—an' there was Patsey, too. "Thomas!" quoth she; "Thomas!" No more nor less; an' her lip it trembled a bit. There sat she, saying naught, an' there sat Jack, an' Tony, an' Peg, a-looking for all the world like I 'd ordered 'em off to the galleys.

Then saith I: "What! Did ye look to be a-feasting when we can scarce pay honestly for daily meat an' meal? To think of a Christian man," quoth I, "an' father of a family, an' a shopkeeper besides, an' a leather-breeches maker at that — to think o' his being so harried an' worried in 'is own house! Christmas here an' Christmas there, forsooth! Heaven ha' mercy on us," saith I, "for the unthankfulness of women an' children! What! have ye not daily bread to eat? Have ye not good clothes to cover you? Can we not go to church Christianly, say our prayers an' sing our hymns in season, without mince-pie or snap-dragon? I warrant ye can," quoth I; "and if ye do it well-behavingly, why, maybe this time next year, if money matters go straight, we 'll bethink us o' plum-pudding."

Well, 't was a week or so 'fore Christmas when this speech came to pass. An' naught more was spoke on that certain matter, yet I might see vexation vastly working, no less. Howsoever, I 'd no notion o' giving in, for Thomas Muffet was never the man to say one thing to-day an' do straight contrariwise to-morrow. When Christmas day drew nigh an' nigher, the townsfolk began to drop into our shop right often for this, that, an' t' other small thing, for Christmas gifts; an' then I did bethink me, with the silver coming in, how I might ha' spared a little o' it, after all. Still, your fine Lord Pride hath a mighty stiff back, and I did never speak; as for the children, they durst not say a word for all thinking none too tenderly of me, I reckon. There was Jack, the eldest, he 'd always a stiffish will o' his own, an' likewise a sharp-planning head, had Jack. There was he,—a matter of 'leven year old, if I do remember rightly,—looking sulky as any bear. Now Tony, for all he was sweeter-natured, would always be following Jack's lead, through thick or thin, an' there was he also, sour-faced as you please. Then the eldest little girl, Peggy, 't was she that made me maddest of any, with the corners of her little rosy mouth turned down so mournfully, an' the water in her eyes evermore ready to trickle. I did thank my stars that Joyce, the littlest,—she that was our pretty one,—was too young to be knowing or caring much concerning it. Well, it vext my heart an' mind a vast deal more than they gave me credit for, mayhap, only I kept on a-thinking how well I 'd taken care of 'em lifelong. "What! shall I give to folly," saith I to myself, "what will be needed 'fore long for common living comfort? Nay, not so whilst I keep my head properly on my shoulders."

An' thus it passed on both sides till Christmas eve came round.

'T was a perishing time o' frost that even, as I mind well to this day, with a gray sky an' the ground like iron for hardness. "'T is a cold season," folks would be saying one to another; yet none the less they did seem uncommonly disposed to make it a warm festivity. In sooth, 't was as if everybody i' the town had laid heads together to make me feel knavish an' stingy; for such a-going to market that morn, such clouds of smoke a-pouring from every chimney, I never did see the like afore.



"THERE STOOD I, FACE TO FACE WITH 'EM, THE BASKET IN MY HAND" (SEE PAGE 244)

We 'd the same as common on our table, an' that was good enow, to be sure, or would ha' been with cheerfuller looks to grace it, an' fewer frowns. Nobody in Wyanoke had better eating year in and out than we; yet some way, I know not why, the victuals tasted none so good that day. Still, I never let it out I thought so, an' that way it went till nine o'clock came an' we all betook us bedward.

Now, I 'm a sound sleeper in ordinary as any in this mortal world, aye, an' that from the minute my head touches the pillow; only that night, goodness knoweth why, it did seem a mighty long while 'fore I even so much as dozed. Then, when I did go off, 't was dream, dream, dream! An' first I must needs go dreaming that all the children were lost, an' we so distressful a-seeking 'em up an' down. Then, lo! we were all sitting round the bare table, not a sign o' victual upon it, with Patsey an' the young ones a-weeping for very hunger, the tears a-rolling down. Now, as 't were, I was in the church, an' parson preaching loud as thunder-sound from this text-verse, namely, "The man that careth not for his own household is worse than an infidel." Plain as ye please I did hear every word, an' straight he looked at me. Then, next whip-stitch, there was I clapt in the stocks, with all our townsfolk jeering. An' when it fetched to this pass I woke right up, wide awake as I am now.

Well, well! How long I 'd been asleep I know not. And I was glad enow to wake, since truly that sleeping had been none so pleasurable; an' there I lay, staring straight afore me i' the dark, till all on a sudden what did I see but a light shining thro' the keyhole from the kitchen.

Now, thinks I to myself, "'T is a mighty queer thing, that light. Is 't somebody robbing," thinks I, lightning-quick, on a sudden, "or is 't the house afire?" Howsoever, there was the light, sure enough; up I got an' partly drest me, in a monstrous hurry. Then I went to the door and I looked through the keyhole, an' when I saw what was on t' other side — well, I like to ha' dropped.

There was the fire I 'd covered up so snug all raked open an' builded up with wood into a blaze — aye, even flaming up the chimney like mad; an' there was the bake-stone down a-heating, an' the Dutch oven, too, no less, with coals at top an' bottom; an', moreover, there was my Patsey herself,— she that was my wedded wife, an' promist to obey me, Thomas Muffet,— there was that woman, up an' drest, a-standing by the table making cakes, an' it the dead hour o' the night!

Well, I thought I should ha' dropt (as I spoke afore) to see such goings on. "Oh, the naughty deceit an' the misbehavingness of women!" thinketh I to myself; and, in truth, that sight did make me pretty mad. "Zounds!" quoth I, "shall I be so disobeyed in mine own house?" My hand was on the door to open it, when I looked through the keyhole once more, an' what saw I then but the tears trickling down that poor soul's cheeks!

Then saith I to myself, "Thou 'rt but a sorry husband an' father. Have a care, now; thou 'st gone a bit too far. 'T is for the children she 's a-doing it. Here will be all thy neighbors, high and low," quoth I, "a-feasting finely in due season, and all thy poor household, with the smell on 't fairly in their nostrils, sitting down to a common, every-day dinner. Shame on thy savingness, Thomas Muffet," saith I. "Thank Heaven! 't is not too late for thee to mend this mischief."

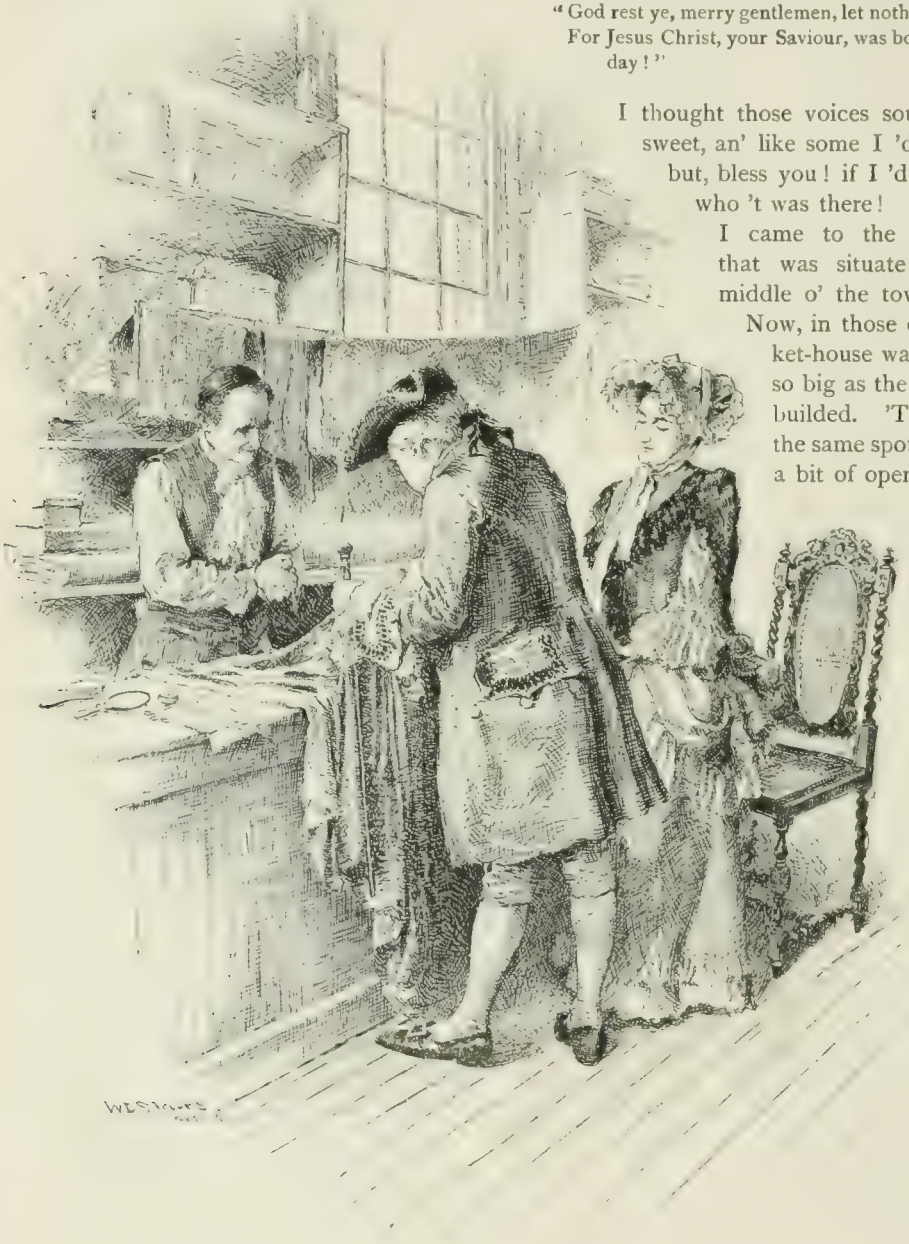
Well, I did not ope the door, neighbors, nor neither did I strike a light; for my main object then was to get softly out o' the house without being seen or heard. I found my shoes an' the rest o' my clothes, an' drest me, top to toe. Now, on one side of this, our biggest bedroom, was the lads' sleeping-chamber, and on t' other side was the little daughters'. An' first I oped one door softly, then the other; upon which, seeing all was dark an' still, I said, "They are sleeping sound i' their little beds." And it pleasured me vastly to think how that they might wake up a bit happier than when they fell to sleep.

So at last I got me out into the street by an outer door that did open well away from the kitchen. 'T was perishing cold, and I buttoned my coat round me good and tight, an' just as I set off a-down street, as I do remember well, the town clock struck eleven. So 't was not so late as I had counted on; also

I noted, as I went along, how scarcely a house did one see without a light burning inside. Also a-many sounds of talking an' laughing came to mine ears, with folks still a-meeting an' passing i' the street; an', lo! as I did pass, I could hear, 'way off a-down a cross-street, some voices as of young children so sweetly singing a Christmas hymn.

Now, well I did know that tune, for 't was, to be sure, one mine own young ones were mighty fond of singing. Also I catched a few o' the words, namely, these:

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay!
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas day!"



"WHEN CHRISTMAS DAY DREW NIGH, THE TOWNSFOLK BEGAN TO DROP INTO OUR SHOP."

I thought those voices sounded mighty sweet, an' like some I 'd heard afore, but, bless you! if I 'd once guessed who 't was there! I went on till I came to the market-place, that was situate right i' the middle o' the town.

Now, in those days our market-house was nothing like so big as the new one later builded. 'T was situate in the same spot, and as pretty a bit of open green that is for a warm weather fairing, according to my opinion, as any in this land. Still was it big enough, that old market-house, for a deal of buying an' selling of rare good market stuffs inside as any ye 'll find to-day in all Virginia. I was a pretty late comer, that night; yet, by my good fortune, the doors were still open an'

lights not out. So in I walked, without pausing for a moment.

Now, not a many people were there left by that while besides the market-folk, so busily a-counting of their gains, an' such few outsiders as still remained were close up round the big fireplace in talk together. An' my hands being right stiff with the cold, an' thinking to supple 'em out a bit, I went close up to the coals in one corner; yet it chanced that my face was in shade, for my hat I 'd pulled down low an' my collar high up — nor did anybody know that 't was Thomas Muffet.

Well, the talk at first was to me as a buzz, commingled of this, that, an' t' other word that did chance to catch my hearing. So there was I, a-rubbing my fingers an' thinking mine own inside thoughts, when presently this speech did fall upon mine ear:

"Thomas Muffet!" quoth one,— an' one that I did know well, too — "Thomas Muffet! Ah-ha! I do know him for a close man. He will flay you a gnat for its skin and its tallow — an' that 's truth!"

Faith! I could not fetch breath to deny it, e'en if I would — I was that struck dumb.

So there sat I a-listening, saying not a word contrariwise whilst two or three of 'em went on to take away my character. "Aye," said one, "Thomas Muffet was a stingy one, and no mistaking. Money-getting and money-saving would be all his aim." "As for his wife, Mistress Muffet," quoth another, "she was a good, unhappy creature that hardly durst call her soul her own, for all one o' the best women in this 'versal world." "As for the children," said these blessed wiseacres, "they would be kept close enough so long as Thomas Muffet might 'complish it, no doubt; howsoever, if they mistook not, yon lad Jack was like enough to find a career o' his own."

Well-a-day! There I sat, hearing all and answering nothing. Truly, I was took aback, an' mad, too (as was but natural heart o' flesh), yet not so mad as I might ha' been several hours afore. Ye see, I 'd had a sore prick i' the conscience a'ready, an' now, lo! I fell to wondering within me, on a sudden, how much truth was mixt with falsehood in that speech. "Aye, think well upon 't, Thomas," saith I to myself; "and if a fourth of this be true, or a tenth, or a twentieth, 't will be best to mend your ways." An' just as I so bethought me, even 'fore they had left off speaking, there came a sound of music to the door, and in did come those very Christmas singers I 'd heard some while before.

Then everybody but me got up an' crowded round about 'em to list the song. Now, the singers I could not very well see. They did seem two lads and a little maid, well wrapt in cloaks (for the cold), an' the former with their caps pulled low over brows, an' the maid hooded close. Also, they hushed a while (being got within), it seemed to me shamefacedly; yet they came not anigh the fire. An' when the people all clapt hands for 'em to begin, they struck up the same old heartsome tune that I 'd heard 'em at afore.

Now, here is the first verse, as may happen ye know a'ready:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay!
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas day.
The dawn brake red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone thro' the gray,
When Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas day!"

Well, by time they 'd done that first verse the water stood in mine eyes, whilst as for t' other folk, they did clap hands so long an' loud that 't was some while 'fore the next verse got started. Surely, no sweeter voices were ever heard a-sounding this side o' heaven, an' surely, surely (thinketh I to myself), I 've heard 'em oft before.

Then presently they went on:

"God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright!
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, did come this blessed night.
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas day!"

Now, they be gladsome rhymes, too, an' most seasonable; yet is the last verse, to my notion, the prettiest one of all, an' to it everybody i' that market-house was fairly beating time.

"God rest ye, all good Christians! upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born.

Now all your sorrows he doth heal, your sins doth take away.
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas day!"

Now, when 't was ended and "Amen" said, the noise began again, an' presently one cried out loud, saying, "Thy cap, lad! Hold thy cap!" whereupon I saw the tallest youngster lay hand on 's cap, an' half-way lift it from his head — only half-way, mind you, for he jammed it back again right quickly, like he thought, on a sudden, of a good reason for keeping it there. Then saith he to a market-woman standing there hard by, "Good dame" (quoth he), "please, good dame, will you lend me your hat?" which hearing, she kindly offered it straightway (I mind it well for a rusty old pointed-top beaver), an' that was the hat he handed round.

Now, I 'd seen, first glance, when he lifted that cap, how 't was my lad Jack; and if I was 'mazed afore such seeing, I was worse in 'mazement afterward. To think o' their being my own children,— Thomas Muffet's children,— so parading the streets! an' the little maid Peggy, too, with their mother at home knowing on more concerning it (for truly she did not know) than I myself had suspicioned what time I started out; and all because I had denied 'em their natural merry Christmas at home. Now, I 'll freely confess that I like money well as the most o' folks, yet if 't was not sorely 'gainst my grain then to see that silver fall into the hat, an' Jack Muffet a-holding it out — why, my name 's not Thomas Muffet! Howsoever, I was past both speech an' motion, an' there I sat by the fire, a-gazing like any ninny. Nobody save myself did seem to know the lad; an' that was one thing to be thankful for. Neither did he see me. Some more carols they sang,— goodness knoweth what! for they were all as one to me,— and a pretty sum they got for all together. I was thankful enow they did not fall to spending on 't there in that place, 'fore my eyes; an' presently off they went with those last loiterers behind 'em, an' left me alone with the market-folk.

Well, afterwhile I marked those people (that were now a-shutting up shop, as 't were) looking at me mighty curiously, an' then at last I did get up with legs so stiff an' fairly a-tremble under me. What things I did buy of them I do not now rightly remember. In sooth, their wares were by that while pretty well picked o'er, yet we made out enough o' the very best to serve my turn. First thing I did buy was a basket; for I had fetched none with me thither; then, concerning what I got to put within the said basket (and a right big one it was), let 's see. Aye, aye; let 's see. Was 't a goose? Aye, 't was so; I am 'most certain — a fine, fat goose; then (if my memory goeth not astray) 't was a pair of fine ducks, and a pretty bit o' beef; for bacon we had at home — the best Virginia-cured; then 't was nuts an' raisins an' comfits next, with what not o' that sort. I mind well some sugar-work, most cunningly devised an' colored, after the French fashion, in shape of divers fruits, as cherries, apples, pears, and so on, to please the two little maids.

So was the basket filled by time my purse would be well-nigh empty, an' so off I started, toting it along home.

Now, 't was midnight hour by that, mighty keen an' cold, with the snowflakes 'ginning to fall; yet some way my heart did feel a vast deal warmer than at twelve o' the clock that former day. I saw no more of those blessed children, nor neither heard, till I got safe home to my house; then, lo! as I fetched up close on t' other side, I spied 'em there, dim through the dark an' the snow a-falling, on the kitchen door-step. An' they did not see me, neither did I let on that I saw them. Nay; I oped my door softly, an' went in through the bedroom; then I oped t' other door into the kitchen, an' just as those blessed rogues did step in 'cross the threshold, there stood I, face to face with 'em, the basket in my hand.

Well, masters! If you could ha' seen my Patsey's face, I reck' you 'd ha' laughed, or maybe cried — no telling which.

"Thomas!" quoth she; no more nor less. "Thomas!" quoth she; an' so she stood a-gazing.

Concerning all that was said an' done that time I 've no need to go a-telling it. And of reproving those young ones (who had so stolen out o' their beds to go a-wandering in the streets), I fear me I made a sorry excuse at that business. As for the silver they 'd so in-

taken, I made 'em give the last penny on 't to some certain poor neighbors; yet verily I must needs acknowledge this seemed unto the young rogues more pleasure than punishment.



"THE SINGERS I COULD NOT VERY WELL SEE."

Now, as to those things my Patsey had been there a-making and a-baking, 't was a right surprisin' sight to behold. The like o' that woman for housewifery an' makin' the best o' things I never did see. Now, there had she made pies; there had she baked sweet cakes; just a-working with common wherewithal and in that make-a-shift way. There had she shaped of that cake-dough divers curious figures (to please the little maids, belike), as birds' nests with eggs inside 'em, hearts an' darts, anchors — aye, even lions an' tigers an' human creatures. 'T was a right curious show to look at, besides no little help to next day's feast. I think we had as good a dinner that Christmas day as any of our neighbors; an', sooth to say, all went well, for the parson preached a comforting sermon from the text, "Peace on earth, good will to man," an' whene'er he chanced to look at me I felt I 'd no cause to take shame.

Zounds! how the children did sing in church that morn! I never did hear the like, nor neither did know before that time what proper sweet voices the good Lord had given 'em.

So 't was a right merry Christmas, after all.

## A DARK MORNING.

If Christmas morning could —
Or if Christmas morning should —
Find for you an empty stocking,
Would n't that be very shocking?

*Ethel H. Staples.*

# THE·DANCING·CLASS·

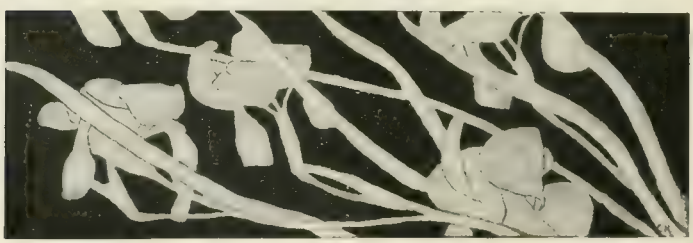
By Harriot Brewer Sterling.

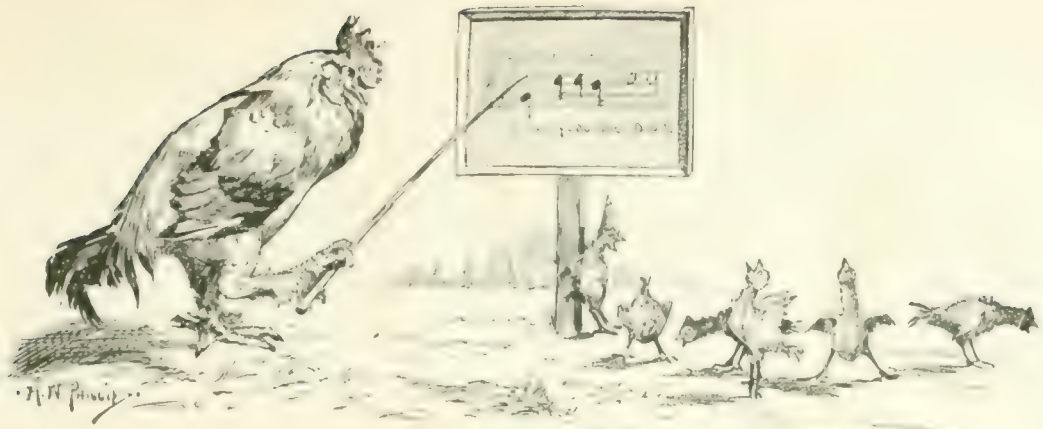




V.

When brother plays the violin,
Wee Tom begins to prance;
And to and fro, and in and out,
He leads us in the dance.
Now right foot back; now left foot out:
And now go down the middle.
A jolly dancing class we have,
When brother plays the fiddle!





FROM A "ROOSTER'S CROWING" HOOK.

## POINTS OF VIEW.

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

When beat of drums and tramp of feet
With crowds of people fill the street,
Oh, how they run and push and cry
As the procession passes by!
Bob hears the bands of music play,
And sees some bayonets move away;
  But, though he stands on tiptoe tall,
  The people make a solid wall.

He hears their shout, and knows *they* 've
    seen,
But tries in vain to peek between.
They stand too tall and close, and so
He cannot see the soldiers go.
The men forget, in all the noise,
That once they too were little boys.
  Bob wonders how it feels to be
  Just big and tall enough to see.

But sometimes when the grown-ups come
To see his playhouse here at home,
And when he tries so hard to show
The things he likes the best, you know,—
The truly things one has to "play,"—
They only look around and say:
"I can't see any castle there!"
  Or, "Where 's the princess?" "How?"
    and "Where?"

Oh, does it not seem very queer?—
For he can see them plainly here.
But people who could view so well
The big procession, and could tell
The very shoes the soldiers wore,
Can't see things on the nursery floor!
  Bob wonders how it feels to be
  Too big and tall and old to see.



# FATHER.

By Maud Keary.

Out in the morning father goes,
Whether it storms with rain or snows,
Whether the wild wind rests or blows.
By the fire sit mother and I,
Doing our lessons quietly.

Back in the twilight father comes,
When I 've finished with books and sums.
Not all the noise of all the drums
Is a jollier noise, I know,
Than father when he says, " Hallo! "

# INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKET-BALL FOR WOMEN.

By Anita L. Corbert.

It is now generally conceded that the "sound body, sound mind" theory is as applicable to girls as to boys, and, therefore, all that is said from time to time of the benefits of athletics among college boys may be said with equal vigor of the advantages of suitable athletics among college girls.

For a long time college girls were debarred from the pleasures and advantages that come from the active outdoor sports indulged in by their brother students. To be sure, they had tennis and golf, but while these are very good exercise as far as they go, a boy would consider them a poor substitute for football and baseball and rowing, for these permit of team-play in combination with individual exercise.

In some of our woman's colleges, athletics have already become a strong feature in the life of the students. Wellesley has taken the lead in spirited inter-class rowing contests, and is proud of her strong crew. Other colleges also pay considerable attention to rowing, but basket-ball is fast becoming the most widely popular sport. While it was originally intended for men, it is well suited to women. It demands no special apparatus, and may be played wherever a group of girls can be gathered.

But anything taken up in a merely desultory way loses much of its power for good. The game of basket-ball can be made scientific, and being in every way adapted to their needs, it ought to fill for girls the place that football holds with boys.

Nothing but match games can bring out the strong points in a sport. The moral and intellectual value of a game can appear only when there is some real contest at hand. It is then that one learns self-control, generosity toward an opponent, respect for authority, and — for women the most important lesson of all — the value of organization, of working together as a unit: Each one for the team. Class spirit can never equal the intensity or the unselfishness of college spirit, and therefore the best way to give any college game the earnestness which brings it to its best development is to put men or women on their mettle through intercollegiate rivalry.

In the far West, in the spring of 1896, was played the first intercollegiate game of basket-ball between women. It was an experiment. Men meet their opponents on the athletic field as gentlemen. Would women meet as gentlewomen? The players themselves knew that they would, and they meant to demonstrate the fact to some doubters. The opposing teams were from Stanford University and the University of California. Perhaps these young women were at an advantage because, coming from coeducational institutions, they had before them the standard of etiquette set by their football-playing brothers, in which they were determined not to be found wanting. They did not have to form a code of honor for themselves by the slow process of experiment.

The game was played in San Francisco, on neutral ground. It was played within doors, and before an audience of women only. About a thousand spectators witnessed the game. Every one of them was wildly enthusiastic, and they made the walls ring with college cries and cheers, with shouts of victory or groans of defeat. A main matter with both teams was



A PLAYER IN THE ACT OF THROWING THE BALL

the playing of a good, hearty, straightforward game. They played strictly by the rules, and had — what is seldom found even at a football game — a thoroughly capable, energetic, and impartial umpire and referee. While there was plenty of dash and snap, it is needless to say that there was no unnecessary



THE REGULATION COSTUME.

roughness. The game was a good exhibition of scientific basket-ball, and was the result of conscientious training on the part of both teams.

At Stanford University, of which the writer is particularly qualified to speak, the girls play on a large field near the gymnasium. Every year the ground is harrowed and rolled and put in shape for playing. During the season, field practice is held every afternoon at four o'clock, unless the ground be very muddy from recent rains. Fifteen minutes' exercise in the gymnasium — generally some light work at chest-weights and a quick run — is the rule before the order is given to play ball. Then the captain, the very jolliest, most "all-round" girl in college, keen, alert, supple, and quick of motion, tucks the big ball under her arm, and a moment later eighteen extremely wide-awake, brisk-looking girls are lined up in position on the field.

Only nine players are required for a side, but a chance is always given to every player who appears on the field to play on one side or the other during the practice. All new candidates are placed on the "scrub" team, or second nine, and great is the competition for places on the "Varsity." The coach is generally the gymnasium instructor, and the awarding of positions upon the team lies with him and the captain.

The uniform consists of red jerseys and dark blue or black bloomers. As basket-ball at this university has been placed on an equal rank with football, the members of a basket-ball team playing in an intercollegiate contest are entitled to wear the regulation Varsity sweater, and the girls will go through any amount of hard work to win this much-coveted distinction.

Inter-class games always bring out a large number of spectators. The girls who do not care to indulge in athletics themselves come out to cheer their class on to victory, and their enthusiasm is unbounded. It is a good-natured crowd. The girls forget to be stiff and ceremonious toward one another, and a general spirit of good fellowship prevails.

Although it takes much practice to become a skilful basket-ball player, the points of the game are simple and easily learned.

At each end of the field is a goal — a basket made of cord netting, eighteen inches in diameter, and suspended from a pole ten feet high. In the center of the field are three players from each side, who are known as the "centers." The ball is put in play by being thrown in by the referee, who stands on the outer edge of the field, and it must be caught by one of the centers. The center catching the ball then endeavors to pass it, before

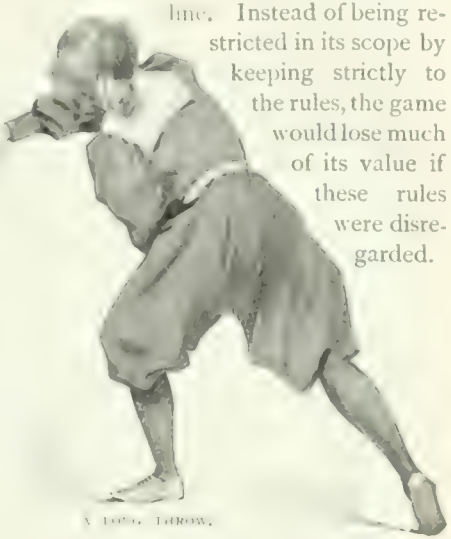




ONE OF THE "HOMES" TOSSING THE BALL INTO THE BASKET.

being interfered with by the opposing centers, to her "homes," two of whom occupy positions between the goal and the center, while the third stands directly under the basket. It is the latter's sole duty to toss the ball into the basket when it has been passed to her by the other homes, although these are not prohibited from trying for goal when they have a good chance. The homes are opposed by three "guards," who attempt to prevent a goal, and who try to send the ball, as soon as they can get it, toward their own goal at the other end of the field.

Although the game is vigorous, it is not necessarily rough. Strict adherence to the rules prevents the roughness and dangers of football. There is no tackling, because a player is not allowed to run with the ball. It must be thrown from the spot where it is caught. Holding the ball longer than five seconds is counted a foul. A player may get the ball from an opponent by batting it with the palms of her hands, but she may not snatch or pull it away. The person of a player must not be touched intentionally. This rule includes all shouldering, pushing, and holding. Violations of these more important rules constitute fouls, and a foul gives the opposing side a free throw for goal from the fifteen-foot line. Instead of being restricted in its scope by keeping strictly to the rules, the game would lose much of its value if these rules were disregarded.



A FOUL THROW.

Considerable science may be shown in a game of basket-ball, and pretty and effective passes can be made by good teamwork. The ability to deceive the opponents as to the direction of the passes, quickness and sureness in throwing, speed in getting from one point on the field to another ahead of an opponent, good jumping and good catching, are the qualities that make a winning team.



"BATTING" THE BALL TO A TEAM-MATE.

As a rule, no player is equally well fitted for all positions. A guard, for instance, would rarely make a good center. The prime requisites for a center are agility and speed, while a guard, on the contrary, has little running to do. The guards are also usually stronger and heavier than the cen-



IN THE FIELD. THE GAME IN PROGRESS

ters, who are small and light. Perhaps there is no position so difficult as that held by the "center home." Her work is no easy matter, for she is under the "eternal vigilance" of the three sturdy guards, who attempt to thwart her throws at every turn. Above all, she must be cool-headed, quick to think, and quick to act. She must also have an accurate aim; but this will avail her nothing unless she is cool enough and quick enough to outplay the guards.

It is a pretty sight when the big ball, propelled by a quick, graceful movement of the arm and body, soars into the air, balances for a second tantalizingly on the edge of the basket, and then bounds off among the eager, upstretched hands below, to be pounced upon by some lively guard and again sent whirling and bouncing up and down the field.

Preparatory-school basket-ball is a great stimulus to the college game. Indeed, the lack of physical training in the earlier schools must always be a great drawback to woman's athletics in college. Although many of the schools have not the necessary equipment for a gymnastic training, there is no reason why basket-ball may not be played by them, for it is a game quite independent of a gymnasium. Intended originally as an indoor game, it is not necessarily so; it may be played on any large field or playground. If the regulation basket is not to be had, the ingenious girl will put common netting around a hoop, and set up her own basket. Even a bushel-basket has been used.

Since physical training is fast coming to be recognized as a most important factor in a woman's education, the need of athletic sports suitable for women will be felt more and more. Basket-ball seems destined to fill this want, for wherever it has been played, in school or college, it has proved itself both popular and desirable. It may be said, further, that it has a great advantage over other games that have been introduced, in that it always creates and maintains a high degree of interest and enthusiasm.

# CUPID AND SANTA CLAUS.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



Where Christmas moonlight on the fields
lay sleeping,
And brooks lay hushed, below,
Belated Cupid wearily came creeping
Across the hills of snow.

The way was long. He paused and
watched the twinkle
Of fair star citadels;
Then, suddenly, he heard the far-off tinkle
Of swift-approaching bells.

Behind a wall he hid himself, and waited
Until he saw it was
An old acquaintance, like himself belated —
The good Saint Nicholas.

And stepping forth, "Now whither art thou
going,"
The little fellow cried,
"Friend Santa, all so late in thy bestowing?
I pr'ythee, let me ride."

"Ho, Cupid!" cried the Saint, "what brings *thee* hither
Along this toilsome way?
Jump in, my boy, and tell me why and whither.
'T is almost break of day!"

Then, chatting cozily, the friends went skimming
Westward, as night had gone,
Behind them in the east the stars were dimming
Beneath the veil of dawn, —



Till up before a massive outer gateway
Their flying coursers drew;
"Ah, ha! the very place," quoth Cupid, straightway,
"That I was coming to!"

And from the cushioned cutter lightly leaping,
Without a glance behind,
From door to window-sill the boy went creeping,
An entrance-way to find.

But all were locked and barred — he could not enter;
No latch unloosed its string;
And Cupid faced the morning airs of winter,
Forlorn and shivering.

Nicholas more leisurely selected
A sparkling gift or two,
Ascended to the roof, and, well protected,
Dropped lightly down the flue.

And where there shimmered like a priceless billow
A mass of golden hair
Across the whiteness of a maiden's pillow,
He laid his tribute there.

Then, smiling, turned with saintly self-effacement,
And flung the window wide;
And morning shed its glory round the casement
As Cupid stepped inside.



# An Unfortunate Caller





Alice Rawling
Went a-calling
On some friends
Both tried and true;
But she couldn't
Reach the door-bell,
And her kind friends
Never knew.

Then she visited
Some neighbors;
But she took them
Unawares.
They looked at her
From the window,
But they wouldn't
Come down-stairs

# BOOKS AND READING FOR YOUNG FOLK.

We have received letters cordially approving the plan of publishing in this department lists of books for young readers. We quote from this correspondence.

This comes from Chicago:

I am exceedingly glad that you have undertaken the work of recommending books for young people.

---

Here is an interesting letter from a mother:

The Editor of St. Nicholas: I am much interested in the new department in St. Nicholas, which I am sure will be a help to all the mothers and children who read it. In reading to and with my own children I have tried to help them to a rounded mental development, as well as to a love for the best books and things; so the mental bill of fare has contained books on history and science, books of imagination, the myths and folk-lore of the nations, and stories of many kinds, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," as well as books of adventure and daring.

The younger of the children, a girl of nine years and two months, recently made out the following list of her ten favorite books. She did it quite alone; but she made so many changes in the last half-dozen of the books, and was so dissatisfied with this final list because "it left out some of the very nicest ones," that I am not sure it is her list of favorites, after all. She remembered them in the order preferred:

1. Adventures of Robin Hood, Pyle.
2. Adventures of a Brownie, Muloch.
3. Farthest North, Nansen.
4. Ivanhoe, Scott.
5. Little Women, Alcott.
6. Uncle Remus, Harris.
7. Beautiful Joe, Saunders.
8. The Jungle Books, Kipling.
9. Prince and the Pauper, Mark Twain.
10. Open Sesame (Vols. I., II.).

Some of the books which she was very unwilling to leave out were "Black Beauty," "The Man who Married the Moon," "Treasure Island," and "Eye Spy."

The boy, aged eleven years and one month, made his list as follows, without change or correction:

1. Farthest North, Nansen.
2. The Boy's King Arthur, Edited by Lanier.
3. Tent Life in Siberia, Kennan.
4. Ivanhoe, Scott.
5. The William Henry Letters, Diaz.
6. Eye Spy, Gibson.
7. Jungle Books, Kipling.
8. Through Magic Glasses, Buckley.
9. Tales of a Grandfather, Scott.
10. Hero Tales from American History, Roosevelt and Lodge.

As to why they like the books, that is more difficult to get at. The little girl likes them "because they are so interesting," or "so funny," or "such a nice story." The boy likes Nansen's book "because it is the most interesting thing I ever read, and because he is brave, and makes light of things." He likes "King Arthur" "because it is funny and brave and noble," and "Tent Life" "because it sounds like just what it is — a true story, and not any old made-up tale." The "William Henry Letters" are "*so* funny," and "Through Magic Glasses" has "such interesting astronomy."

These children are, I think, normally intelligent, healthy, and fun-loving. They are by no means unduly fond of books, and dolls and football rival Robin Hood's and Nansen's adventures. The boy reads all the books in his list to himself with pleasure; but the most of those in the girl's list are as yet read to her. Of course St. Nicholas is, and always has been, a prime favorite with both. I am anxious to see the lists of other children of the same age, in order to have some sort of gage by which to measure in these children the development of the love of good reading. Sincerely,

H——

---

A New Jersey correspondent writes:

Dear St. Nicholas: Having read your offer to tell people of good books to read, I am writing you for that purpose.

I have read nearly all of the children's books, and have also been reading books by the "Duchess" and by Rider Haggard.

My mother wishes me to read books from which I will learn something; but I do not care to read books that are like my lessons. Will you kindly tell me which are the best authors for a girl of fifteen to read?

Yours sincerely,

Helen S. R——.

A friend to whom this letter was shown made up the following short list, among which there may be some useful to the young inquirer. Who will send other suggestions?

The Abbot, Scott.
The Talisman, Scott.

The Caged Lion, Yonge.
The Daisy Chain, Yonge.
The Chaplet of Pearls, Yonge.
Pillars of the House, Yonge.
Six to Sixteen, Yonge.
Dyddy Darwin's Dovecote, Ewing.
Mary's Meadow, Ewing.
We Girls, Whitney.
The Other Girls, Whitney.
Ten Times One is Ten, Hale.
Rudder Grange, Stockton.
The Colonel's Opera Cloak, Brush.
Inside Our Gate, Brush.
Cherry and Violet, Manning.
Hans Brinker, Dodge.
What Katy Did, "Coolidge."
What Katy Did at School, "Coolidge,"
Queen of the Pirate Isle, Harte.

And, to add a few books that are perhaps for older readers:

Off the Skelligs, Ingelow.
Shirley, Brontë.
Villette, Brontë.
Lorna Doone, Blackmore.
Cranford, Gaskell.

Another friend adds some books for boys, saying that girls like their brothers' books:

Cruise of the "Ghost," Alden.
Cast up by the Sea, Baker.
Hoosier School-boy, Eggleston.
Uncle Remus, Harris.
A Boy's Town, Howells.
Jackanapes, Ewing.
Story of a Bad Boy, Aldrich.
Men of Iron, Pyle.
Master Skylark, Bennett.
Phaeton Rogers, Johnson.
A Jolly Fellowship, Stockton.
Three Boys on an Electrical Boat, Trowbridge.

These lists include only fiction and do not mention the very best known, since these will be remembered without suggestion.

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Surely there must have been a time when all story-books were really for grown-ups. This suggests the interesting question, What was the first story-book published for children? Who can throw light on this dark subject?

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A correspondent asks for a "short list of books suitable to place in an orphans' home." We shall be glad if some correspondent will furnish a list for children under fourteen.

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It is likely that neither Homer, Æsop, not Epictetus wrote out the works that gave them fame. Are there other authors whose books were at first handed down by word of mouth?

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Lizette Woodworth Reese, an author known to many ST. NICHOLAS readers, writes in the "Independent":

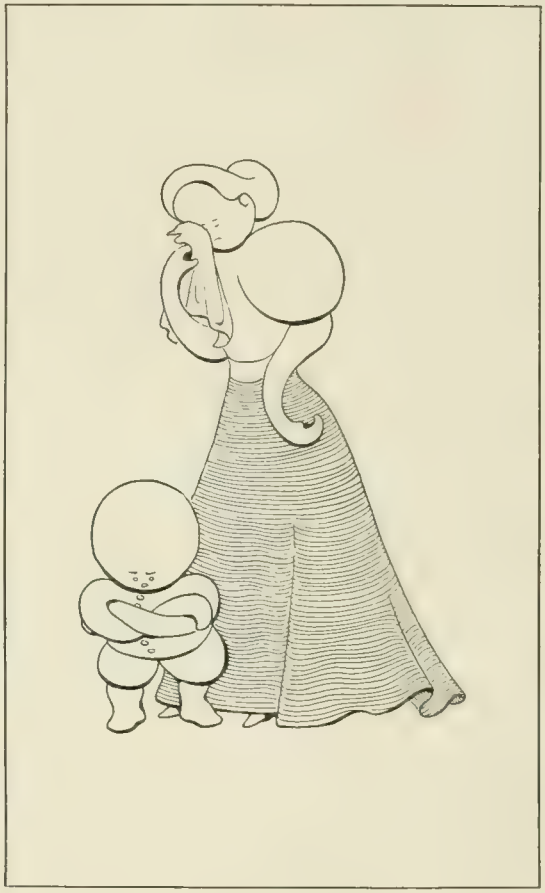
> There is a good deal of poetic literature that can be put at the service of the child. Longfellow's "The Arrow and the Song," "Santa Filomena" (though a little too long); Browning's noble song from "Pippa Passes," —
>
> God 's in his heaven,
> All 's right with the world;
>
> his "How We Brought the Good News from Aix to Ghent"; Leigh Hunt's "Abou ben Adhem"; "The Deserted Village" (which is good to read aloud); Boker's "Dirge for a Soldier." No boy that is worth the name but will rouse at the bugle notes of "Marmion"; Macaulay's Roman ballads will start him to soldiering. . . .
>
> It is its illusive quality that makes one of the chief charms of poetry. Suppose a word or two is lost to a child. Over-explanation serves to cheapen. Suppose he only recalls the poem as a strain of music. He is the wealthier by one more mystery. I see no reason why children brought up to the best literature should not in some measure appropriate it to themselves. They will have noble ideas, and these will prepare the way for a noble vocabulary.

---

A book-lover says that new books should, the first time, be opened very carefully. He advises that the book should be held upright between the hands, while the back lies flat on a table. Then open down the front cover and back cover, holding all the leaves together. Then open a few pages at the front, then at the back, and so on until the pages have been brought down upon the covers, a few at a time. A book so treated will never have a "broken back," and will last indefinitely.

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In taking a book from the shelves, do not hook a finger over the top of the binding and upset it. Push inward the book at each side, and then grasp the desired volume at the sides, and draw it out respectfully.





# GEORGE ADOLPHUS

Oh, think what George Adolphus did!
The children point and stare.
He went where mother had forbid
And said "he did n't care!"

Oh, think what George Adolphus did!
He made his mother cry!
The children whoop, "You are a Goop!
Fie, George Adolphus, fie!"

# CURRENT EVENTS.

## THE BRITISH AGAIN CONTROL THE SOUDAN.

At last the death of brave Chinese Gordon is avenged, and the cruel tyranny of the "Mahdi" is broken. Punishment of the Arabs was long in coming; but if the English are slow, they are also thorough. We may believe that Mahdism has passed away forever.

The testimony of a witness and victim, who finally escaped,— Slatin Pasha,— gives a picture of the horrors of the Mahdist rule that chills the blood. Such wanton cruelty, lawlessness, crime, and insanity is almost without parallel in history.

In contrast to this riot of misrule is the orderly advance of the victorious Egyptian army under the command of the "Sirdar" (which is the title of the first military officer in India and Egypt), Sir Herbert Kitchener. They pushed steadily forward, building a railroad as they went. This brought to them all necessary supplies and reinforcements. They met the Mahdists at Khalifa, a town which the Mahdi built opposite the ruined Khartum, where Gordon was slain. The English annihilated the Arab hordes, though the fanatics fought with their usual desperate courage.

This successful expedition has planted the seed from which may spring a splendid fruit. Before many of you who read this are far advanced in life, the Empire of Africa may take its place among the nations. The country is enormously rich, and under the fostering rule of Great Britain the whole region should advance toward civilization with a rapidity rivaling even American progress. H. W. P.

## LIQUEFIED AIR.

One of the latest wonders of science is the production of what is called "liquefied air." This is a fluid, and when in repose it looks precisely like so much pure water, except that it has a slight blue tinge.

It is produced from ordinary air, which, by an ingenious apparatus, is subjected to an immense pressure. It is then cooled, and after all the heat possible is extracted, the liquefied air pours from the pipe like a stream of water.

The temperature of this liquid is about 312° F. below zero. As this intensity of cold can scarcely be imagined, we may understand it better by learning that if the liquid air be poured upon a block of ice, it bubbles and flies off like water poured on a hot stove. This is because the ice is 344° *hotter* than the liquid air. Some of this fluid, poured into a glass, will begin to boil at once; and, not content with extracting heat from the atmosphere, also steals heat from the glass, which becomes coated with *frost*. When exposed to the atmosphere, the liquid air returns to its original vapor; so, to preserve it in a state of liquefaction, it must be carefully kept from all contact with anything having a higher degree of temperature.

This can be done, to a certain extent, by keeping it in cans wrapped in felt; but the evaporation only becomes slower—it cannot be stopped entirely. Some interesting experiments may be made with liquid air to prove the intensity of its coldness. Though it boils when poured into a glass, this does not mean that the air is hot like boiling water. On the contrary, it is still so cold that if a bit of meat or fruit be dipped into it for an instant, and then removed, the morsel will be found to be frozen so stiff and so brittle that it may be broken in pieces or ground to powder. A little alcohol poured into liquid air becomes frozen at once, and may be lifted out in a lump.

Of course, as the liquid air boils away, it returns to its original condition of ordinary air, and soon disappears. The expansion thus caused produces an immense force.

Eight hundred cubic feet of ordinary air, when compressed, yields only one cubic foot of liquid air; so if this is confined, and allowed to expand suddenly, it bursts its bonds with a force greater than that of gunpowder or any other explosive known to us at present

C. W.

# THE LETTER-BOX.

A MISCHIEVOUS correspondent sends us the following amusing verses:

I have a little boy of six,
A dirty one and sweet;
He always at the table
Has been remarkably neat;

But now he sucks his fingers,
Is untidy with his soup;
And when I ask the reason,
He says he 's "playing Goop."

M. C. S——.
(A long-time subscriber.)

We are in doubt whether to regard this touching poem as encouraging to the editor or alarming to the parents of our readers. But at least it goes to prove that the Goops are already a stimulating influence in the child-world. If it continues, who can say what the Goops may not accomplish?

THE recent birthday of ST. NICHOLAS, at the completion of its first quarter-century, brought a number of congratulatory letters. These are so cordial and kindly that we yield to the temptation of quoting from a few:

Having known you from the beginning up to the present day, I wish to tender my congratulations and good wishes. . . . While ST. NICHOLAS is a "joy forever," the "baby" is not here to enjoy it, and it is handed down to the next generation — the little granddaughter who is just the age her father was when ST. NICHOLAS was taken for him. . . . I cannot tell what pleasure and profit you have been to us all these twenty-five years. We have kept you, bound and unbound,— not one is missing,— and we have shared you with cousins and aunts and uncles. . . . My own humble opinion is that ST. NICHOLAS stands unrivaled and unequaled, and I hope it may last as long as there are people to read it. . . . With hearty congratulations, I am,

Faithfully yours, LAURA G. M——.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When the postman handed me the November number this morning, and I slipped the cover off to see what interesting thing I should find within your pages to read, I noticed the first thing that this was your twenty-fifth birthday.

It is not so very long ago that I regarded twenty-five years as a great age for either a human being or a magazine, and yet I can very easily remember the very first ST. NICHOLAS that ever was, and how I took it into my hands and read it one winter day so many years ago. It does not seem so many years ago to look back upon; but it must be.

I was only a little fellow seven years old, but fond of reading; for I was sickly, and could not play with other boys. I was living in Providence, Rhode Island, then, and had a friend who was librarian at what seemed to me then the largest library in the world, on Eddy Street. Almost every afternoon, when I could get downtown, I was in the library, reading almost anything I could get hold of, and devouring the few papers for boys and girls which the library took. One afternoon, as I entered the library, my friend called to me: "Come here, Bertie"; and when I approached, she continued: "Here is a new magazine we are taking. It looks very nice." And she handed me the first number of ST. NICHOLAS.

I do not remember much about that first number, but I do remember the continued stories that I read through that year and the ones immediately following. There was one story about "Nimpo's Troubles" that I found very fascinating; another entitled, "What Might Have Been Expected," which I understood only in parts at that time, but which I have enjoyed since then. Then there came a story by dear old J. T. Trowbridge, about "Jack Hazard," with whom I had already become acquainted somewhere, and his friend's adventures in New York. I remember that a succeeding year finished "Jack Hazard" off as the "Young Surveyor," and that I mourned because there was no more of him, he having evidently grown up and become uninteresting!

Some time after that — my memory is a little misty as to the year — there was a California story, "The Boy Emigrants," which I read over and over, never expecting that I would be able sometime to visit the ground written about, where the boy emigrants carried on their search for gold. But I have done that very thing, and, reading over that book since I have lived in the State, I could almost point out the spots the boys of that story had used to pitch their tents.

But I could talk for hours about the stories that I have read in your dear pages. You have been a friend to me many a time, and to-day you are just as welcome, when you come every month, as you used to be in the days when I was wearing knickerbockers, and used to wish that vacations came oftener to interrupt my school-days.

I feel old to-night, as I sit here writing, and a boy of my own, older than I was when I first read you, sits on the other side of the room reading the story of "Chuggins" to his younger brother and some of the other boys who live with me. But they did not get hold of you until I had myself read about Chuggins, and "Margaret Clyde's Extra," and Jimpson, and until I had a glance at the story by my old friend Henty.

I am sorry that Trowbridge is not there this time; but, dear me! he has just finished a story, and it was as good as ever, and I ought to be glad to read new authors, I suppose, especially when they can write such stories as "Chuggins." I see the tears running down the cheeks of the little fellows as my boy reads about the soldier who lay with his mouth forming a hurrah, but a bullet-hole in his forehead, and their faces express strong approval of Master Chuggins's course in taking the rifle.

But I am talking too much. I only wanted to write once, since I have never before written to you, to congratulate you on your birthday, and to wish you many happy returns of the day, while I hope to see and read you as many years as I have already known and loved you. Your affectionate reader,

A. H. H——.

ST. NICHOLAS has been a visitor in my family for fourteen years, and I have sent it regularly to several families who have young children. I only wish I was able to place it in every household, as I consider it a genuine missionary. There is a bright young man in college to-day, in northern New York State, who received his first love for and interest in study, his first impetus toward an education, through reading ST. NICHOLAS, which I sent him until he had outgrown it, when I transferred it to a younger child.

HELEN A. W. C——.

THE author of "Denise and Ned Toodles," writes:

From the unique cover of the November number we learn that congratulations are in order. Accept, I pray

you, our heartiest ones, and our warmest wishes for many prosperous years. I may say with propriety, I hope, that we are firmly convinced that ST. NICHOLAS has no rival. To big folk and little folk it is a source of unqualified delight, and ever since it first entered our home, twenty-two years ago, it has held a paramount place in our affections, for we look upon it as an old friend, and our little daughter now takes the same delight in its pages that her mother took "When Life was Young." Accept, my dear Mrs. Dodge, our heartiest good wishes and kindest regards. Very sincerely yours,

GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

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IN the "Letter-box" of the December number there was a rhyme riddle which was so easy that it was not necessary to say that the answer is "pajamas."

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BELLEVIEW, ESCAMBIA COUNTY, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy aged ten. We went camping out on Escambia Bay, on a side-track of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. We had a large piece of canvas fixed on the beach, and it was nice and cool under it. There were three hammocks, a table, and some chairs under it. I liked to go up in the woods, where there were plenty of wild flowers and ravines. We had a boat, and it was named after my little sister Mercedes. A man who took care of the lighthouse lived in a little house on the water. He had two boats which he used to go to the light in. There was a railroad-bridge across the bay, and a draw in the middle of it. Tugs pass through it which go to the mouth of the Escambia River, about ten miles up the bay, for lumber.

Your friend, WILLIE SALTMARSH.

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BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your readers may remember a play called "An Evening with Mother Hubbard," which appeared in your January number. If they do, it may interest them to know that it was played by a party of boys at Beverly this summer with great success. It was given for charity, and the money received was to be sent to the hospitals down South in order to help the wounded soldiers. Our Golf Club got up the entertainment. We had considerable difficulty in deciding what to play, as we did not wish a very long play; finally one of the boys proposed "An Evening with Mother Hubbard," and it proved to be just the thing!

I was fortunate enough to be one of the members who was elected to take part, and it was decided that I should appear as "Little Boy Blue."

All of us were obliged to provide our own costumes. Fortunately, I soon procured a suitable one; but the fellows who took the part of "Bo-peep," "Jill," etc., found some difficulty in procuring their costumes. We all learned our parts in an amazingly short time, and in two weeks everything was in readiness. The play was to be performed in our club-room, and only thirty-five people could look on, as the room could not, with the addition of the stage, hold more than that number of chairs conveniently.

All the seats were sold at seventy-five cents, and those in the front row went for a dollar. Every seat was taken, and the play was such a success that we played it the following week, once again with equal luck. After the acting we had tableaux, and many pieces by Virginia Woodward Cloud which have appeared in your numbers, as well as other poems, were spoken.

We received in all about fifty-five dollars from our successful enterprise, which was more than half the amount which we had expected to raise altogether.

Believe me, ever AN INTERESTED READER.

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MILTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Milton is a very pretty place. I am a little American girl of eight years. I have taken you for two years, and like you very much. I was so sorry when "Denise and Ned Toodles" was ended. I have two sisters and two brothers. They are aged six, five, three, and two. We have over a hundred hens, and sometimes in the evenings we go with father and help him pick up the eggs.

We have a doll-house that has six rooms. They are kitchen, dining-room, parlor, nursery, and two bedrooms. I have just begun to have a stamp collection.

I remain your loving reader,

MARIAN S. WELD.

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ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My best present last Christmas was a six months' volume of ST. NICK, and now I can't tell you what a pleasure it is for me to see you arrive every month, ready for a second volume. I am nine years old, and was born and always lived in Italy. This summer my parents and I stayed up in the Apennines at Vallombrosa, three thousand feet above sea-level, in the fir forests. The English poet, Milton, is said to have been up there in 1638, and mentions Vallombrosa in his poem, "Paradise Lost." We live in the country, with vineyards and olive-trees around us. Our house was built about 1600, and is called Meretto, which was the name of a town once standing on this hill in 1300. In those days the noblemen who lived here were truly robber chieftains, and used to watch for loaded mules coming up the valley to a distant monastery, and carry them off to their castles. These titled highwaymen were the terror of the valley. The great poet Dante was denied entrance to the castle (now a ruin) owned by this count, and it was a bitterly cold winter's night; so Dante, when he wrote his poem about the Inferno, put the count into it.

My pet dog is a Pomeranian, and always gives me his paw. The bull-terrier, "Punch," is very funny, and the white sheep-dog is very clever indeed.

Very soon the vintage begins, and then I go and help with my scissors, for knives spoil the bunches. I enjoy your riddles so much, and I guess quite a number of them. The stories I liked best are "With the Black Prince" and "Through the Earth"; also "Denise and Ned Toodles." I know the names of all the American battle-ships. About two miles off there is a place where the ancient Roman soldiers had their winter quarters, and in the fields are found now and then some Roman coins of the period 62 B. C. I would be so pleased if you were kind enough to like my letter.

Yours affectionately, DINO SPRANGER.

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ST. NICHOLAS regrets that it cannot find room this month for more of the interesting letters it has received. The following are a few of the correspondents who have written to the Letter-Box, and we thank them for the courteous attention to the magazine, and regret that we cannot do more than acknowledge their letters here: George Harrison Ehline, P. H. Turner, Elizabeth Peterman, Shirley H. Stonn, Helen Clark, Keller E. Rockey, Donald Wiley, Dorothy Clark.



# THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

[illegible] 1. Peace. Breaking. [illegible] 2. Cross-words: 1. Peace. 2. Reign. 3. Ocean. 4. Waste. 5. Noisy. 6. Idols. 7. Negro. 8. Groan.

[illegible] Primal Acrostic. Wreath.

Numerical Enigma. Thanksgiving. Christmas. 25, 18, festal day. Cross-words: 1. Coif. 2. Hoopoe. 3. Radiate. 4. Interval. 5. Sandpiper. 6. Treadmill. 7. Manifold. 8. Acacia. 9. Stay.

Word-square. I. 1. Iron. 2. Rose. 3. Ogre. 4. Nest. II. 1. Year. 2. Else. 3. Asks. 4. Rest. III. 1. Sale. 2. Area. 3. Lace. 4. Etna. IV. 1. Lead. 2. Glare. 3. Area. 4. Desk.

Rebus. Mistletoe.

Diamond: 1. N. 2. Ant. 3. Aster. 4. Sweater. 5. Merry. 6. Ray. 7. R.

Illustrated Primal Acrostic. Santa Claus. 1. Sword. 2. Apple. 3. Nose. 4. Trumpet. 5. Anchor. 6. Cane. 7. Lute. 8. Accordion. 9. Uniform. 10. Slate.

Charade. Seldom.

Zigzag. George Washington. Cross-words: 1. Good. 2. Peer. 3. Moor. 4. Bear. 5. Sage. 6. Feat. 7. Wily. 8. Bard. 9. Mast. 10. Rash. 11. Grape. 12. Arch. 13. Cave. 14. Star. 15. Rain. 16. Tower.

Puzzle. We [illegible] Pete, [illegible] Bert, [illegible] Nell [illegible] 4, [illegible] to 4 [illegible]. 1 [illegible] Nat [illegible] 4, [illegible] 8, ear; 3 to 7, eye. Included square: 1. Tare. 2. Avow. 3. Rose. 4. Ewer.

Central Acrostic. Mesopotamia. Cross-words: 1. James. 2. Creed. 3. Misty. 4. Spout. 5. Poppy. 6. Frown. 7. Mates. 8. Crane. 9. Humid. 10. Juice. 11. Twain.

Concealed Double Acrostic. Primals, Farewell; finals, December. Cross-words: 1. Fund. 2. Ache. 3. Relic. 4. Ermine. 5. William. 6. Ebb. 7. League. 8. Litter.

To our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the October Number were received, before October 15th, from Josephine Sherwood — Louise Ingham Adams — Clara A. Anthony — Mabel M. Johns — Allil and Adi — Nessie and Freddie — "Dondy Small" — Helen C. McCleary

Answers to Puzzles in the October Number were received, before October 15th, from Reddy and Heady, 2 — Ida A. Coale, [illegible] — Shirley [illegible] — Sara M. [illegible], 1 — Mary Catherine [illegible] — Samuel W. [illegible], 2 — Paul Reese, [illegible] — Helen Smith, 1 — Edith Osborn, 1 — Marguerite Wells, 1 — S. C. Chew, 1 — Este Paxton, 3 — Katharine W. Stratton, [illegible], 1 — Gertrude Cramer [illegible] Elizabeth Washburn, [illegible] — Mary K. Rice, [illegible] — Mamma and Betty, [illegible] — K. S. and C. [illegible] — Hazen W. Tilney, [illegible] — H. A. R., 1 — Mistletoe Hyacinth, 7 — Dave Cowing and Aunt Emily, 4 — Annie L. Wildman, 1 — "H. H. and two J.'s," 5 — Albert L. Baum, 5 — "Maple Leaf Trio," 7 — F. C. T. and W. N. T., 9 — Anna Sara Longacre, 1 — Agatha Craies, 2 — Fred B. Hallock, 1 — Florence and Edna, 4 — C. D. Lauer and Co., 10 — Freddie S. and Harold J. Frambach, 3 — Sigourney Fay Nininger, 9.

### CHARADE.

My [illegible] on a child you may see;
My [illegible] are Oriental tales;
My [illegible] I hope you will do to me,
If this attempt to please you fails.

MARY A. GIBSON.

### DIAMOND.

1. In space. 2. An animal. 3. To dwell. 4. A slender point. 5. To draw out. 6. One half of a word meaning "chooses by ballot." 7. In space. M. D.

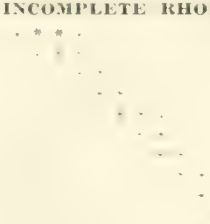
### A SWARM OF BEES.

Example: Take a bee from to lie in warmth, and leave to request. Answer, b-ask.

1. Take a bee from yeast, and leave part of the body.
2. Take a bee from a hand-carriage, and leave a weapon.
3. Take a bee from a fish, and leave a quadruped.
4. Take a bee from a hunting-dog, and leave a bird.
5. Take a bee from a wild animal, and leave part of the body.
6. Take a bee from a hollow, metallic vessel, and leave part of a house.
7. Take a bee from a place of worship, and leave a feminine name.
8. Take a bee from a note, and leave indisposed.
9. Take a bee from dim or watery, and leave a very unfortunate old man.
10. Take a bee from a thicket, and leave a common garden utensil.
11. Take a bee from a hoarse cry, and leave a line of light.
12. Take a bee from mild, and leave to catch and bring to shore.
13. Take a bee from the strand, and leave every.
14. Take a bee from extending far and wide, and leave a highway.

WHITE FOREST.

### INCOMPLETE RHOMBOID.

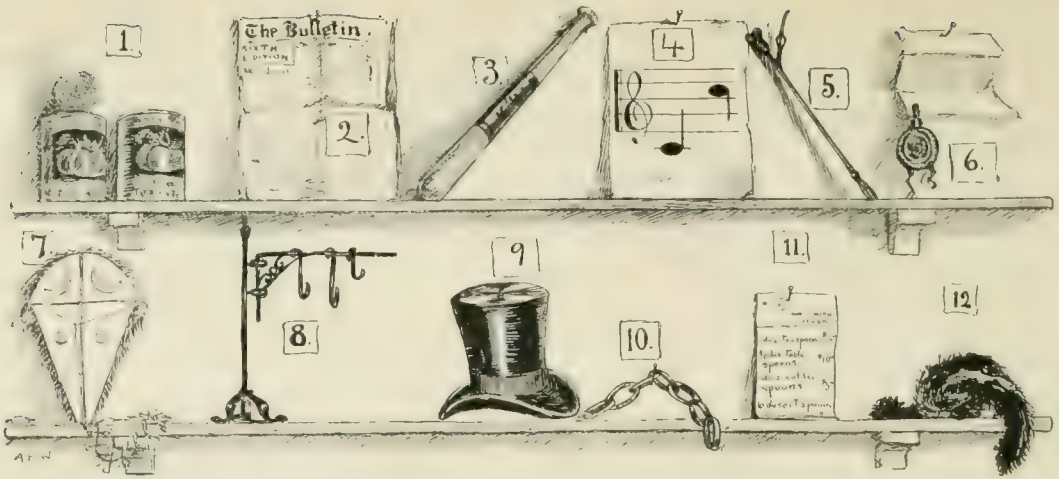


Reading Across: 1. To encounter. 2. Profound. 3. A sly look. 4. Humble. 5. A nobleman. 6. Dregs of wine. 7. Want. 8. To eat. 9. To think. 10. A kind of bird.

Downward: 1. A thousand. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A fish. 4. To swarm. 5. The cry of a bird. 6. A spool. 7. Sharp. 8. A chain of rocks. 9. Part of a flower. 10. An animal. 11. A river. 12. A pronoun. 13. Five hundred.

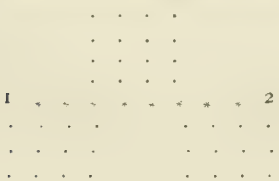
The letters represented by stars are all the same.

CAROLYN WELLS.




JOHNNY SHOWMAN wanted to give an exhibition of birds and animals. The only drawback was that he had none. But after ransacking the house from garret to cellar, he placed on exhibition the twelve articles pictured, which, he said, represented his menagerie. What birds and animals were shown? F. H. W.

### WORD-SQUARE PYRAMID.




I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A row. 2. An abbreviation often seen above a crucifix. 3. Formerly. 4. A feminine name.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To burn. 2. A small animal. 3. Surface. 4. To raise up.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE. 1. Capable. 2. A color. 3. To soothe. 4. Certain fishes. E. BLANC.

### WORD-SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take principal from stayed, and leave a coarse plant. Answer, Re-main-ed, reed.

1. Take the personification of discord from revolves, and leave decays.

2. Take to be indebted to from bestowed copiously, and leave a fragment.

3. Take novel from renovated, and leave a musical instrument.

4. Take the entire sum from a rude couch, and leave to fondle.

5. Take astern from deceitful, and leave to lament audibly.

6. Take one of a certain tribe of Indians from defiles, and leave clips.

7. Take a pronoun from ecclesiastical societies, and leave a famous city.

8. Take a tavern from trespassing, and leave to utter musical sounds.

9. Take part of a fish from explained, and leave an act.

10. Take to incite from to impoverish, and leave to hinder.

11. Take a common article from heath, and leave to give audience or attention to.

12. Take consumed from irrigating, and leave to torture.

Each word removed contains the same number of letters. When these are placed one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a January festival. C. D.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. ONE who supports a heavy burden. 2. To express gratitude. 3. The first half of the name of a famous poem. 4. A little ring. 5. A fish. E. B. R.

### CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

SEARCH well for hidden words to find
What January brings to mind—
The first that ushers in the year,
The first to come, the earliest here.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. "If I be rude," remarked the dude,
"'T will shatter the subjunctive mood;

2. "If I be rough, if I be tough,
You 'll see the reason plain enough.

3. "I crave excuse for talk so loose;
'T is slang lends English to abuse.

4. "And 't is my aim to scorch the same
With inextinguishable flame.

5. "While standing here in nervous fear,
Lest faulty syntax strike my ear,

6. "My heart is sore in thinking o'er
My gilded ancestry of yore.

7. "They could not be aroused to see
The stir of life in tweedledee.

8. "But I confess what none could guess,—
That one subjunctive, more or less,

9. "Has wrung my pride until I cried,
And took some anti-germicide."

ANNA M. PRATT.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



WASHINGTON FIRING THE FIRST GUN AT THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

(SEE PAGE 345.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVI. FEBRUARY, 1899. No. 4.

## AMATUA'S SAILOR.

By Lloyd Osbourne.

It is hard to begin a story when it is about things and places and people all unknown to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS; and yet, if I explained too much as I went along, there would be little room to tell about Amatua, and none at all for his sailor. So I shall not tell you why there were seven big men-of-war tugging at their anchors in Apia Bay one wild March morning; nor why there were hundreds of brown men lying snug in the forest, thirsting for the blood of many hundreds more who were walking unconcernedly about the little town; nor why the consul's front garden lay thick with wounded Samoans, and his back garden with new-made graves; nor why the white men aboard the ships were just as anxious as the brown men on shore to shoot each other at the word of command. Amatua did not know much about it himself, for he was only eight years old — a sturdy little fellow, with a skin the color of new coffee. Of course he realized something of what was going on; he knew that when you passed a German sailor you made a face at him, and when you met an American you said, "How do you do, chief?" in the friendliest way; and he knew that he prayed both night and morning for his dear father who was in the forest with the patriot king.

On the particular morning of which we write, Amatua was running down a beautifully shaded road as fast as his little legs would carry him. And close in chase, like a hawk after a sparrow, was a grizzled man-of-war's-man with a switch. The road was long and straight; on both sides it was bordered by prickly hedges bright with limes, and as impenetrable as a tangle of barbed wire. At every step the white man gained on the boy, until the latter could almost hear the hoarse and angry breath of his pursuer. Amatua stopped short, and before he could even so much as turn he found himself in a grip of iron. Whish, whish, whish! dashed the switch on his bare back and legs, keen and stinging like the bite of fire ants. It took all the little fellow's manliness to keep him from bellowing aloud. The tears sprang to his eyes, — even the son of a chief is human like the rest of us, — but he would not cry.

"What 's all this?" rang out a voice, and a white man reined in his horse beside them — a tall man in spectacles, who spoke with the air of authority.

The sailor touched his hat. "Why, sir, you 'd scarcely believe it," he said, "the fuss I 've had with this young savage! First he tried to lose me in the woods. I did n't think nothing of that; but when he got me into a river for a swim, and then made off with my clothes, and hid 'em under a tree — I might have been looking for 'em yet, me that must be aboard my

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ship at twelve o'clock. Why, it might have cost me my good-conduct stripe! I tell you, I never dreamed of such a thing, for me and Am have been friends ever since the first day I came ashore. He 's no better than a treacherous little what-d'ye-call-'em!"

"The chief says you hid his clothes," said the stranger, in the native language. "He says you tried to lose him in the woods."

"Ask him if I have n't always been a good friend to him," said the sailor. "Ask him who gave him the knife with the lanyard, and who made him the little spear to jug fish on the reef. Just you ask him that, sir."

"Your Highness," said Amatua, in his own tongue, "Bill does n't understand. I love Bill, and I don't want him to drown. I want to save Bill's high-chief life."

"And so you hid Bill's clothes," said the stranger. "That was a fine way to help him!"

"Be not angry," said Amatua. "Great is the wisdom of white chiefs in innumerable things, but there are some little common, worthless things that they don't understand at all."

"Tell him I 'm a leading seaman, sir," went on Bill, who of course understood not a word of what Amatua was saying, and whose red and tired face still showed the indignation under which he was laboring. "Tell him I should have been a disgraced man."

"The old women say that a great evil is about to befall us," said Amatua gravely, entirely disregarding Bill. "Everybody is talking of it, your Highness, even the wise minister from Malua College, Toalua, whose wisdom is like that of Solomon. There 's to be a storm from the north — a storm that will break the ships into ten thousand pieces, and line the beach with dead. Last night I could n't sleep for thinking of Bill. Then I said to myself, 'I will lose Bill for two days in the woods, and then he won't be drowned at all.' But Bill is wise, and made the sun guide him back to the right road. Then I made Bill bathe, and tried to steal his clothes. But Bill looked and looked and looked, and when he found them he thought I was a very bad boy."

The stranger laughed, and translated all this long explanation to Bill.

"Goodness gracious!" said Bill. "Do you mean that the kid believes this fool superstition, and was trying to save me from the wreck?"

"That 's it," said the stranger. "I 've known Amatua for a long time, and I think he 's a pretty square boy."

"Why, bless his little heart," said the sailor, catching up the boy in his arms, "I might have known he could n't mean no harm to his poor old Uncle Billy! I tell you, we 've been like father and son, me and Am has, up to this little picnic. But just you say to him, sir, that, storm or no storm, Bill's place is the post of duty, and that he 'd rather die there than live to be disgraced."

But the white man had other work to do than translating for Bill and Amatua, and so he rode off and left them to trudge along on foot. Half an hour later they reached the beach, and saw the ships-of-war tugging heavily at their anchors. The weather looked wild and threatening, and a leaden surf was bursting furiously on the outer reefs. It appeared no easy matter to get Bill into the boat that was awaiting him, for she was full of men bound for the ship, and ill to manage in the ebb and sweep of the seas. Bill's face grew stern as he stared before him. He walked to the end of the wharf in a kind of maze, and took another long, hawk-like look to seaward, never heeding the shaking woodwork nor the breakers that wet him to the knee. There was something ominous to Amatua in the sight of those deep-rolling ships and the piercing brightness of their ensigns and signal-flags. He was troubled, too, to see Bill so reckless in wetting his beautiful blue trousers and reducing his "sliding feet," as the natives call shoes, his lovely patent-leather, silk-laced *sēevae*, to a state of pulp. He tried to draw him back, and pointed to the shoes as a receding wave left them once more to view. But Bill only laughed, — not one of his big hearty laughs, but the ghost of a laugh,— and a queer look came into his blue eyes. He walked slowly back to the boat, which was still rising and falling beside the wharf, with its load of silent men. Suddenly he ran his hand into his pocket, and almost before Amatua could realize what it all meant, he felt Bill's watch in his hand, and a round, heavy thing which was unmistakably a

dollar, and something soft and silken that could be nothing else than the sailor's precious handkerchief. A second later Bill was in the boat, the tiller under his arm, while a dozen backs bent to drive him seaward. Amatua stood on the wharf and howled. He forgot the watch and the dollar and the silk handkerchief; he thought only of Bill,—his friend Bill,—the proud chief who would rather die at his post than find safety on shore. "Come back, Bill," he cried, and ran out to the end of the wharf, never caring for the waves that were dashing higher and higher over the crazy fabric. But the boat held on her relentless way, dipping into the seas until she was lost to view, or rising like a storm-bird on some cresting comber until she vanished behind the towering "Trenton."

Amatua did not sob for long. He was a practical little boy, and knew that it could not help Bill,—poor Bill!—who already had all the salt water he cared about. So Amatua made his way back to land, and sought out a quiet spot where he could look at his new treasure and calculate on the most profitable way of spending his dollar. You could n't say that the dollar "burned a hole in his pocket," for Amatua did n't use pockets, and his only clothes consisted of a little kilt of very dingy cotton; but he was just as anxious to spend it as an American boy with ten pockets. First he looked at the watch. It was a lovely watch. It was none of your puny watches such as white ladies wear, but a thumping big chief of a watch, thick and heavy, with a tick like a missionary clock. It was of shining silver, and the back of it was all engraved and carved with ships and dolphins. Bill had showed it to him a thousand times when they had strolled about the town, and had gone, hand in hand, in search of many a pleasant adventure. It brought the tears to Amatua's eyes to recall it all, and he pushed the watch aside to have a look at the handkerchief. This was another old friend. It was one of the most lovely red and green and blue and yellow, criss-crossed with the colors of a rainbow, and it warmed the eyes of him who looked upon it. It was of the softest, thickest silk, such as girls all delight in; and it was like the watch in its generous size.

There was nothing small about Bill. Even the dollar seemed bigger and fatter than any Amatua had seen; but then it must be remembered that dollars had seldom come his way. Oh, that dollar! How was he to spend it so that it would reach as far as two dollars?—a financial problem every one has had to grapple with at some time or another.

He was well up in the price of hardtack. The price fluctuated in Apia—all the way from twelve for a quarter up to eighteen for a quarter. Quality did n't count; at any rate, Amatua was not one of those boys who mind a little mustiness in their hardtack, or that slight suspicion of rancid whale-oil which was a characteristic of the cheaper article. Hardtack was hardtack, and eighteen hardtack were six better than twelve hardtack. Here was one quarter gone, and hardtack made way for soap. Yes, he must have soap. Even yesterday old Hen'an had said: "War 's a terrible thing. It makes one's heart shake like a little mouse in one's body. But lack of soap is worse than war. You can get used to war; but who ever got used to going without soap?" Yes, there must be soap to gladden old Lu'an and serve to wash his kilt, which, truth to tell, sadly needed that attention.

This meant another quarter. As to the third purchase there could be no manner of doubt. Some kava, the white, dry root which, pounded in water and strained by the dexterous use of a wisp of fiber, supplies the Samoan for the lack of every comfort, steeling his heart against the savage hardships of war, or cheering him on to victory when the thin ranks waver and men fall on every side—a mild, unexciting drink to a white man, who usually likens it to soapy water or to a medicine. Oh, how the kava would rejoice his father in those dismal woods, where he lay with the famishing army, bearing hunger, cold, and the misery of an unhealed wound with the uncomplaining fortitude of a Washington. And it should be none of that dusty, spotted stuff that so many traders sell to unknowing whites or natives in a hurry, but the wholesome white kava from Vaea, which grows the very finest in the South Seas. And the last quarter? How was that to go? Was it to be a new kilt, or a white singlet, or two rusty cans of salmon, or some barrel beef? Amatua would have dearly

loved some marbles; but in the depressed state of the family's finances these were not to be thought of. The beef was the thing, the strong rank beef that comes in barrels. You could get a slab of it for a quarter, and Latapie, the French trader, would give you a box of matches extra, or a few fish-hooks, for every quarter you spent at his store. Salmon was delicious, but Amatua had enough knowledge of practical common fractions to know that two cans divided by twenty-six gave but a small portion to each individual. Beef meant "the greatest happiness to the greatest number."

Having finished his calculations, Amatua started off to do his shopping. Even in the short time he had spent in the corner of the ruined church the sea had noticeably risen, and was now thundering along the beach, while on the reefs its fury was truly terrible; and a wild spray hung above the breakers like a mist. The sky was lead-color, splashed with ragged storm-clouds and streaked with fast-flying scud. At their moorings the seven ships rolled under until they seemed to drown the very muzzles of their guns; and the inky vapor that oozed from their funnels, and the incessant shrill shrieking of the bo's'ns' whistles, all told a tale of brisk and anxious preparation. "Oh, poor Bill!" thought Amatua, and looked away. The wharf from which he had seen the last of his friend was already a wreck, and nothing showed of it but the jagged stumps as the seas rolled back.

Two boys told him that a boat of Misi had been smashed to pieces, and that a big whaler from Lufilufi that pulled fifty oars had shared the same fate. Knots of anxious-looking white men stood gazing out to sea; the provost guards from the ships were ransacking the town for the few men they still missed, and they were told to hurry or their boats would never live to carry them back. There was a general air of unrest, inquietude, and subdued excitement; people were nailing up their windows and drawing in their boats before the encroaching ocean; and the impressiveness of the situation was not a little heightened by the heavy guard of blue-jackets that were lined up before the German consulate, and the throngs of Tamasese's warriors that swarmed everywhere about, fierce of mien in that unfriendly town, with their faces blackened for war, and their hands encumbered with rifles and shining head-knives.

But Amatua had no time to think of such things; the signs and marks of war were familiar to him, and the armed and overbearing adversaries of his tribe and people were no longer so terrible as they once had been. The increasing roar of the sea and the wild sky that spoke of the impending gale kept the thought of Bill ever close to his heart, and he went about his business with none of the gaiety that the spending of money once involved. Not that he forgot his prudence or his skill at bargaining in the anxiety for Bill that tore his little heart. By dint of walking and chaffering he came off with twenty hardtack for his first quarter; with the soap he extorted a package of starch; and after he had sniffed beef all the way from Sogi to Vaiala,— a distance of two miles,— he became the proprietor of a hunk at least six ounces heavier than the ruling price allowed. The kava was of a superb quality, fit for a king to drink.

It was late when Amatua got home and crept into the great bee-hive of a house that had been the pride of his father's heart. The girls shouted as they saw him, and old Lu'an clapped her hands as her quick eyes perceived the soap. His mother alone looked sad — his poor mother, who used to be so gay and full of fun in that happy time before the war. She had never been the same since her cousin, the divinity student, had slain her brother on the battle-field of Luatuanuu,— that terrible battle-field where the best blood of Samoa had been poured out like water.

She looked anxiously at Amatua's parcels, and motioned him to her side, asking him in a low voice as to where and how he had got them. She brightened as he explained matters, for she had been at a loss to understand this sudden wealth, and was apprehensive that the boy had been dishonest.

"It was this way," said Amatua. "Bill and I are brothers. What is mine is Bill's. What is Bill's is mine. We are two, but in heart we are one. That 's how I understand Bill, though he talks only the white man's stuttering." (So the natives call a foreign

language.) "'Amatua,' he said, just before he got into the boat,— I mean what he said in his heart, for there was not time for words, — 'we are all of us in God's high-chief hands this day. A storm is coming, and my place in on my ship, where I shall live or be cast away, as God wills. Take you this dollar and spend it with care for the comfort of all our family; take my very valuable watch, that ticks louder than a missionary clock, and my handkerchief of silk, the like of which there is not in Samoa, and keep them for me. My life is God's alone, but these things belong to all of our family. Stand firm in the love of God, and strengthen your heart to obey his high-chief will."

It was late when Amatua awoke. The house was empty save for old Lu'an, who was kindling a fire with great intentness and ever so much blowing. A strange uproar filled the air, the like of which Amatua had never heard before — the tramp of multitudes as they rushed and shouted, intermingled with bursting seas, deafening explosions, and the shrill, high scream of the long-expected gale. Amatua leaped from his mats, girded up his little kilt, and ran headlong into the night. It was piercing cold, and he shivered like a leaf, but he took thought of nothing. He ran for the beach, which lay at no great distance from his father's house, and was soon panting down the lane beside Mr. Elwood's store. It was flaming with lights and filled with a buzzing crowd of whites and natives; and on the front veranda there lay the stark and dripping body of a sailor with a towel over his upturned face. The beach was jammed with people, and above the fury of the gale and the thundering breakers which threatened to engulf the very town, there rang out the penetrating voices of the old war-chiefs as they yelled their orders and formed up their men. Even as Amatua stood dazed and almost crushed in the mob, there was a sudden roar, a rush of feet, and a narrow lane opened to a dozen powerful men springing through with the bodies of two sailors. One seemed dead; the other's eyes were open, but he looked, oh, so faint and white!

Amatua turned and fought his way seaward, boring through the crowd like a little gimlet, to where the seas swept up to his ankles, and he could make out the lights of the men-of-war. There was a ship on the reef. He could see the vague tangle of her yards and rigging, and every wave swept in some of her crew, man after man — some shouting, calling, imploring in their agony, others lifeless and still, with their dead eyes raised to heaven. The Samoans linked arms,— a human life-line of living men,— and thus it was that the castaways were often dragged to safety. The undertow ran out like a mill-race; living, breathing men were tossed up the beach like corks, only to be sucked back again to destruction. The Samoans fought with desperation to save the seamen's lives, and more than one daring soul was swept into eternity. The work was so exhausting that even these stalwart barbarians could not continue overlong at the life-lines; but there was never a lack of volunteers to continue the heroic task.

Amatua found himself beside a man who had just been relieved, and was thunderstruck to find that it was no other than Oa, an old friend of his, who had been in the forest with the patriot king.

"How do you happen here, Chief Oa?" shouted Amatua.

"The Tamaseses have retired on Mulinuu," said Oa. "It is the king's order that we come and save what lives we can."

"Germans, too?" asked Amatua, doubtfully, never forgetful of his father's wound, or of his uncle who fell at Luatuanuu.

"We are not at war with God," said the chief, sternly. "To-night there is peace in every man's heart, save in that one consul's who guards his house, lest we attack him."

Amatua stood long beside his friend, peering into that great void in which so many men were giving up their lives. Sometimes he could make out the dim hulls of ships when they loomed against the sky-line or as the heavens brightened for an instant. Bodies kept constantly washing in, Germans all, as Amatua could tell by their uniforms, or, if these were torn from them in the merciless waters, by the prevalence of yellow hair and fair skins. Amatua shrank from the sight of these limp figures, and it was only his love for Bill that kept him on the watch. Poor Bill! How had he fared this

night? Was he even now tumbling in the mighty rollers, his last duty done on this sorrowful earth, his brave heart still forever? Or perhaps he lay, as many lay that night here and there about the town, wrapped thick in blankets in some white man's house or native chief's, safe and sound, beside a blazing fire.

Amatua at last grew tired of waiting there beside Oa. The cold ate into his very bones, and the crowd pressed and trampled on him without ceasing. He cared for nothing so long as he thought he might find Bill; but he now despaired of that, and began to think of his tired little self. He forced his way back, and moved aimlessly along from house to house, looking in at the lighted windows in the vain hope of seeing Bill. Of dead men there were plenty, but he could not bear to look at them too closely. He was utterly worn out by the horror and excitement he had undergone, and when his eyes closed, as they sometimes would, he seemed to see Bill's face dancing before him. He was a very tired little boy by the time he had made his way home and threw himself once again on the mats in that still, empty house. Sleep was just closing his eyes when he was surprised to hear, fitfully intermingled with the never-ending uproar of the elements, the thrilling blare of military music! Bold Kimberly had taken the ground in the Trenton; and our undaunted admiral, menaced by instant destruction, and powerless to do aught until the hurricane subsided, had hoisted the Stars and Stripes, and ordered up the band to play on the poop-deck!

What American will ever forget the hurricane of 1889, or hear the name of that lion-hearted seaman without emotion?

It was a strange sight that met Amatua's gaze the next day, as he made his way to the shore. The wind had fallen, and the mountainous waves of the previous night had given way to a heavy ground-swell. But the ships, the wreckage of ships, the ten thousand and one things — the million and one things — which lined the beach for a distance of two miles! One German man-of-war had gone down with every soul on board; another — the "Adler" — lay broken-backed and sideways on the reef; the "Olga" had been run ashore, and looked none the worse for her adventure. The United States ship "Vandalia" was a total wreck, and half under water; close to her lay the Trenton, with her gun-deck awash; and within a pistol-shot of both was the old "Nipsic," with her nose high on land. The British ship, the "Calliope," was nowhere to be seen, having forced her way to sea in the teeth of the hurricane.

Could you imagine a giant taking up a good-sized house and rinsing it in a good-sized bay until it was gutted of its contents? But instead of a house, think of a ship,—*four* ships,— the least one among them twelve hundred tons, and the largest what boys would call a "whopper," with a crew of six hundred men and twenty officers,— and try to picture to yourself what lay strewn on Apia beach that morning! Amatua went almost crazy at the sight. He ran hither and thither, picking up one thing and then throwing it away for another he liked better: here an officer's full-dress coat gleaming with gold lace, there a photograph-album in a woeful state, some twisted rifles, and a broom — everywhere an extraordinary hotchpotch of things diverse and innumerable. Amatua found an elegant sword not a bit the worse for its trip ashore, an officer's gold-laced cap, and a little box full of pins and needles and sewing-gear and old letters — such as sailors call their ditty-box. He would also have carried off a tempting young cannon had it weighed anything under a quarter of a ton; as it was, he covered it with sand, and stood up the broom to mark the place, which, strange to say, he has never been able to find since. He got a cracked bell next, a can of pork and beans, a bottle of varnish, a one-pound Hotchkiss shell (loaded), a big platter, and a German flag! This he thought enough for one load and made his triumphant way home, where he tried pork and beans for the first time in his life — and did n't like them.

It would have fared badly with him, for there was nothing in the house for him to eat save a few green bananas, had it not been for the Samoan pastor next door. The pastor had hauled a seven hundred pound barrel of prime mess pork out of old ocean's maw, and in the fullness of his heart he was dividing slabs of it among his parishioners. Another relative had "salvaged" eleven cans of cracker pulp, which, although a trifle salt, was good enough to eat.



In fact, Amatua ate a rather hearty breakfast, and lingered longer over it than perhaps was well for the best interests of his family. By the time he had returned to the beach the cream had been skimmed from the milk. True, there was no lack of machinery and old iron, and mountains of tangled rope and other ship's gear; but there was no longer the gorgeous profusion of smaller articles, for ten thousand busy hands had been at work since dawn. Amatua searched for an hour, and got no more than a squashy stamp-album and a musical box in the last stages of dissolution.

He realized regretfully that he could hope for nothing more, and after trading his album to a half-caste boy for a piece of lead, and exchanging the musical box for six marbles, he again bent his energies to the finding of Bill.

For fear of a conflict, the naval commanders had divided their forces. The Germans lay at one end of the town, the Americans at the other, and armed sentries paced between. Amatua had never seen so many white men in his life, and he knew scarcely which way to turn first. He was bewildered by the jostling, merry host that encompassed him on every side, by the busy files that were marshaled away to work, the march and countermarch of disciplined feet, the shrill pipe of the bo's'ns' calls, and the almost ceaseless bugling. He looked long and vainly for Bill in every nook and cranny of the town. He watched beside the Nipsic for an hour; he forced the guard-house, and even made his way into the improvised hospital, dodging the doctors and the tired orderlies. But all in vain. He trudged into

Savalalo and Sougi, where the Germans lay, fearing lest Bill might have been thrown into chains by those haughty foemen; but he found nothing but rows of dead, and weary men digging graves. He stopped officers on the street, and kind-faced seamen and marines, and asked them earnestly if they had seen Bill. Some paid no attention to him; others laughed and passed on; one man slapped him in the face.

When he came back from Germantown he found a band playing in front of Mr. Moores's store, and noticed sentries about the place, and important-looking officers, with swords and pistols. He was told that the admiral was upstairs, and that Mr. Moores's house was now the headquarters of the American forces. A great resolution welled up in Amatua's heart. If there was one man on earth that ought to know about Bill, it was the admiral. Amatua dodged a sentry, and running up the steps, he crept along the veranda, and peeped into the room which Kimberly had exchanged for his sea-swept cabin. The admiral sat at a big table which was strewn inches high with papers, reports, and charts. He was writing in his shirt-sleeves, and on the chair beside him lay his richly embroidered coat and gold-laced cap. At another table two men were also writing; at another a single man was nibbling a pen as he stared at the paper before him. It reminded Amatua of the pastor's school. Half a dozen officers stood grouped in one corner, who were whispering to one another, their hands resting on their swords. It was all as quiet as church, and nothing could be heard but the scratch of pens as they raced across the paper. Suddenly a frowning officer noticed Amatua at the door. "Orderly," he cried, "drive away that boy"; and Amatua was ignominiously seized, led downstairs, and thrown roughly into the street.

Amatua cried as though his little heart would break. He sat on the front porch of the house, careless of the swarming folk about him, and took a melancholy pleasure in being jostled and trampled on. Oh, it was a miserable world! Bill was gone, and any one could cuff a little boy who was n't big enough to hit back. He wished that he, too, lay numbered in that pallid row which he had so lately passed, asking nothing, wishing nothing, but a few spadefuls of kindly earth. More than one sailor patted his curly head and lifted him in the air and kissed him; but Amatua was too sore to care for such attentions. Cruel it was to think that the one man alone in Samoa who knew where to find Bill, the great chief-captain upstairs, was absolutely beyond his power to reach. This thought was unbearable to the little boy. He nerved himself to try again; he recalled the admiral's grim face, which was not unkindly, though sad and stern. After all, nothing worse could befall him than a beating. Again he dodged the lower sentry, and sprang up the stairs like a cat. Again he gazed into that still room and listened to the everlasting pens. This time he was discovered in an instant; the orderly pounced at him, and Amatua, with his heart in his mouth, rushed toward the admiral, and threw himself on his knees beside him. The old man put a protecting arm around his neck, and the orderly, foiled in the chase, could do nothing else than salute.

"Anderson," said the admiral to an officer, "it is the second time the boy has been here. I tell you he is after something, and we are not in a position to disregard anything in this extraordinary country. He may have a message from King Mataafa. Send for Moores." In a few moments that gentleman appeared, and he was bidden to ask Amatua what he wanted. The officers gathered close behind their chief, and even the assiduous writers looked up.

"What does he want?" demanded the admiral, who had no time to spare.

"He wants to find a sailor named Bill," cried Moores. "He 's afraid Bill is drowned, and thought he would ask you."

Every one smiled save the admiral. "Are you sure that is all?" he said.

"He says he loved Bill very much," said Moores, "and has searched the beach and the hospital and even the lock-up without finding him. Says he even waited alongside the Nipsic for an hour."

"Half my men are named Bill," said Kimberly; "but I fear his Bill is numbered with the rest of our brave boys who went down last night. Moores," he went on, "take the lad

below, and give him any little thing he fancies in the store."

Amatua did n't quite know whether he would be taken out and shot, or handed over to the corporal's guard below for punishment, but he bravely tramped beside Mr. Moores, prepared to face the worst. He felt dizzy and faint when they got below, and Mr. Moores popped him up on the counter, and asked him, in his jolly way, whether he would prefer candy or some marbles. "The great chief-captain said you were a brave boy, and should have a present," said Mr. Moores.

Amatua shook his head. Somehow he had lost interest in such trifles. "Thank his Majesty, the admiral," he said in his stately way, "but an aching heart takes no pleasure in such things. If you do not mind, I will go out and look again for Bill. Perhaps, if I change my mind, I will come back and choose marbles," he added cautiously; and with that he scrambled off the counter and made for the door.

"Oh, Bostock," cried Moores to a strapping naval officer who was lounging on the front veranda, "if you have nothing better to do, just take that kid along with you. He 's crazy to find a sailor named Bill, and he is n't sure but that he was drowned last night. He 's so cut up that he won't take any marbles."

Bostock stopped Amatua, and took his hand in his own. "We 'll go find Bill," he said.

"Bill, my friend," said Amatua, drawing on his few words of English.



"Bill, or bust!" cried Bostock.

Again was the search begun for Bill, along the main street and in the alleys and through the scattered native settlements behind the town, as far as the Uvea huts, at Vaimoso, and the slums of the Niene Islanders. Bostock let no seaman pass unnoticed, and even a heavy fatigue-party coming back from work on the wrecks — sixty men and two officers — were lined up at Bostock's request, and Amatua was led through the disciplined ranks in search of Bill. Even the Nipsic was boarded by the indefatigable Bostock and the weary little boy; and although repairs were being rushed at a tremendous pace, and every one looked over-

driven and out of temper, the huge fighting-ship was overhauled from top to bottom. From the grimy stoke-hole, where everything dripped oil and the heat was insupportable, to the great maintop, where men were busy at the rigging, and from the crowded quarters of the seamen to the sodden and salt-smelling mess-room, where the red came off the cushions like blood, the pair made their way in search of Bill.

Bostock led him back to land, and said good-by to him at the corner of the Apia Hotel. He tried to raise his spirits, and atone for their failure to find Bill, by the present of a quarter. Amatua accepted it with quiet gratitude, although the gift had none of the cheering effect upon him that Bostock so desired. The little fellow was heart-sick and ready to cry, and all the quarters in the world could not have consoled him for the loss of Bill. The naval officer followed him with his eyes as he trudged sorrowfully home. He, too, had lost a lifelong friend in that awful night, and he, too, felt desolate and alone.

Amatua lost all hope of ever seeing Bill again, as time slipped away, and one day melted into another. He made friends with Bostock, and spent many a pleasant hour in the company of that jovial officer. He grew immensely fond of him, and followed him everywhere about like a dog; but for all that he did not love him as he had loved Bill. Those were exciting times in Apia, and there was much to amuse and distract a little boy. In the day Bill often passed from his thoughts, for the incessant panorama that life had now become precluded any other thought; but at night, when he awoke in the early hours and heard the cocks a-calling, then it was that his heart turned to Bill and overflowed with tenderness for his lost friend.

Two days after the storm — two as men count, but centuries in Amatua's calendar — the British ship Calliope returned to port, strained and battered by that terrible hour when, with her bearings red-hot, and her ponderous engines throbbing under the biggest head of steam they had ever known, she had torn her way into the teeth of the hurricane, inch by inch, foot by foot, and gained the safety of the open ocean. And in that hour of stress and peril, just as the great vessel swept past the American flagship Trenton, and it began to dawn on all that she was saved, the old admiral had bidden his men cheer, and six hundred throats had responded to his call.

The flagship was doomed; the "Eber" had gone down before their eyes with every soul on board; the Adler lay shattered on the reef; the seas were bursting over the Vandalia, and they could watch the men falling from her clustered yards and tops; and still they could cheer the Calliope as she steamed through the jaws of the pass and headed for sea!

I tell you, boys, that cheer will echo down the ages!

You may ask, what has all this to do with Amatua? But just wait a minute. Amatua did n't think that the return of the Calliope mattered very much, either, and he paid no particular attention as he saw her lying in the bay. His little head was far too full of something else for him to bother about another man-of-war. He knew all about men-of-war by this time, for he had the freedom of the Nipsic's ward-room and he took breakfast regularly with his friends, the officers. They had given him a gold-laced cap and a tin sword, and the tailor had made him a blue jacket with shoulder-straps and brass buttons and the stripes of a second lieutenant. He had his own appointed station when the ship beat to quarters and the great fighting-machine prepared for action; for the Nipsic had been safely got off the reef and once more divided the waters of the bay.

Amatua's duty was to hold the ship's pet goat, and prevent it from butting confusion into the gun-divisions. Amatua will never forget the day when he was dragged the entire length of the gun-deck clinging manfully to the infuriated goat, while the gravity and decorum of the whole ship fled to the winds. Even the captain was convulsed; and when at last the little second lieutenant got it under control, and began to whack it with the flat of his little tin sword, the men choked at their guns, and the officers roared aloud.

But I had begun to say that Amatua never thought twice of the Calliope's return, so full was his head with another thing. Bostock had promised to take him to the raft where men were diving for the Trenton's treasure-chest.



"UNLESS I HEAR WORDS, I WONDER" — THERE WAS THE FACT OF A MAN — A WHITE MAN

It was a beautiful morning as they pulled out in a shore boat and reached the raft where the work was in progress. As the Americans possessed no diving apparatus, Kane, the British captain, had lent them the one he carried, and six good men who had some experience in such matters. Amatua was disappointed, after he had got on board, to find so little to interest him. He examined the pump with which two men were keeping life in the diver below; but he could not understand the sense of it, and the continuous clank, clank, clank soon grew monotonous. Except a tin pail with the men's lunch in it, the brass-bound breaker of drinking water, and some old clothes, there was nothing in the world to attract a little boy. Amatua stood beside Bostock and yawned; the little second lieutenant longed to be on shore and playing marbles with his friends in civil life. He was half asleep when Bostock plucked his arm and pointed into the depths beneath. A glittering shell-fish of ponderous weight and monstrous size was slowly rising to the surface. Every one rushed to the side of the raft, save only the two men at the pumps, who went on unmoved. Amatua clung to Bostock. Higher and higher came the great shell-fish, until its great, brassy, goggling-eyed head appeared horribly above the water. Amatua could have fainted. The crew behaved with incredible daring, and seized the great, shiny, bulging monster with the utmost fearlessness. It was a frightful sight to see it step on the raft and toil painfully to the center, as though it had been wounded in some mortal part. One of the men lifted a hammer as though to kill it, and began to tap, tap, tap on some weak spot in the neck. Then he threw down the hammer, detached the long suckers which reached from the beast's snout, and started to unscrew its very head from its body. Amatua looked on in a maze; he was shaking with fear and horror; yet the fascination of that brassy monster drew him close.

Suddenly the creature sank on its knees, and the man who was twisting its head off gripped the head in both his hands and lifted it up. And underneath — wonder of wonders! — there was the face of a man — a white man!

And the white man was Bill!

With a gasp Amatua threw himself into his friend's arms, wet and dripping though he was. What did he care for anything, now that Bill was found again!

Bostock told the seaman how Amatua had gone to the admiral to find him, and had searched the town for days, until his heart was



"AMATUA'S DUTY WAS TO HOLD THE SHIP'S PET GOAT."

nigh broken. Bill blubbered in his coat of mail, and hugged and kissed the little fellow.

"And where have you been all this time?" asked Bostock.

"Oh, I 'm the bo's'n's mate of the Calliope," said Bill; "and what with the knocking about we got, I 've been kept hard at it on the rigging."

"You have been badly missed," said Bostock.

"Bless his old heart!" said the sailor, "I think a lot of my little Am."



# A Sleepy Little Story

By Leonard Bruin.

One evening a little red Squirrel had just rolled himself up in his warm nest in the hollow of an old tree, when he heard a Bat, who always slept with his head hanging down and his feet up, say to a Stork, who was asleep standing on one long leg: "Do you know, you look very queer sleeping there on one leg?"

"Do I, indeed?" said the Stork, waking up. "Well, I wish you could see how odd *you* look when asleep, with your head where your feet should be! How do you sleep that way?"

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" laughed an old Opossum, who was hanging from a limb by his tail. "I assure you, I am extremely comfortable in *this* restful position. Why," he continued,

> "If I had a tail where my nose should be,
> As the Elephant has, as well as his mother,
> I 'd hang like a hammock from tree to tree,
> And swing from one tail to the other.

And really, you have no idea how very soothing it is to hang by one's tail."

"Oh, my!" said a little fat Pig, "it 's hard enough to have a long straight tail like yours, without being hung up by it." Then, curling his little tail tighter, he waddled off, with a scornful sniff and a grunt; and the Squirrel buried his nose in his bed, that they might not hear him laugh; but he made such queer noises trying to smother his laughter that the others, not knowing he was there, became alarmed.

The Stork, quickly putting his other leg down, cried: "What 's that?" The Opossum unwound his tail, the Bat stood up on his feet, and both said: "Who 's that? What 's that?"

Then a little Echo fairy came bounding along in cap and bells, repeating after them: "Who 's that? What 's that?" as he madly scurried away, until the woods echoed.

A wise old Owl, hearing him, went to see what was the matter. As he approached, he heard them talking, and listened.

"The idea," growled the Opossum, "of that stupid little Pig really wanting his tail curled up in that absurd fashion, when a nice straight tail like mine is so beautiful."

The Squirrel dived deep in his bed, shaking with laughter, for he could not help it.



THE OPOSSUM, OWL, BAT, STORK, AND PIG TALK OVER THE QUESTION

Then the Owl stood before them, and said to the Opossum: "Of course we are quite dazzled by the beauty of your lovely straight tail, but, pray, remember,

"The Pig wears his tail
in a twist instead,
And the Bat is content to
sleep on his head;
So you see it 's a matter
of fashion and taste.
You should never judge
others in haste, in haste,
You should never judge
others in haste.

Still," said he, blinking very hard, "why any one in his right mind should want to sleep all night, when it 's so much pleasanter to sleep in the daytime, *I* can't imagine."

The little Squirrel smiled, and, nestling down in his warm, comfortable bed, he crooned this contented little song:

"The Opossum may hang
by his tail;
The Bat may sleep on his
head;
The Stork may sleep on
one leg on a rail;
But *I* sleep all night in a bed, a bed,
I sleep all night in a bed!"

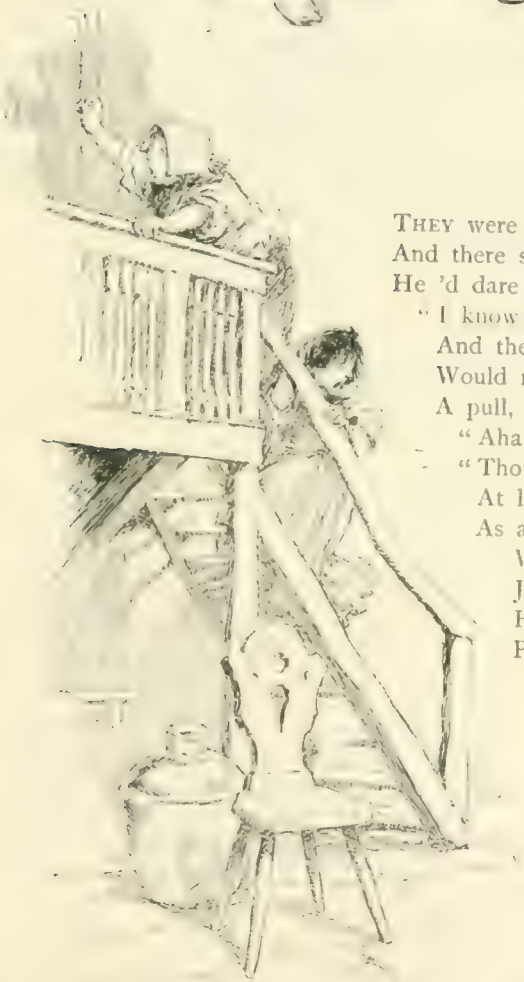
And soon they were all fast asleep, except the Owl, who flew noiselessly away, and the little Echo fairy, who went off repeating in a sleepy voice

"*I* sleep all night in a bed, a bed,
I sleep all night in a bed!"



# THE DON'S BOOTS.

By Tudor Jenks.



They were beautiful boots, of Spanish leather;
And there stood Pedro, wondering whether
He 'd dare to try them on his feet.
"I know they 'd fit me like a glove;
And the owner snoring up above,
Would never know!" A gentle shove,
A pull, a stamp. The fit was neat.
"Aha!" cried Pedro, with a grin,
"Though I am Boots at this country inn,
At least I have an instep high
As any grandee's, far or nigh!
While as for stepping off in style —
Just watch me now!" Then, with a smile,
He took one stride — and into the night
Poor Pedro vanished from their sight
Like a fast express that with a roar
Whizzes by and is seen no more!

The fat old cook and the scullery maid
For an instant stood, too much afraid
To move a muscle or raise a cry.
Pedro was gone, and they did n't know why.
So they stared for half a minute;
Then shrieked the cook: "There 's magic in it!"

"Murder! Thieves!" So the scullion tried
To lend her aid; then "Fire!" she cried.
Away both sped up the rickety stair,
With beating hearts and disheveled hair,

Persia — Turkey — realms Chinese;
Japan — Pacific — American States;
'All things come to him who waits.'
Well, a thousand steps will bring him round.



"THEY ROUSED THE DON, AND EXPLAINED THE CASE."

To rouse the landlord. He ran straightway
To the room where, sleeping soundly, lay
Don Magicando, who that morn
Those fatal boots had proudly worn.

They roused the Don, and explained the case.
A singular smile o'erspread his face
As he asked: "So the lad tried on my boots?
I hope he 's one whom traveling suits!
Which way did he go? It will be best
If he happened to turn to east or west."
"He started east," the cook replied,
"And straightway vanished from my side!"
"I see," said the Don; "it 's very plain.
Let me see; we are now in Spain.
Mediterranean — Italy — Greece;

In twenty minutes he 'll be found
Somewhere near the westward door,
Opposite where he was before!"
This queer-sounding rigamarole
Scared mine host to his inmost soul;
He thought the Don was out of his head
Till, seeing his face, the other said:
"He 's wearing my Seven-League Boots, you know;
Around the world must Pedro go!
I 'm glad he chose the eastward track,
For now the boots *may* bring him back.
Northward and southward much would hinder —
They 'd be frozen, or burned to a cinder!
Luckily for me, this time
Their journey lies in the temperate clime.

Kindly withdraw; I 'll dress and come
down,
So I may stop your meddlesome clown.
He may go by, and never stops
Unless I 'm there to make him drop!"

So Don Magicando took his stand
At the westward door, with wand in hand.
Suddenly came a
whizzing sound;
With a single wave
he brought to
the ground



The breathless Pedro, who fell with a thud,
Slid a few yards, then stopped in the mud.

After his record-breaking flight
Pedro was but a sorry sight;
He was splashed, bedraggled, tired, and torn,
Speechless, travel-stained, and worn.
And not till the Don had gone away
Had Pedro a single word to say;
But after a while the story came out,
To the wondering household ranged about.

"You 'd find it queer," he began, "to be
whirled
In Seven-League Boots around the world.
I started in haste, as the cook can tell,
And, bounding over the landscape, fell
Plump in the Mediterranean Sea,
Where 't would have been all up with me,
Except that I had no time to be drowned
Before I had stepped again on the
ground.

"In a minute or two I struck on the
dome
Of St. Peter's Church, somewhere in
Rome;



"THE BREATHLESS HERO FELL WITH A THUD."

From there I passed to a neighboring hill,
Where I stepped on a cart, and caused a
spill;
But the damage I could n't pause to in-
quire,
Since I balanced one foot on a village spire
Till another step secured for me
A souse in the Adriatic Sea,

Whence I was brought to a strip of sand
That borders upon some Turkish land.
Then I lit on a merchant, but could n't stay
To ask him what there was to pay
Ere a few more paces — nine or ten —
In the Black Sea gave me a ducking again.

But I must have crossed the Pacific Ocean
To American soil, where desert and plain
Dried me thoroughly out again.

"I quite enjoyed my American trip,
For I crossed the rivers without a dip.
And when I came to the eastern shore

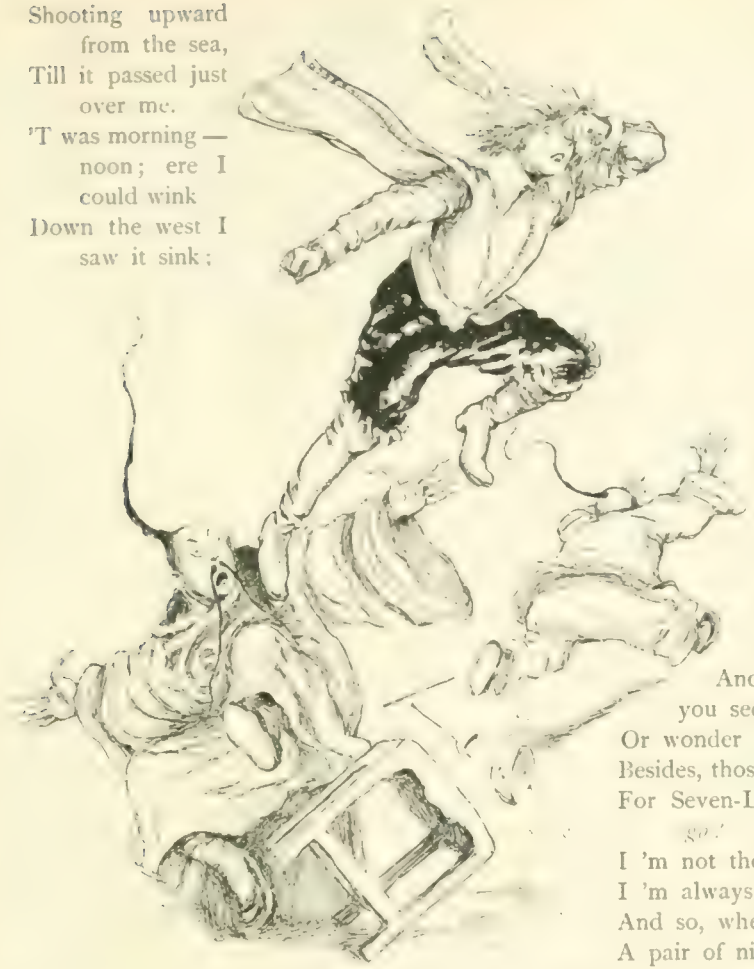


"'I STEPPED ON A CART, AND CAUSED A SPILL.'"

"Next I climbed the Caucasus height,
And viewed the Caspian Sea with fright,
But could n't halt, so in I went,
And the boots were soaked to their heart's content.
I was drying again while from Turkestan
I crossed over China to far Japan;
And then I was thoroughly drenched once more;
It was splash, dip, souse! till I came to shore,
And lit on a prince, or a mandarin,
Who at dinner sat, just about to begin.
How I survived I have n't a notion;
I began to think of Spain once more.
But I fear, my friends, I should try in vain
To tell what it was to cross the main
In a series of jumps, when each one meant
A dive in the salty element!
How glad I was you may understand
To come again to my native land.

"But the sight I saw which was most surprising
Was to see the sun again arising!
When I left, the sun had set;
When half-way round, the sun I met

Shooting upward
from the sea,
Till it passed just
over me.
'T was morning —
noon; ere I
could wink
Down the west I
saw it sink;



Then 't was night. My
flight was o'er;
Gladly I was home once
more!
Let travel be for those
it suits —
I have no use for Seven-
League Boots!"

"But, Pedro," asked the
fat old cook,
"Why did n't you stop to
take a look
At some of the wonderful
sights you found?
Why did you rush so
swiftly round?"

"Well," said Pedro, "it
would n't do.
I 'd only stepped out for
a minute or two,
And I was afraid you 'd worry,
you see,
Or wonder what had become of me.
Besides, those boots would have it so —
For Seven-League Boots are built to
go.

I 'm not the sort that cares to roam;
I 'm always homesick far from home.
And so, when buying, I shall choose
A pair of nice, old, easy shoes!"





# Mistress Cinderella

by Margaret E. Wilkinson.

The snow lay sparkling on the Rockbridge valley road, as young Mistress Dorothy Cabell came riding briskly along, with the red glow of the late afternoon sun full in her face. She was mounted on a pretty bay pony, which pranced and curveted gaily in the nipping air, while a few paces behind rode her little black maid "Jinny," with short legs dangling over the sleek sides of a ponderous bald-faced nag, upon whose shoulders was securely strapped a big, bumpy-looking bundle.

Mistress Dolly found it hard to adjust her pace to "Tobias's" dignified jog, for her spirits were dancing as merrily as her pony's feet. Finally she gave him the rein, and sped down the road at a swinging canter till she was almost out of sight of her young handmaid; then she wheeled and came dashing back, her cheeks and eyes glowing, and her brown curls a-flying under the big feathered hat. Jinny still sat like a small ebony statue, her eyes fixed solemnly upon her mistress, and her arms rigidly extended, grasping the reins over the huge parcel before her.

Mistress Dolly stopped short in the middle of the road, and her pony fell to pawing the snow impatiently while she waited for her little maid to come up.

"Jinny," she called, "come faster, and ride beside me. 'T is a ball we are going to, not a funeral. Besides, we have yet four miles to Greenway, and the sun is almost set."

"Yais, missus," replied Jinny, obediently, thumping her feet against Tobias's round sides. "Go 'long, T'bias. Dis yer hoss so tarnal stumbly, I 's plum skeered to trot 'im. Back yond', on de bridge, he jes' natchelly stumble' over his own big hoofs, an' little 'mo' 'n' he 'd spill' de whole load in de branch. Yo' like t' ain't had no pa'ty dress nor no nigger, li'l' missus"; and she rolled her eyes mournfully at Mistress Dolly.

"I trust nothing has fallen out," said Mistress Dolly, anxiously, leaning over and examining the knobby bundle. "If I should lose my gold comb, or the ostrich fan Aunt Carrington gave me, I should be in a pretty plight. Did you put in my smelling-bottle, Jinny? And the powder-puff? Seeing that my Lord of Fairfax is a bachelor, I doubt if such women's nonsense is to be found at Greenway. I wonder—" But here Mistress Dolly's thoughts outran her tongue, and her voice trailed off into silence as she gave herself over to contemplating the glory that the evening was to bring forth.

For she was going to her first grown-up ball; and not an ordinary ball, by any means, but the most splendid affair of the year — the great Colonial Ball, which the Earl of Fairfax gave every New Year's Eve at his Virginia home, Greenway Court. The old earl chose to live to himself for three hundred and sixty-four days of the year; but on each New Year's Eve

he threw open his house to guests who came from every corner of the world (or so it seemed to Mistress Dorothy, who had so far gazed at the world only from one small corner), and notables from far and near came to do his lordship honor. There would be handsome officers from his Majesty's army, who did the minuet most divinely, and distinguished gentlemen from Richmond and New York, and even Governor Dinwiddie and his secretaries from Williamsburg. Moreover, all the most beautiful of the famous Virginia beauties would be there, panoplied each with her most engaging smile and dimple. And when the fiddles began to scrape in the great drawing-room, the hum of talk would die breathlessly away, as the old earl, dressed in evening clothes of the plainest color and cut, but of exquisite texture, stepped forth and chose the most charming and graceful damsel in the room to walk with him through the minuet.

To be Queen of the Colonial Ball was the summit of social eminence to which any maiden of the Virginia valley dared to aspire. The one so honored was set with the seal of social ascendancy as surely as any queen on a throne — for one year. Then upon the next New Year's Eve she yielded her scepter to another, who held supreme sway as she had done. Years ago, in the days when Mistress Dolly's Aunt Carrington was the beautiful Patty Bolling, she had been chosen Queen of the Colonial Ball. Mistress Dolly was to be in her aunt's care tonight, and she reflected how people had often said she was the very shadow of what her Aunt Carrington had been in her youthful days.

Then she thought of her own modest fame for grace in the minuet — how she was the pride of the London dancing-master who put the children of the wealthy Virginia valley gentlefolk through their steps. And she thought with maidenly satisfaction of the wondrous rose-colored brocade gown in the parcel on Tobias's back, of the brilliant color it lent her eyes and cheeks, and of the graceful folds of the shining satin as it fell in rich curves from her shoulders far out along the floor. She glanced down at her little patrician feet, shod at present in stubby, plantation-made brogans, and she thought of the clocked stockings and high-heeled French slippers, which displayed so enchantingly the curve of her slim ankle. And last, she remembered Jinny's clasped hands and voluble admiration as Dolly stood arrayed in all her ball finery, and with the coquettish crescent-shaped patch placed near the dimple in her chin — and suddenly her heart almost stopped beating at the amazing audacity of the hope that arose in her.

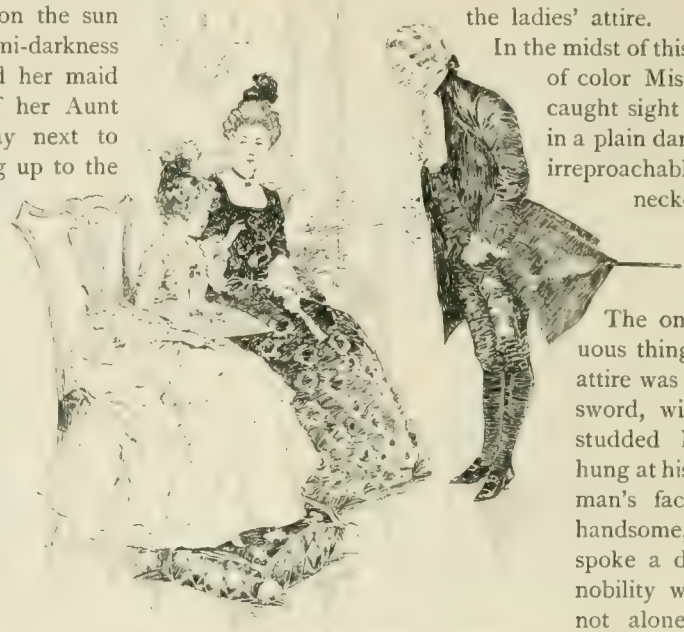


GENTLEMEN."

"Fie upon you, Dolly Cabell!" she murmured, in such vehement scorn that her pony, whose gait had subsided to a peaceful jog, pricked up his ears and began to prance. "Fie upon you, for a vain, foolish girl! What are you, that you should dance the minuet with my Lord of Fairfax? 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity,'" she repeated, and then laughed.

She felt vaguely that such a sentiment might be unflattering to her noble host. Mistress Dolly was only sixteen, and at sixteen one is not usually distinguished for worldly wisdom; still, she fully realized the necessity of putting the ambitious thought behind her.

By the time she had arrived at this virtuous conclusion the sun was set, and in the semi-darkness Mistress Dorothy and her maid reached the home of her Aunt Carrington, which lay next to Greenway. On riding up to the house, they found that Madam Carrington, who was to assist his lordship in receiving his guests, had already gone to Greenway, but had left orders that Uncle Caleb, the black butler, should ride over directly with Mistress Dolly. So when she finally entered the great arched gateway with her two attendants it was quite dark, but in a blaze of light which shone down the avenue from the great house she could see gay forms that were moving briskly about inside.



"IN A MOMENT HE STOOD BOWING BEFORE MISTRESS DOROTHY CABELL." (SEE PAGE 291.)

A servant in gorgeous livery helped her to dismount at the door, and she held her breath as Uncle Caleb carefully unstrapped the bundle from Tobias's back and deposited it tenderly in Jinny's outstretched arms. A bewildering crowd of equipages and footmen blocked the way to the steps; but another servant piloted her through, and, with Jinny at her heels, she passed along a crimson carpet into the house, and up a paneled oaken staircase to the dressing-rooms above.

As Mistress Dorothy paused a moment on the stairway-landing at Greenway Court, she caught her first Cinderella glimpse of a ball; and the real Cinderella herself surely never saw a more dazzling spectacle. In those days balls began early, though it is a regrettable fact that they also continued late, and the guests were nearly all assembled: officers in magnificent scarlet uniforms resplendent with gold decorations, ladies arrayed in rustling, gleaming stuffs of every kind and color, and gentlemen, bewigged and bepowdered, in garments whose rainbow tints proclaimed that they were not to be outdone in brilliancy by the ladies' attire.

In the midst of this panorama of color Mistress Dolly caught sight of a figure in a plain dark suit, with irreproachable snowy neckcloth and black velvet small-clothes. The only conspicuous thing about his attire was a beautiful sword, with a gem-studded hilt, which hung at his side. The man's face was not handsome, but it bespoke a dignity and nobility which came not alone from his blazoned shield and quarterings. As he welcomed his guests with a fine courtesy, Mistress Dolly knew that it was Lord Fairfax, who in her father's lifetime had been one of his well-known and loved friends.

Jinny was waiting for her at the head of the stairs, and people were crowding down, so she passed on into one of the great bedchambers. Most of the guests were below, so the dressing-rooms were almost empty. Tenderly the wonderful parcel was laid upon the bed, and each delicate, lavender-scented garment shaken from its folds. The fan, the comb, the powder-puff, all had come safely. Mistress Dorothy's brown curls were gathered into a knot on the crown of her pretty head, and powdered very lightly. Then, as Jinny knelt at her feet and drew off the clumsy brogans and coarse woolen stockings, Mistress Dorothy gave a contented sigh. She was just a trifle vain of her slim little feet, and it cer-

tainly was a satisfaction to realize that they were becomingly shod. As Jinny rose to get



the silk stockings and pink slippers, her mistress lay back luxuriously in a big arm-chair, swinging her bare feet and softly humming a tune. Presently she was startled by an exclamation from Jinny, who was rummaging recklessly among the garments on the bed.

"What is it, Jinny?" she cried sharply. "Be careful; you are rumpling my gown." But Jinny only began to whimper, and tossed among the delicate clothes still more wildly.

Mistress Dolly sprang from her chair, and pattering over to her little maid, she seized her by the arm. "Jinny, oh, Jinny," she cried, her voice echoing in the empty room, "something is n't — is n't lost, is it?"

For answer, Jinny turned with a tragic air, and held before her gaze a pair of rose-colored stockings and — one slipper! "De oder 'n ain't here, li'l' missus," she murmured; "it — ain't — here!"

Mistress Dolly snatched the precious dress from the bed and shook it roughly, but no slipper fell from its shining folds. Then she let it fall again in a heap, and quickly taking a taper from one of the sconces on the mantelshelf, she thrust it into her little maid's hands. "Go quickly, Jinny, and search for it," she gasped, giving her a little push.

As she opened the door into the silent hall, a hum of talk and laughter came to her from below the stairs and seemed to mock her. Jinny ran sobbing to the staircase, and leaned far over the oaken rail; but the flickering candle showed no lost slipper to the eager eyes straining from above. The upper floor was deserted; even the black waiting-maids had gone to peep at the ball from the servants' quarters. Aunt Carrington was nowhere to be seen. She was doubtless moving busily among his lordship's guests, all unconscious of her little niece's miserable plight. At this thought two great tears rolled down Mistress Dolly's cheeks and splashed dismally on the floor below. "What shall I do?" she whispered, with



"JINNY LEANED . . . OVER THE ALCOVE RAIL"

her face against the balustrade. "I cannot go downstairs — I cannot dance the minuet in these brogans. I — oh, I would I had never come!" And she ran back into the room and threw herself miserably across the foot of the bed.

Just then Jinny came back, whimpering pitifully. "Li'l' missus," she sobbed, "I neb ber done it a-purpose. I nebber meant to lose it. Y' ain't gwine to whup me, is you, li'l' missus? It mus' 'a' done spill' out when T'bias stumble' on de Boilin' Spring bridge, dere."

In the presence of Jinny's weak fright Mistress Dolly felt her self-respect return. She was too proud to appear anything but dignified before her young servant, and she had been taught that the blacks looked to their white masters for example; so she sat up and dried her eyes furtively on an edge of the bed-tester curtain.

"Certainly you shall not be whipped, Jinny," she said, with decision. "You are not to blame. Now come quickly and dress me. I am going down to Aunt Carrington. Of course I shall not dance," — trying hard to swallow the lump in her throat, — "but I am going now, for it is almost time for the ball to commence."



"ONE FOOT IN THE DAINTY SATIN SLIPPER, AND THE OTHER IN THE ROUGH BROGAN."

Neither spoke while Jinny arrayed her in her ball finery. The little maid's heart was as heavy as her mistress's as she deftly put on the beautiful dress, adjusted the gold comb, and put the fan, smelling-bottle, and coquettish lace handkerchief into her hand. But even in her grief Mistress Dorothy could not fail to see that she looked "proper well," and she was glad that the tears had not made her nose red. She only caught her breath sharply when she lifted her train to descend the stairs, and saw one foot cased in the dainty satin slipper, and the other in the rough, home-made brogan.

She came straight to the drawing-room, and stood for a second till Madam Carrington spied her, and came toward her with two or three red-coated officers. There was a brief pause of admiration as she entered the room on the arm of a dashing cavalier, literally with her best foot forward. But though poor Mistress Dolly thought all the world must hear the hideous clatter of her rough boot on the polished floor, and the inquisitive glances made her cheeks burn, she only carried her head the higher.

The old earl was standing chatting with some friends when he spied Mistress Dolly; but he came forward to meet her, and bowed low over her hand as Madam Carrington presented her. "A worthy niece of a beautiful aunt," he said gallantly, "and one who, I doubt not, will follow in her footsteps. I can pay you no greater compliment, Mistress Cabell, than to predict that you shall." Then he spoke a few graceful words about Mistress Dorothy's father, whereat her eyes glistened with pride, and for a moment she forgot her clattering shoe, as she listened to this noble old gentleman's praise of one so dear to her.

As the young girl moved off with her aunt, the childless old man gazed after her for a

moment with a look in which admiration, reminiscence, and a little sadness were mingled; and as a bevy of gaily dressed dandies closed in about her, he turned away with a slight sigh, and fell to talking with a lady at his side.

Presently the scrape and shriek of tuning fiddles pierced through the great room, and the noise of talking subsided to an expectant murmur. The belles patted their curls and unfurled their fans with fluttering hearts, and waited. Every eye was fixed upon the old earl as he gave the sign to the black musicians; then, as the opening strains of the stately Boccherini minuet broke from the fiddles, his eye traveled quickly round the room, and he crossed to where Madam Carrington sat, and in a moment stood bowing before Mistress Dorothy Cabell!

Poor Mistress Dolly never knew quite how it happened. She felt only half-conscious as she raised her eyes to the sea of faces, and saw the Earl of Fairfax standing before her, with his hand on his sword-hilt, soliciting with his best bow the honor of her hand for the minuet. Her heart beat in her throat, and she half rose to her feet; then she remembered, and the smile died away on her lips. She tried to speak, but could not articulate the words. "I crave your pardon, my lord," she murmured breathlessly; "I — I must beg your lordship to excuse me."

In a trice the eye-glasses were up, and every dowager and dandy was staring at poor Mistress Dolly as if they would pierce her through. She could feel her Aunt Carrington's astonished gaze, and the amazed glances of the slighted beauties; and, worst of all, the earl still stood before her, looking as if he had not comprehended her words. Then, as Mistress Dolly did not speak nor look up, the old man's face took on an expression first surprised and then deeply hurt, and, with a stiff bow, he turned on his heel and walked away. In a few minutes he was walking composedly through the minuet with Mrs. Anne Churchill, a buxom widow of forty, and the company was struggling to recover its composure.

She had refused to be Queen of the Colonial Ball! What a tale for the gossip-lovers! Would any one have believed such insolence possible if they had not seen it? Mistress Dolly felt the whispered criticisms rather than heard them, and her cheeks and brow were flaming. She stole a glance at her Aunt Carrington; but that lady was gazing straight before her with her head in the air, too proud to question her niece as to her remarkable conduct before a roomful of strangers. Poor Mistress Dolly! She stood the battery of curious eyes throughout the whole of that long, long dance; then, as the gentlemen were bowing and leading their fair partners to their seats she slipped quietly from her place beside Madam Carrington, and out of the room.

She had no thought of where she was going. Anywhere away from the glaring lights and screaming fiddles and staring eyes! If she were only at home, snug in her white-canopied bed, with her mother to comfort her while she sobbed out the pitiful little tale! It would be a comfort if she could only find Jinny, and they two could steal quietly over to Aunt Carrington's, out of the noise and glare. Her head ached, and the great clattering boot hurt her foot. She had ridden seven miles that afternoon, and she was so weary!

Mistress Dolly's rovings and reflections were cut short at the same moment. She had wandered into another part of the house, where the noise of the ball came to her only as a faint murmur. Suddenly she paused on the threshold of a little room lined with bookshelves, and lighted only by the dancing gleams of a log fire on the broad hearth. A huge leathern chair was drawn up cozily before it, and on the table near by lay an array of pipes and tobacco. Mistress Dolly was looking at these curiously when her eye fell upon a little dark object on the floor, huddled against the big chair. It was Jinny, fast asleep!

Mistress Dolly was about to call her sharply, but the sorrowful droop of Jinny's shoulders touched her. Poor, faithful little maid! All her grief was for her young mistress. Softly the young girl stole into the room and seated herself in the leathern chair. She drew the odious boot from her foot, and set it upon the floor gently, that she might not awaken her little servant. Then her white hand stole down and rested affectionately on Jinny's kinky head,



"BY AND BY MISTRESS DOLLY FORGOT HER WOES, FOR SHE FELL ASLEEP."

and by and by she too forgot her woes, for she fell asleep.

It was here that his lordship found her, many hours later. His guests were departing, and Madam Carrington was in a great fright because her ward could not be found. They had sent over to her home, but nobody had seen Mistress Dolly since she had stopped there on the way to the ball that evening. The earl's servants had ransacked his house in vain; and my lord himself had chanced to come to his little private den, and had stumbled upon the truant, curled up in his study-chair before the dying fire.

As the old earl gazed at Mistress Dolly apparently taking her ease in his own little den after affronting him before his assembled guests, his anger rose hot within him. He cleared his throat, ready to demand an explanation for her presence in this room; but Mistress Dolly did not look round. He took a step forward, and coughed; but she only stirred uneasily in her chair and sighed. Then he saw that she was asleep. He looked at her flushed, tear-stained face and crumpled gown, and was moved to pity; then, as his eye traveled down, it fell upon a little stocking-clad foot and a heavy brogan lying near by — and he understood!

"Mistress Cabell," he called softly; but still



Mistress Dorothy slept. Then, stepping to the mantel-shelf, he picked up a heavy silver candlestick, and let it fall again; but she did not wake. Then the old man tiptoed gently out of the room and went in search of Madam Carrington.

The next day, while Mistress Dolly was still at her aunt's home, a black footman in the Fairfax livery came over from Greenway Court, bearing a parcel for Mistress Cabell, with the compliments of my lord. It contained a muddy, snow-soaked, rose-colored slipper, and a nosegay of the choicest flowers from his lordship's greenhouses. To the latter was attached a billet directed to Mistress Dorothy Cabell, telling how the earl himself had ridden forth early in the morning, like the knight of old, in search of the slipper, and how he had found it near the Boiling Spring bridge. His lordship added gallantly that, inasmuch as he knew that an old man like himself could not prove acceptable to Mistress Cinderella in the rôle of Prince Charming, he would content himself merely with returning the slipper and claiming the promise of its lovely owner as his partner for the next Colonial Ball.

And, in truth, Mistress Dolly did queen it on the next New Year's Eve; and a more enchanting belle never reigned in the Virginia valley. And this is the story of why she affronted his lordship, and how he forgave her. I doubt not that many who have heard the tale of Mistress Dolly's refusal from their great-grandmothers, and wondered why she acted so, now know the reason for the first time. The tale is true, for I have in my possession the identical slipper which fell from the bundle on Tobias's back that winter afternoon, and he who doubts may see it.





# AN IDEAL PORTRAIT.

By Elsie Hill.

A DAINTY maid, demure and shy,
With sweet, wide eyes and quiet mien,
Who gently greets each passer-by
With smile serene,
Then slips away fast as she can,—
Is that Nan?

A little nun, with folded palms,
And pale locks lying aureole-wise,
Whose lips are stiller than her eyes
If aught alarms,
Whose robe is white as saint's may be,—
Is that she?

A meek St. Agnes on her knees,
A shining lily, fair and tall,
A pearl,—do thoughts of her recall
Such similes?
If some poor poet her picture drew,
Would these do?

*Just here, my door flying open,*
*Suddenly sprang inside*
*My heroine, rosy and breathless,*
*Kissing me as she cried:*



"Mama, we 're having, while you write,
The most *exciting* snow-ball fight!
And Harry says, and Rob and Roy,
I play as well as any boy!
My scarf is gone — 't was round my neck;
I 've torn my dress the *leastest* speck,
And lost the ribbon off my hair.
But, mother darling, you 'll not care,
For ever since this day begun
We 've had the most *splendif'rous* fun!"

# THE BALLAD OF BERRY BROWN.

By Maurice Thompson.



Oh, do you know a country lad by name of
Berry Brown,
Who rides upon a load of wood along the
streets of town?
He has a hat turned up in front and crumpled
down behind,
His curly hair so long and fair is tumbled by
the wind,
And through his coat his elbows peep, and
through his boots his toes;
But everywhere and anywhere he whistles as
he goes.

There 's something strangely taking in the
eyes of Berry Brown —
They seem to flash a cheery light along the
streets of town;
Despite his coarse and tattered vest, his boots
and hat forlorn,
His trousers patched, threadbare, and sagged,
his shirt so old and worn,
For every glimpse he gives he takes a measure
of surprise,
And everybody wonders where the secret of
it lies.

And so his way of sitting there, so steadfast,
calm, and strong;
His air, as if his whistling bore wagon and
wood along;
His independence and self-trust, the firm-set
throat and chin,
The working of his muscles when he reins his
horses in,
Take hold of one and fascinate, as hints and
glimpses can,
When all the glory of a boy is merging into
man.

Oh, Berry Brown looks careless, but he holds
his secret well:
Far hidden in the clouds are heights whereon
his vision dwell;
Within him somewhere swells a vein of ancient
hero-vim,
And who shall hold him back one step, or set
the pace for him?
Wait, you shall see if poverty can chain so
strong a soul,
Or if to sell his wood can be the rounding of
his goal!

The old folk shake their heads and say: "Look
out for Berry Brown
When he shall measure forces with the best
boys in the town!
The wind has beat in Berry's face, the sun has
burned his skin,
And winter's cruel hand has pinched where
Berry Brown has been:
But hearts like his are brave enough to meet
the strokes that form
And fortify the giant souls that take the world
by storm!"

# "POLARIS" AND "CASSIOPEIA," AND OTHER BEARS.

By R. E. Peary, U. S. N.



"A POLAR BEAR AND HER TWO CUBS WERE SEEN" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The region in which the polar bear, the tiger of the north,—*Ursus maritimus* of the naturalist,—is to be found in greatest numbers today, is probably the east coast of Greenland and the Franz-Josef-Land neighborhood.

A few decades ago, in the palmy days of the Scotch whale-fishery in Baffin Bay and Lancaster Sound, they were quite numerous in those localities, where the most whales were captured, attracted hither by the "krang," or carcasses of the whales, which, after being stripped of the bone and blubber, were cast adrift to become embedded in the floes or stranded upon the shore, furnishing delicious and unstinted subsistence to numbers of bears for months. But the continued inroads of the whalers upon them, and the decline of the whale-fishery with the consequent diminution of their food-supply, decreased their number, until at present I doubt if there is any portion of the Arctic seas or coasts in or about Davis Strait or Baffin Bay where they can be said to be really numerous.

A few are killed every year in the Danish colonies just north of Cape Farewell — animals that have come round the cape on the East Greenland drift-ice. A few others are killed in the most northern settlements above Tassiusak — stragglers from Melville Bay. Along the intermediate stretch of coast there are none.

The little tribe of Smith Sound Eskimos obtain most of their supply of bearskins for bedding and trousers from the depths of Melville Bay, with an occasional raid northward into the wind-swept expanse of Kane Basin. Between those localities only an occasional bear is secured.

Throughout this entire region the bears have learned the lesson of contact with man, and they are in every locality more than anxious to evade the hunter. In 1886, during two months on the "Eagle" along the west side of Baffin Bay from Lancaster Sound south, I saw in all some twenty of these animals. In the voyages since then, I have seen but two or three in any given voyage, with the exception of 1896, during which I secured five, under the following circumstances.

During five days in the latter part of July,

1896, the "Hope" had been fighting her way northward, close to the wild, multitudinous-island-guarded coast of Labrador, from Belle Isle to Cape Chidley, from the Strait of Belle Isle to the Strait of Hudson, through streams of ice of steadily increasing density.

The weather throughout this time was clear, with the exception of a few transitory showers and fog-banks, and gave us an exceptional opportunity to view this interesting coast along its entire extent.



The first day north of Belle Isle was one of excessive mirage, and we steamed through an enchanted sea. Eastward the ice and bergs were lifted and distorted until they formed a continuous range of crystalline castles in exquisite shades of blue and green. Westward the numerous islands were transformed into equally fantastic battlements of warmest reds and browns and grays.

At noon of the third day we were off Cape Mugford, its bold front flanked by the striking masses of Table Mountain and the Bishop's Mitre, with rugged Nannuktak rising sharp and clear. We were approaching the borderland of the Arctic regions, and even at midnight the sky was bright with the twilight of the "great day" of the northern summer, which lay ahead of us.

At noon of the fourth day the sharp profile of the Four Peaks, the highest land on the Labrador coast, was directly abreast. The next day, bright, clear, and calm, found us just off the savage snow-streaked rocks of Cape Chidley.

This extreme northern point of Labrador presented a very striking contrast to the green fields of Sydney, which we had left a week before. From here the cliffs of Resolution Island were distinctly seen across the ice-filled breadth of Hudson Strait. While boring through the heavy ice, in an effort to enter the strait, a polar bear and her two cubs were seen, and the Hope was immediately headed in their direction. It was a beautiful trio of unusually white animals. A few moments after the rifles began to crack the old bear was floating lifeless in the water between two pans of ice, and the cubs swimming lustily away from the ship, among the pools and lanes of water which intersected the floes in every direction.



Quickly the dory was lowered and with five men started in pursuit, while others of the party and crew scattered over the ice to head the cubs off if they left the water. Soon one of them was lassooed and turned over to the care of Bonesteel, who had followed the dory over the ice, and the chase continued after the other. Mr. Bonesteel immediately found all of his college athletics called into active play, as, with the line about the cub's neck in one hand and a boat-hook in the other, he endeavored to maintain his balance. He was almost dragged into the water by the sturdy little fellow's efforts to swim away. The next moment he was doing his best to keep the vicious youngster from climbing up on the ice-pan with him, where he would have an opportunity to make effective use of teeth and claws.



After an hour's chase, during which the dory was reinforced by a whaleboat and then by the Hope herself, the second cub was finally headed off, cornered, and lassooed. Then the body of the old bear and the growling and snapping youngsters were hoisted on board, the former deposited amidships to receive the attention of Mr. Figgins, the naturalist, and the latter tied to a ring-bolt aft, until a couple of hogsheads could be prepared for their quarters.

The little brutes were possessed of truly marvelous strength. While transferring them to their hogsheads, one succeeded in freeing himself from the ropes, trotted aft, and was on the point of jumping overboard when I saw him just in time to jerk him back on to the deck, where Professor Burton fell upon him bodily

in a Greco-Roman embrace; and reinforcements rapidly arriving, the youngster was again securely bound and transferred to his hogshead. It was quickly evident that these would hold the cubs but a short time, so a strong cage was constructed by the ship's carpenter from heavy planks. To this they were transferred, and their house was lashed to the rail on the port side of the quarter-deck.



They were fed on meat and water, and soon went to sleep like innocent kittens, with their heads resting upon their paws. During their first nap on board ship they were named "Polaris" and "Cassiopeia," after the two blazing constellations which, circling about the pole-star, light the gloom of the "great night" of the Arctic regions. In this cage they lived and throve during the rest of the voyage, occasionally taking a mouthful out of the boot of an incautious sailor, or snapping up a careless mitten, and on one occasion securing a bit of finger with the mitten.

After the episode with the bears, the Hope resumed her work of pounding a passage through the ice, and finally, reaching open water on the north side of the strait, steamed half way up to Hudson Bay and devoted an exciting week to the search for a mysterious mica-mine. This portion of the strait is a meshwork of barren, rocky islands and numerous rocks, some half and some entirely hidden beneath the water.

The rise and fall of the tide is over thirty feet, and this causes currents which rush and boil over and round the sunken rocks with a violence which, combined with the floating ice and fierce squalls, made our position one of continued anxiety. Twice the Hope ran on these sunken terrors. Very glad we were to get out of the savage strait again, and point the Hope's stem northward toward the friendly town of Godhavn, whence we continued on to Omenak, Upernavik, and then to Wilcox Head, where Professor Tarr and his party were to land.

Shortly after this we saw our next bear. It was three o'clock on the morning of August 7, when the Hope forged out past the black front of Wilcox Head, and laid her course for Cape York, some two hundred miles distant across the icy fastnesses of dreaded Melville Bay. We were now fully within the limits of the "great day," and there was scarcely any difference in the amount of light throughout the twenty-four hours.

I was anxious to beat the "Falcon's" record crossing the bay three years before, and I had promised the engine-room force a dinner of their own selection from all my stores on board if we succeeded. An hour later the Duck Islands, the southern limit of the bay, were close on our beam, and I gave the word to give the old ship full speed.

The engine-room force had been cleaning fires and bottling steam ever since we left the Head, and now the throttle was thrown wide open, black smoke poured in dense torrents from the smoke-stack, and the Hope was quivering and pulsating with the propeller's fierce energy. All on board were interested. A light breeze sprang up on the port beam, and soon every sail was spread to it.

About six o'clock I turned in for a bit of a sleep, having been up all night. At ten o'clock I was wakened by the ominous "starboard," "steady," "port," "hard-over," from the man at the wheel, and knew that we had encountered our enemy the ice. Before I was fully awake there came the clang of the engine-room signal for half-speed, and a moment later a cry from the deck, a wild scurry of feet, rapid shouts of "Port!" "Stop her!" then a heavy body tumbling down the companionway, and the captain pounding on my cabin door, and shouting, "Your rifle — a bear!" In a moment I was out of my bunk, handed him one Winchester, then, hatless, coatless, bootless, in undershirt and trousers, was on the bridge with my other rifle. The head of a bear was just visible, through the snow and rain, as he swam between two large pans of ice on the starboard beam. As I reached the bridge, there were two shots from forward, one of which brought a crimson spot on his neck. Then I sent a bullet at him which scored his back, and a moment later another, better aimed, penetrated his head and ended

his career. A boat was lowered, and, after some trouble in working through the ice, he was brought alongside and hoisted on board.

The capture of the bear lost us at least an hour's time, and during the following night still further delay from ice destroyed my chances of beating the record across Melville Bay. Yet the passage was made in pretty good time; and from Cape York the Hope steamed northward along the well-known coast into Wolstenholm Sound after walrus; then to the great bird-cliffs of Saunders' Island; and so on northward to Whale Sound, where we killed many more walrus; we visited my Eskimo friends at the various settlements, and the site of Anniversary Lodge; then leisurely southward again to Cape York, and from there eastward into the frozen heart of Melville Bay to the shore of Meteorite Island, near the great meteorite.

The next polar bear was obtained under entirely different circumstances.

During nearly a week of dismal weather, the Hope had been lying against the rocky shore of Meteorite Island, while I strained every nerve to embark the great star-stone, or Ahnighito meteorite. Then the Melville Bay ice had forced the Hope to get out with all possible haste, and seek shelter in Saviksoah Bay until the storm ceased.

It was September now; the "great day" of the Arctic summer was fast contracting, and yielding to the approach of its rival, the equally "great night" of the Arctic winter,—and the nights were already dark and dangerous. At the first glimpse of daylight on the morning of September 4, the Hope got under way, and steamed out for Cape York to land my faithful Eskimo assistants. As we steamed out through the western passage between Meteorite Island and Akpudi, we entered the fleet of countless bergs sweeping out of Melville Bay, dazzling in their glittering brilliancy, and with the dancing whitecaps flashing between them in every direction.

Scarcely were we well within this Arctic white squadron, threading our way between the stately cruisers, when one of my quick-eyed Eskimos cried out, "Nannooksoah!" He had seen the bear for an instant far up on the top of a big berg, one of the tabular giants of Melville Bay, peering over its precipitous face, but it had quickly disappeared. As we steamed slowly round the berg, he came into view again, a beautiful white animal with contrasting black nose, moving leisurely along the surface of the iceberg. The captain and I both chanced a shot at him at long range, and the captain's bullet grazed his hind leg, making him whirl and snap savagely at the wound. Then he galloped awkwardly away and disappeared round a pinnacle of the berg. Circling the berg again, we discovered him in the water swimming vigorously, and several shots were fired at him, one of which took effect, and he apparently collapsed completely; yet a few moments later he was swimming off again, and it was only after I had a boat lowered that he was secured.



The fur of this animal was so spotlessly white and unstained that I gave orders not to have him lowered upon the deck, but kept him suspended from the tackle until, a few hours later, we reached Cape York, and, mooring the Hope against the face of a glacier, he was swung out on to the surface of the glacier, covered with newly fallen snow, and there skinned and the beautiful pelt rolled up and packed away still unsullied. This was our last bear.

"Polaris" and "Cassiopeia," in their cage on the quarter-deck, consumed large quantities of meat, increased in size and viciousness of temper, and proved a source of great amusement for the Eskimos, who went through all the pantomime of a bear-fight with them.

On the voyage home they added considerably to the excitement, during one wild night crossing Davis Strait, and on their arrival at Sydney were a source of intense but distant admiration to all the small boys of the town. From Sydney they were shipped to Washington, D. C., where in a roomy cage their dispositions, soured by their life on ship-board, caused almost incessant fights, till finally they were started on their travels again, and shipped to a far western State, where perhaps already some of my young readers have seen them.

I.



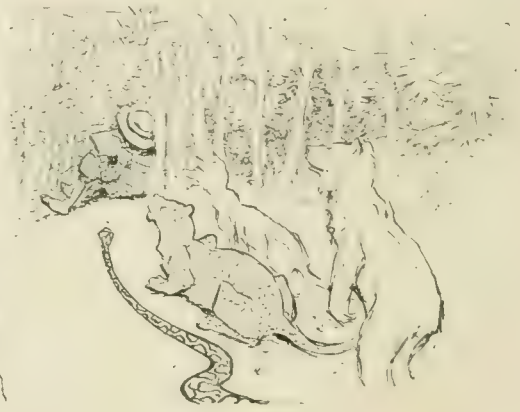
II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



THE "JUNGLE BOOK" IN THE JUNGLE.

# THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

By George A. Henty.

[Illustration]

## Chapter VII.

The boys spent the day lying hidden behind a bush on the bank. Their fire had been extinguished as soon as they had finished their breakfast. The deer was cut into quarters and hung up from the bough of a tree to save it from marauders—wolves and bears, both common in the great forests that extended over the greater part of the country. Three times during the day canoes passed along the river. One was large and contained some ten redskins. All were in full war-paint, and a pile of garments, blankets, and other articles showed that they had made a successful raid.

"Villains!" Guy muttered. "No doubt they have been helping in the massacres. If there were half a dozen of us here with guns, we would astonish them."

The others were small canoes, each containing two men who were engaged in fishing.

"Golly! dat is a big fish," the negro exclaimed, as one of some twenty pounds in weight was pulled from the water. "We do bery well if we had some lines and hook, Marse Guy, or even de spears de redskins use when dey fish at night."

"I have been out several times with them," Guy said, "and I have tried my hand at it; but I confess I have never succeeded in spearing one. Somehow they never were where they seemed to be, and all I got for my pains was a ducking, for three or four times I overbalanced myself and fell into the water."

"Me spear him, massa, if me had spear. Use' to do dat when me boy in my own country. De village was near a place where river very shallow and run over rocks. Used to get on stone in quiet place with torch; fish come up to see about it, den spear him easy."

"Well, there are no shallows and no spears, Shanti, so we must put that off for the present. At any rate, we have seen enough to make us cautious. No doubt there are a good many villages on the bank of the river; perhaps there is one within half a mile of us now; so we shall have to be very cautious. I have thought that I have heard a dog bark several times, but I should not like to be sure of it. There is one thing: as they are not at war at present with the tribes higher up the river, they will not be keeping any vigilant watch, and we may hope to pass them in the dark."

While watching the river the negro had continued his work, and by nightfall had finished two bows and two dozen arrows. For the strings, he had, before he began, cut off long, thin strips of deerskin, scraped off the hair, and laid them in the river to soak. He now took them up, rubbed them with some of the animal's fat, and then plaited them, binding with fine sinews the part where the notch of the arrow would wear the cord.

"Dere, massa, dey not what Shanti would like; dey stretch too much at first; but dey are bery strong, and must make dem do till can find something better."

"They will be all right when they are dry," Guy said. "I think that you have made a capital job of them—a good deal better than I

thought you would be able to do. Now all we want are feathers and arrow-heads."

"Soon get feathers, but cannot get iron heads; must do same as Indians—get flat pieces of stone; dey do well enough if not shoot too far."

The negro, who had become accustomed to the English longbows, had made the weapons on their model rather than like those of the Indians. They were thicker and heavier than English bows, for the wood was not so tough as yew; but as Guy strung and bent one, he felt that the effort necessary to draw it was about equal to that required for his own weapon, and that when the arrows were made he would be able to shoot much farther and stronger than any Indian could do. Before it became quite dark they cooked and ate some more of their venison, and, when night closed again, cooked the remainder of the meat, and paddled quietly down the river.

"There is no occasion for us to exert ourselves, Shanti; the stream will help us along, and all we have to do is to keep up a quiet, regular stroke. But even a splash would not be likely to attract attention, for I have heard several large fish rise in the last few minutes. What we have to do is to save our strength in case we are chased."

"Dey no catch us," Shanti said confidently; "you know we hab often raced Indian canoes, and always found dat we go quite as fast as the redskins."

"That is so," Guy agreed; "and of course our always paddling together gives us great advantage. But I doubt whether these Indians have ever paddled their best. They are not fond of exerting themselves unless there is a reason for it, and I would much rather not have a race for life or death with them."

During the night they passed four Indian villages. It was too dark even to see the outlines of the wigwams; but the dull lights of the fires, which the Indians always keep alight all night, marked their positions, and the occasional bark of a dog, or the sound of angry growling over a bone, told that these animals, at least, were awake. They ceased paddling altogether as they passed the villages, floating with the stream until well below them. As soon as the faintest light appeared in the sky, they landed, hid the canoe, as usual, and went some little distance into the forest.

"What are you going to do?" Guy asked, in surprise; for the negro, instead of sitting down, swung his bow over his shoulder.

"Me going to try and find gobbler. Dere are plenty ob dem in de woods here, just as dere were round old plantation; you know me often shoot dem dere."

"Yes; I know that you were a good hand at it, but I have no great faith in these arrows."

"Not for deer, massa, but good enough for gobbler. You know how dey sit on de boughs just at de edge of a clearing; if dey are about, me find dem, sure."

"I will go with you," Guy said, getting up; "my arms are a bit tired and my back stiff, but my legs want stretching."

It was now growing light, and they made their way noiselessly through the trees, listening intently for any sound. Guy had often accompanied the negro on such expeditions, and felt that, should there be turkeys near, he would be sure to find them. Presently Shanti stopped abruptly.

"Dar, massa, do you hear dat li'l' noise? Dat old gobbler waking up, saying to de rest, 'Time to get up and look for breakfast.' Dis way, sah, but be bery quiet."

Presently they came to a spot where a number of trees had been laid by a storm. The negro gave a low imitation of a turkey's call, and was instantly answered from a tree some forty yards away. Moving cautiously, so that the trunks of trees always intervened between him and the spot where he had heard the sound, the negro led the way, and when within a few yards of it stepped out with his bow drawn and the arrow laid on the cord. On a bough some twenty feet from the ground were six great birds. Five of them were squatted down, mere balls of feathers, evidently considering that the gobbler was premature in his summons to them to get up. The turkeycock himself was standing erect, with his head on one side, evidently listening for the intruder who had ventured to challenge him.

"You take him, massa," the black whispered.

The two bows twanged at the same mo-

ment, and the cock and one of the hens fell off the bough and struck the ground with a dull thud. Guy gave a shout of triumph, and the other birds, startled by the sound, at once spread their wings and flew off.

"Arrow not so bad, after all," the negro said, as he ran forward. "But we should have had dem all if you had not called out."

"I have no doubt we should, Shanti; but we have got as much meat now as we can eat for the next three or four days."

"Dat true enough, marse," the negro agreed, as he picked up the fallen birds, drew out the arrows, and smoothed their feathers. "Bery fine gobbler; him weigh twelve pounds, for sure. Hen nice bird, too."

They retraced their steps, and after eating a slice or two of venison that had remained over from supper, they lay down in the bushes by the side of their canoe. Now that they knew there were many Indian villages on the river, they thought it as well always to hide themselves during the day, lest some Indian hunter might light upon them. Both slept for some hours. When they awoke, Guy proposed that in future one should always keep watch and that they should sleep by turns. The clump of bushes in which they were lying stood alone, there being no others within fifty yards.

"What we do about fire, sah?"

"We must have a fire, Shanti, but we must be very cautious over it. I tell you what will be the best plan. One of us shall light a fire at the foot of that tree ten yards away, and roast that big turkey. Of course it won't be roasted whole; that would take much too long; you had better cut off the legs, wings, and breast, and roast them together. While you cook, I will stay here and keep watch."

"Dat good plan, massa; me do the cooking, you keep watch."

"Very well; but before you go out we had better pluck and cut up the bird, so that no time will be lost when your fire is once alight."

The negro nodded. "Yes, sah, and get feathers for arrows; dat bery good."

While Guy picked the bird, Shanti trimmed feathers suitable for the purpose, and fastened them to the arrows with thread-like strips from the deer's sinews. This took some time, but Guy agreed that it was of more importance than breakfast, as these arrows could not be trusted to fly true if unfeathered, especially as the points were still without stones. When the negro had feathered two or three of them, Guy took them out and tried them, and found, to his great satisfaction, that they flew well and truly up to forty or fifty yards, and maintained a fairly correct course considerably beyond this. As soon as the bird was ready, Shanti collected dry wood for the fire, lighted it, and set about the work of cooking, while Guy took his place in the clump of bushes, with his bow and arrows in readiness.

The turkey meat was soon frizzling in the flame. Guy watched the operation, from time to time looking round and scanning every tree-trunk. Suddenly his eyes became fixed and his figure rigid, for he fancied he had caught a momentary sight of something moving behind one of the trees. A minute later the head of an Indian peered out from behind it. Shanti's back was toward him, and a moment later, with swift but silent action, the redskin had moved forward to the next tree. Guy's first impulse was to call out to warn the negro; but an instant's reflection told him that if he did so, the redskin would escape and bring the whole of the men of his village down upon him. He therefore fitted an arrow to the string, and drew his bow. By stealthy advances the Indian arrived within ten yards of Shanti. His tomahawk was in his hand. He crouched for a spring, and in another moment would have leaped upon the negro, when Guy loosed his arrow, uttering as he did so a shout of warning. Shanti sprang to his feet; but the occasion for action was over.

Guy's arrow had struck the redskin full in the chest; his spring was arrested, the tomahawk slipped from his hand, and he fell to the ground.

"Dat a very close thing, Marse Guy," the negro said, his black face paling a little from the suddenness of the danger. "Why you no shout before? If you had missed him it would have been bery bad for me!"

"Ah, but I was n't going to miss him, Shanti! I am not so clumsy with my bow as to miss a man at twenty yards, which is about the dis-

tance." And he then explained why he had not given the alarm on first seeing the Indian.

"Quite right, sah; if dat fellow got away we have bery bad time. What we do wid him, massa?"

"It would be better not to let him remain here; another of his tribe might come along and find him."

The negro went to the river-bank, and walked along a short distance. "Big clump ob bushes growing jus' on edge of water; drop redskin in dere; body can no float away. Don't you trouble, marse; me carry him easy 'nough. Look, sah; he one ob dose who hab been to settlement"; and he pointed to a tuft of hair hanging from the tomahawk; "that is some white man's hair."

Any compunction Guy might have felt over having killed the Indian vanished in a moment, and he turned away while the negro lifted the Indian without difficulty on to his shoulder and walked away with him. It was a few minutes before he returned, carrying, to Guy's surprise, the buckskin hunting-shirt, leggings, and moccasins of the Indian.

"Dey may come in bery useful, Marse Guy. If want to scout near redskin village, me can put dem on and with dem feathers go along quite bold. Here am his hunting-pouch, wid t'ings that may be handy; here am two coils of leather, and a packet of de paints dey use for dere faces; here also him knife, dat he use for skinning beasts or scalping enemies. We may as well take his arrows, too; dey short, and no good for long distance, but can use close. If hab to shoot a man, better use Indian arrows dan ours. Dey see at once our strange arrows, and dat set dem on de hunt for us; if one of dere own arrows, dey t'ink he kill in quarrel. Oh, dear! you not tend to turkey, massa; me 'fraid he done too much"; and he ran to the fire, took off the meat, and examined it. "Only li'l' burnt—plenty good."

They carried the meat into the bush and ate it there. Then they slept by turns during the rest of the day, and as soon as it was dark set off again. Toward morning they heard a deep, roaring sound. At first Guy thought that it was distant thunder; but he was soon convinced that it was too continuous for that. They rested on their paddles, and listened. "It is a fall," he said, after a pause. "I have heard from the Indians that many of the rivers make a great fall when they reach the edge of the higher country. Let us paddle on so as to get as near as we can before day breaks."

The roar of the fall grew louder and louder, and after another hour's rowing they saw that the current was increasing in speed.

"We had better get to the bank at once," Guy said. "To-morrow we must find out how far it is to the falls, and what they are like, and how we can best carry our canoe round."

They soon gained the shore. The bed of the stream was here rocky, and the banks from fifteen to twenty feet in height, smooth and water-worn, showing the volume of water that was swept down in times of flood. They carried the boat farther into the wood than usual, and, after making a meal upon cold turkey, started at once, as Guy was eager to ascertain the prospect before them. After walking for upward of a mile, they arrived at the edge of a large clearing with patches of cultivation here and there, and a score of wigwams standing on an eminence which they knew must be on the river-bank. Skirting the clearing, they came, after another half-hour's walking, to a spot where the ground fell rapidly away, and keeping along the brow, presently arrived at a point where the fall of a giant tree had cleared a considerable space of smaller growth and created an opening from which a wide view could be obtained. Immediately in front of them stretched a sheet of water, broadening as it went until in the far distance it widened out to the horizon. On right and left of this sound, which was, where they could first see it, about half a mile across, stretched a wide expanse of flat country, covered for the most part with thick foliage; but in places there was a gleam of water, and Guy knew that these were the great swamps of which he had heard.

## Chapter VIII.

"We are at the end of our river journey," Guy said, after they had gazed silently at the view for some minutes. "That sheet of water is a great sound, like Chesapeake Bay, into which

the James runs. All that flat country on both sides is a swamp, and it is there that we shall have to hide for a bit. I cannot see the line of sand that separates these waters from the sea. I suppose that it is too far off. However, we know it is there. I should think that we are five hundred feet above the water-level, and can see thirty or forty miles; but there is nothing to go by. I don't think that we shall have any trouble in getting down to the lower level. Of course it will be steep in some places, but not enough to stop us, I should say, as far as one can judge by the line of the tree-tops. However, we may as well go down the hill and find out what it is like."

Although in some places the slope was gradual enough for them to be able to descend with ease, at others there were almost perpendicular precipices, where it was necessary to make long detours to find a spot where, by the aid of the tree-trunks, they could manage to descend.



"HE HAD SEIZED HIM BY THE THROAT WITH ONE HAND, AND WITH THE OTHER DREW A KNIFE FROM HIS BELT, AND PLUNGED IT INTO THE CHEST."

"One thing is certain: we cannot get down here at night," Guy said. "We will go up to the top again and have a good long sleep, go back to the canoe late this afternoon, start just as it is getting dusk, strike the edge of this clearing, and keep along just inside the forest. It would never do to try to take the canoe straight through the wood at night; we should

be sure to damage it. When we get to this side of the clearing we will lie down until morning begins to break, and then make the descent, and strike the river where it begins to widen out into the sound."

The negro, as usual, assented without comment. It was a hard climb up to the crest again. When they reached it, they lay down in a clump of bushes, and slept until the sun was far down the crest; then they started, and, circling widely round the clearing, came down upon the spot where they had left the canoe.

"We shall have to be very careful to-morrow," Guy said. "I have no doubt there is another Indian village—probably a large one—somewhere below the rapids at the bottom of the fall. There would be sure to be good fishing, and no doubt they also go out into the sound to fish there, and have a fleet of canoes. We must be sure to get beyond that village before we strike the water."

Half an hour later they agreed that it was dark enough to start, and after two hours' walking reached the farther edge of the clearing. Guy had taken to the Indian moccasins; the black, as usual, went barefooted; therefore their trail would be so slight that it was scarcely likely to be noticed by any Indians who might next day go out from behind the village to hunt.

As soon as it became light enough to find their way through the trees, they were afoot again; but it cost them eight hours' hard work before they were fairly at the bottom of the slope, so great was the difficulty of lowering the canoe down the rough places without risking damage to its sides. The heat below was much greater than it had been above, and they were glad to take a long rest before proceeding farther. They had gone but a few hundred yards when they came upon an Indian trail. This was evidently much used, and they had no doubt that it led to the village at the foot of the rapids, and was the path that was used by the braves when going up to hunt on the higher ground, or on the face of the descent, which was just the place that bears and mountain-lions would choose for their haunts.

"This is fortunate," Guy said. "We certainly could not make our way through the trees at night, and, with a large village near, it would be very risky to do so by day. But I think that we could keep on the track safely on the darkest night. We could tell by feeling if we were to leave it, and if the one in front held his bow well out across him it would touch any tree that might be in the way, and cause a sudden bend in the trail."

"Dat so," Shanti agreed; "me sure dat me could keep on trail. Bare feet tell at once if leave it; mus', of course, go slow and careful."

"Then that is settled. We will go back fifty yards, and hide up in that clump of bushes till it gets dark, which it will do in two or three hours. We had better wait even longer than that, so as to give time for any hunter to return."

While they were waiting they saw several Indians pass along the trail, all carrying game of some kind; and it was not until three hours after sunset that they thought they could safely go forward.

As Guy had expected, they found little trouble in keeping the track. The negro went first. He carried the prow of the canoe on one shoulder, so that it did not project more than a foot in front of him; then with both hands he held out his bow at arm's length across him. It was well that he did so, for the trail frequently made sharp bends to avoid trees that grew in the direct line. The darkness was so intense that the trunks could not be seen even at arm's length; but the bow at once gave warning and enabled them to keep on the track. They moved slowly, and it was nearly two hours before they saw by a faint light ahead of them that they were approaching the edge of the forest.

They paused when they issued out into the open. Two hundred yards away four or five fires were blazing, and by their light it could be seen that the village was very large. In the openings between the wigwams many figures could be seen moving about. The sound of women's voices could be plainly heard as they called each other or their children. Boys shouted, and dogs barked.

They kept along by the edge of the trees, and after walking another quarter of a mile, turned off across the open ground, and in five minutes stood by the side of the river, here two or three

hundred yards across. They were, however, obliged to follow the bank for another two miles; for several canoes, the occupants holding lighted torches, were out on the water. They could see the Indians standing in the bows, darting spears deeply down, and seldom without success, as was seen by the gleam of the torches on the white bellies of the fish thrown backward into the canoes.

"Me gib a good deal for one ob dem spears!" Shanti murmured.

"Yes; it would be very useful; but as I am afraid we cannot do any barter at present, we must wait for some better chance of getting one," whispered Guy, in a joking way.

When they thought that they were beyond the last of the canoes, they put their boat in the water, and quietly paddled along, keeping some twenty yards from the bank. They forgot that any canoe coming up from the sound would also probably hug the bank to avoid the force of the current; so when they had gone about a mile, they were startled by being suddenly addressed by some Indians whose canoe had kept so close under the bank that they had not perceived it. What they said Guy knew not, for the dialect was different from that of the Indians in Virginia. Again some question was put, and Guy thought it better to remain silent than to speak in what would be at once detected as a strange dialect. The boats were now abreast; the Indians had ceased paddling. There were, he could see, four of them. He and Shanti were paddling steadily, though without apparent haste, and, the tide helping them, they rapidly shot past the other canoe at a distance of some fifteen yards. They could hear the Indians talking together, and then, glancing back, saw them turning their canoe. Evidently the fact that no reply had been made, and that the boat was going out at the time when most of the others had nearly finished their fishing, seemed strange and mysterious to them. It might be, too, that the outline of the paddlers' figures had struck them as unfamiliar, in spite of the fact that Shanti was wearing the Indian feathers.

"They are coming after us, Shanti. Don't quicken your stroke at present; it may be a long chase. They have three paddles to our two; but they have the dead weight of one sitter, and probably carry a load of fish."

The Indians rowed hard, but soon saw that the strange canoe held its distance some hundred yards ahead. They were now convinced that something was wrong. The tribe was not at war, for some of those who had returned from the attack on the settlements had brought back the news that the white strangers had all been killed. Who, then, could these two men be? That they were whites did not occur to them, but from the glance that they had obtained at their figures they were convinced that they were not men of their tribe. After a few words together, the man in the stern took the paddle from the man next to him, and the latter, with one of his companions, set to work to throw overboard the fish that they had captured and with which the canoe was half filled. Before this was accomplished the boys' canoe had gained another two hundred yards upon them; but with an empty boat and three paddles the Indians had no doubt that they would speedily overhaul them.

It was past midnight when Guy and his companion had embarked, and half an hour later when the chase began. From time to time Guy looked back over his shoulder.

"They have got rid of all their fish, and are working their three paddles again; we must set to in earnest now."

At the end of another hour there was but little difference in the relative positions of the canoes. The Indians had gained some fifty yards, but, in spite of their exertions, they were not now lessening the interval. They had, however, one advantage—that of a spare hand; and at the end of the hour one of the others handed his paddle to the passenger, and their boat again began to creep up.

When daylight broke there was but a hundred yards between them. The Indians had made frequent changes, and, owing to the relief thus afforded, were still paddling strongly, while the continued strain was telling upon Guy and his companion.

"We shall have to fight for it," the former said. "It is a bad business, and I would have done anything to avoid it; for if we could have got into the swamps without being noticed, we should have been quite safe unless

we had accidentally run against them. When it is once known that we are here we shall have the whole tribe after us."

"No one must go back to tell about it, sah; we t'rash dem easy. We know some of dere tribe were among those who kill' our people; we quite right to kill dem back; besides, if we no kill dem, dey kill us. Paddle a little easy, massa; we must get breath to shoot straight. You bring dem down with arrow."

"No, no, Shanti; it is likely enough they have not got bows and arrows with them, and if I were to shoot one of them, the others might turn and paddle off."

"See, massa; black speck on de water ahead. Me t'ink another canoe coming dis way."

"That settles it, then; paddle quietly till they are within fifty yards, and when I give the word swing her head round. You have got your pistols ready?"

"Dey ready, sah; saw to priming dis afternoon."

The Indians were paddling their hardest, believing that the fugitives were completely exhausted, and they gave an exclamation of surprise as the canoe suddenly swung round when they were four or five lengths away, and they saw that one of the occupants was white and the other black. White men they knew, as they had been concerned in the killing of the settlers; but it was evident from their exclamations of astonishment that they had never seen or heard of a black man. Before they could do more than drop their paddles and grasp their tomahawks, the boats were alongside of each other; but as the Indians sprang to their feet, shots were discharged, and two fell across the canoe, upsetting it instantly. As the heads of the other Indians came above water, Shanti fired again, and one of them threw up his hands and sank. Guy did not fire. Deep as was his feeling of hatred for those who had so treacherously massacred his father and countrymen, he could not yet bring himself to fire upon an unarmed man in cold blood.

"That will do," he cried; "I cannot kill the wretch, and now that another canoe is coming, his death will not insure our safety. Bring your ax down on that canoe and stave it in. That is right. Now make for the shore."

"Wait one moment, Marse Guy"; and leaning over the canoe, the negro turned it over, and with a shout of satisfaction seized three fish-spears that were floating under it.

They had during their flight passed several openings into the swamp, but Guy would not adopt Shanti's suggestion that they should head for one of them.

"They know the swamp, and we don't," he said. "We might find the opening only extended a short distance, and should be caught in a trap. No; we will hold on as long as we can, and then fight."

The canoe coming up the sound was still nearly a mile away; but the sun was almost behind it, and they could see by the quick flash of the paddles that the Indians were working their hardest. They must have seen the encounter between the two boats, and, still more, the sound of the shots must have reached them.

The shore was but a quarter of a mile away when the canoe shot away from the scene of conflict toward an opening which lay nearly opposite to them, and in two or three minutes dashed into the channel.

"Easy, now, Shanti; there is no chance of their following us when they hear from the man we spared how we disposed of his comrades, and that we have the arms that to them are so terrible," said Guy. "Not many of these men can have seen them used, but no doubt stories of the white man's 'fire-stick' have gone from mouth to mouth through the whole country. The canoe was a large one, and I should think that there must have been four rowers and perhaps two or three others; but they would hesitate to follow men whom they must consider to have appeared among them in some supernatural manner. Besides, I could see by their faces, when they caught sight of you, that they had never seen one of your color before, and perhaps never even heard of one; and, for aught I know, they may take you for a particular friend of mine from the infernal regions."

"I hope dey hab, massa; don't want to hab to fight whole tribe of redskins. Dismal-looking sort of place dis, sah—something like African river, but more big, high trees."

"Yes; those are splendid pitch-pines," Guy agreed. "There are some of the same sort growing in the woods near our place, but they are nothing like so fine as these. We call them pitch-pines because the wood is full of pitch; it is much harder and it is also heavier than other pines."

"Pitch may be useful to us, sah; if anything happen to canoe, can mend berv easy if have got pitch."

"Keep a sharp lookout for floating timber, or for snakes, or any kind of obstacles, Shanti. This swamp is a dismal sort of place. The ground here is but an inch or two above the water, and one can see that at times of flood the water rises only two feet above it; you see, there are little channels every few yards apart. Although the sun is up, it is quite twilight here, the vegetation is so rank and strong."



"PRESENTLY, TO GUY'S ASTONISHMENT, WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A LOG BY THE EDGE OF THE BANK, SLID INTO THE WATER WITH A LOUD SPLASH."

For half an hour they followed the windings of the channel, which was sometimes ten or twelve yards across, sometimes only as many feet. Presently, to Guy's astonishment, what he thought was a log by the edge of the bank, slid into the water with a loud splash.

"Dat 's him!" Shanti cried excitedly. "Dat 's one of dem t'ings I was telling you about!"

"Then stop paddling; we will charge our pistols again; that fellow is big enough to break the canoe in two pieces."

"He big enough, massa, but he no do it. If we were to hurt him he might rush at de boat; but neber do dat if let alone. Dey are cowardly beasts; canoe frighten dem. As long as we in boat, if we leab dem alone, dey leab us alone."

"Well, that is a good thing, Shanti; we certainly don't want to meddle with them."

Presently the channel forked; and as the two branches were about the same size, they took the one on the left, as it would lead them farther from the land and deeper into the heart of the swamp. Ere long the channel again subdivided, and they found themselves presently in a labyrinth of sluggish water, sometimes so narrow that they could touch both sides with their paddles, at others opening out into sheets of water a quarter of a mile across.

"Dis awful place to get lost," the negro said, as they stopped paddling in the center of one of these ponds. "Him worse dan de forest eber so much."

Guy agreed. "But you see there are the same signs, Shanti. Look at those mosses hanging down in great clumps. Those trees that are higher than the others all seem bent over one way, and as the sun is in the east, we can see that the winds from the sea are stronger than those from the land. We shall soon be at home there. Well, we need not be afraid of pursuit, for the swamp has the advantage over the forest that we leave no tracks behind us. If they do light upon us, it will be by pure accident. Now that we are certain on that point, we must find a place to land. I suppose the deeper we get into this swamp, the more likely we are to find such a place."

"Me no see much change yet, sah," the negro said, looking round at the almost submerged shore.

"That is so; still, we may feel sure that there are places where the ground is higher. I suppose this part was once above the sea-level, and was like other land, with some undulations. Nobody ever saw a tract thirty or forty miles square as flat as the top of a table. No; there must be some dry places, if we can but find them. Fortunately, we have got enough meat to last us a couple of days, and I hope we shall find a place before night. It is early yet, and we have the whole day before us, and that reminds me that I am hungry."

"Me been t'inking so for some time, massa."

They finished the remains of the turkey, took a drink of the water, which tasted brackish, then paddled quietly on again, taking care to go always toward the east, so as to avoid passing over the same ground twice. An hour later Guy exclaimed: "There is rising ground ahead of us. Do you see that? It rises sharply up from the water's edge."

A dozen strokes and they were alongside, and the negro, who was in the bow, stepped ashore.

"Sure 'nough, it is hard ground," he exclaimed joyfully.

He steadied the canoe while Guy landed. They pulled it a short distance up, and then, taking their weapons, set out to examine the place. The ground rose rapidly until it was some fifteen feet above the water-level; it maintained this height for some thirty yards, and then sloped down again. They followed it to the water, and then made a detour until they again reached the canoe.

"We shall do very well here, as long as we choose to stay," Guy said.

"Yes, massa," the nigger replied, in a tone of doubt; "but what are we to eat?"

"To begin with, there are water-fowl; we saw many of them on the ponds we passed through, and they seemed perfectly tame. Then we have the fish. There must be fish here; I don't see what else those big monsters feed upon."

"Me clean forgot dey spears, Massa Guy; sure 'nough, we get plenty fish."

"We will set about it to-night, for those joints of venison have been kept too long already, and will soon be uneatable."

"Dey do for bait," the negro said.

"But we have no hooks, Shanti."

"Me make hooks out of de bones out of de fus' big fish we catch."

"The first thing, Shanti, is to clear all these low bushes away; fortunately, they don't grow here as they do in the swamps; if they did, it would be a heavy job to clear them. However, we will get rid of them over a good, large space. There may be snakes here, and at least we will keep them as far away from us as possible. This is about the middle of the rise, and we can begin by cutting down those four young pitch-pines. You can split up the tops for torches, and chop up the rest into logs; they will make a splendid fire. There is one comfort: we need not be afraid of making a bright one. There is no chance of lurking Indians; even a redskin could not find his way through these channels after dark."

(*To be continued.*)

# The Goblin and the Tide

by Agnes Lewis Mitchill



I.

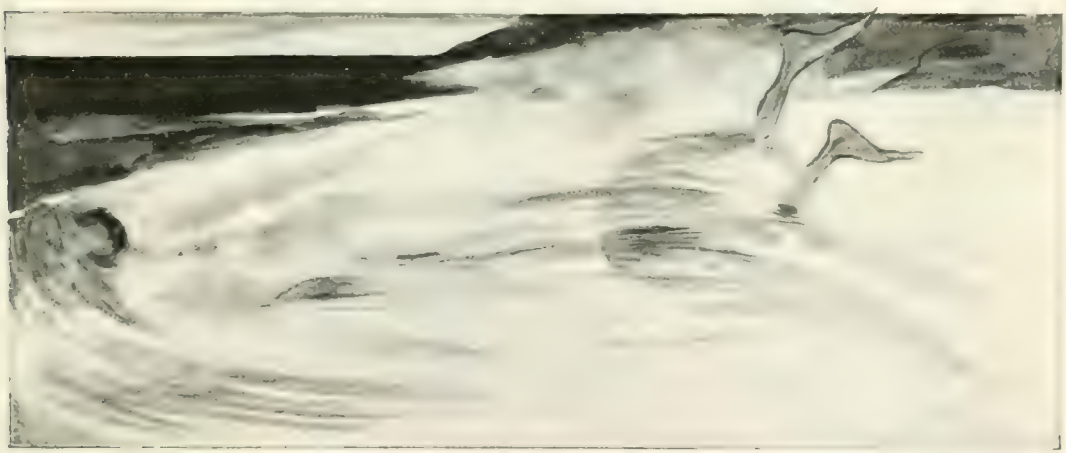
An ugly old Goblin sat down by the sea—
*Sing Heigh-ho! all the sands are bare.*
He thought the tide feared him when it ran low,
And laughed when the ripples sang, "Back we will flow!"
Said he, "While I am here, they won't dare!"

II.

He built him a wall of the sea-sand so white—
*Sing Heigh-ho! soft is the sand.*
He strewed it with kelp, and with shells banked it high,
Then climbed to the top to look at the sky,
Crying, "Now we 'll have nothing but land!"

III.

Just then a shy ripple came tiptoeing in—
*Sing Heigh-ho!*—"*Here are we all!*"
Another ran laughing, and then the great Sea
Came heels over head tumbling, gay as could be,
And the Goblin was swept from his wall!



# YE VALENTINE.

By Virginia Woodward Cloud.
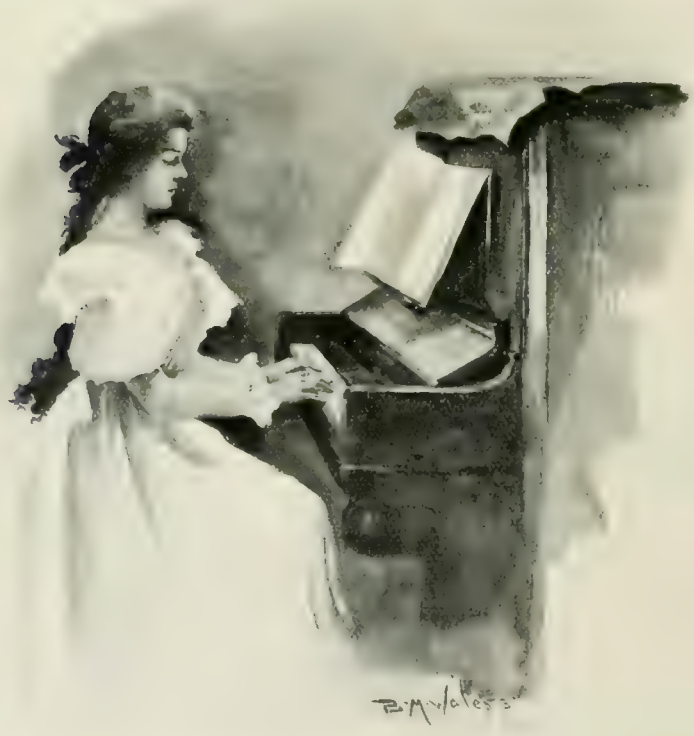
O ladye lovely, ladye sweete,
  My little liege lord hath sent me
For thy good will, over moor and hill,
  This one white day hath he lent me;

Yet I may not tell where he doth dwell,
  Nor what deare thought is my burden,
Nor what I would claim in his faire name
  With this red, red rose for a guerdon;

Only to be thy faithful page,
  To serve as thou shalt demand me,
Or to fly and wait at thy postern gate—
  For so doth my lord command me.

But over the moor on yon high hill,
  Will one look forth from his tower,
When low in the west the sun shall rest,
  Aflame like this red rose flower.

And I pray thee, ladye, try me then,
  Watch thou, if the wind go faster,
Or a fleet-winged bird, should I beare a word
  From thee — from thee to my master!



"ONLY TEN MINUTES MORE!"




CHAPTER III.

BETTY'S LETTER.

IF Betty was amazed at hearing her name pronounced by Mrs. Tucker in such a gentle, almost deferential tone, she was still more astounded when that lady said pleasantly:

"Come into my room, my child. I have something important to tell you."

The two went into the landlady's private sitting-room, and Betty nearly fainted when Mrs. Tucker offered her a chair with all the politeness she would have shown to her best boarder.

With her usual ready acceptance of a situation, Betty sat down with a vague feeling that Mrs. Tucker must have lost her mind, but that it was as well to enjoy the advantages of her mental weakness as they offered themselves.

"The postman brought a letter for you," Mrs. Tucker began, "and as I am your best friend and only guardian, I opened it, and I will now read it to you."

"You had no right to open a letter addressed to me," said Betty, sharply, her sense of justice at once on the alert.

"Oh, yes, my dear," said Mrs. Tucker, sweetly; "in the absence of a legal guardian, I will assume that relation toward you."

Betty was silenced, though not convinced; and, not daring to ask for the wonderful letter, she sat waiting to hear it read. You see, she had never had one before, and she would have dearly loved the excitement of breaking the seal of her own letter.

"It is from Miss Van Court," Mrs. Tucker continued, and then Betty was more puzzled than ever. What *could* Miss Van Court have to say, except in regard to the unfortunate sprinkling episode?—and why should any message about that make Mrs. Tucker so bland and dove-like?

The landlady went on:

"*To Betty McGuire, at Mrs. Tucker's.*

"I may be mistaken, but if your name is as written above, I think a piece of good fortune is in store for you. If you were with your father in a railroad accident near Chicago, about ten years ago, and if you were afterward taken to an orphan asylum at Mapleville, and stayed there five or six years, then you are the Elizabeth McGuire that a friend of mine is looking for. My friend is a lawyer from New York, and is staying at my home for a few days; so, if you fulfil the above conditions, I would like you to let me know as soon as possible.

"Yours very truly,

"GRACE VAN COURT.

"P. S. Perhaps it would be best for you to come here this afternoon between three and five o'clock."

"It 's me!" screamed Betty, excitedly. "It 's me, and I 'm going to see her right now!"

"Of course you 're going, my dear, and I 'll go with you," was Mrs. Tucker's reply.

Betty would have preferred to call on Miss Van Court alone; but she feared any opposition might break the charm and restore Mrs. Tucker to her normal state of temper; so the wise child decided to humor her.

"Yes, ma'am; we 'll go together; and please, ma'am, could I have me red sash again to wear?"

"That ridiculous rag? no, indeed. Put on your best frock, and I 'll lend you a neat collar and brooch."

Betty dared not disobey, and when three o'clock came she put on her skimpy and worn best frock, which Mrs. Tucker supplemented by a wide, stiff white collar, much too large, and fastened with a huge black rubber brooch. But while waiting for her companion to be ready, Betty found time to load her old straw hat with great bunches of the old-fashioned pink roses which grew all over the back fence.

This Mrs. Tucker viewed with dismay, and ordered the flowers thrown away at once. But the excitement of the occasion stimulated Betty's courage, and she refused to part with her flowers, adding: "You need n't go with me, if you don't like my posies." This apparently brought Mrs. Tucker to terms, and the two started off to the Van Court mansion.

It was characteristic of Betty that she gave not a thought as to what Miss Van Court might have to tell her, not a guess as to what the good news might be about. She gave all her attention to fully enjoying the happiness of the present moment. To be walking leisurely along, wearing a rose-trimmed hat, on her way to a great house, and assured of her welcome there — all this made little Betty so superlatively happy that even the unpleasant presence of Mrs. Tucker failed to annoy her. And, too, the Mrs. Tucker of to-day was so different from the Mrs. Tucker of all past days that it was almost a pleasure to be with her. She chatted affably; and though Betty would rather have been alone, so that she could "pretend" more successfully, she met the lady's overtures halfway, and they seemed the best of friends.

As they entered the Van Court gate, and went up the path under the great trees, and saw the beautiful landscape garden, Betty walked along like one in a dream. She had never seen such a place before, and it seemed to her like paradise. Even Mrs. Tucker's chatter passed unnoticed, for Betty was pretending to herself that this was her home and she was returning after an absence of a few days. One thing bothered her, though. All the time she was getting ready for this visit she had been thinking how much she would like to take a small gift of some sort to Miss Van Court — not anything of intrinsic value, but something that would be an offering, and would show how sorry she was that she had spoiled the parasol that day. She had looked carefully over her small store of treasures, but none of them seemed suitable, except, perhaps, a tarnished gilt buckle that Pete had given her. She had put it in her pocket, uncertain whether to present it or not; but as she walked by the glowing flower-beds that adorned the Van Court grounds, she had a brilliant idea. Nothing could be more acceptable to Miss Van Court than a bunch of flowers, and she would be sure to like such beauties as these were. So Betty broke off half a dozen stalks of pink gladioli, while Mrs. Tucker looked on aghast. She remonstrated; but Betty, keyed up to a high pitch of daring, paid no attention.

She felt a little shy when an important-looking servant answered their knock at the door; but when she entered the drawing-room, Miss Van Court greeted her with such a cordial manner that she felt at ease at once.

"I 've brought you some flowers," she said simply. "They 're from your own garden; but I had nothing myself that you would like, and I wanted to give you something nice."

Betty was so adaptable by nature, and so quickly responsive to the atmosphere of her surroundings, that she spoke quietly and with almost no trace of the Irish brogue that was so noticeable when she talked with Ellen, or the careless slang of her conversations with Jack.

"Thank you, dear," said Miss Van Court, taking the flowers as graciously as if from a duchess; "I am very glad you thought of me."

But if Betty felt at ease, it was not so with Mrs. Tucker. She could impress the waif with her sudden kindliness toward her, but Miss

Van Court was not likely to forget how the angry landlady had berated the poor little drudge the morning of the drenching performance. And Mrs. Tucker trembled in her shoes as Miss Van Court said coldly: "I thank you for bringing Betty to me, but you need not wait; I will send her home after the interview."

Mrs. Tucker indistinctly murmured something about being very much attached to the child, and her only friend and benefactor; but Miss Van Court said nothing, and was so evidently waiting for her to go that the disappointed landlady was forced to depart.

Then Miss Grace turned to Betty and looked at her critically. She smiled kindly at the earnest little face, crowned with the bunches of roses, so heavy that the old straw hat could scarcely support them; but she seemed to disapprove of the collar and brooch.

"Where 's your red necktie?" she asked Betty abruptly.

"Mrs. Tucker took it and kept it, ma'am," Betty answered.

"Were you sorry?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; but,"—with an endeavor to look on the bright side,—"but I could n't have worn it with these pink roses, ma'am; they would n't like each other."

Miss Grace seemed much amused, but only said, "Come with me, Betty, into the library."

"Yes 'm," said Betty, slipping her hand into that of her friend with a loving little squeeze, and together they went into the next room.

A big man sat at a table, writing. He looked at Betty somewhat kindly and very curiously, and presently said:

"Well, Miss Van Court?"

"This is Elizabeth McGuire," said Miss Grace; "and, Betty, this is Mr. Brewster."

"Yes 'm," said Betty.

Then Mr. Brewster asked Betty a long string of questions, until he had found out everything she knew about her parentage and early life. At last he seemed satisfied, and, turning from the puzzled Betty, he said to Miss Van Court:

"There can be no doubt about it; I believe you may tell her."

Miss Van Court's face beamed with delight, and she held out her hands, saying, "Come here, Betty."

Betty almost ran across the room, and Mr. Brewster rose and placed a low chair for her, so that she could look right up into Miss Van Court's face.

The lady took both Betty's little brown hands in her own, and said:

"My dear, I have a wonderful piece of news for you — so great and splendid that I scarcely know how to tell it. But the principal fact is that you are the only heir to a large fortune."

"Where is it?" said Betty, looking around



"BETTY NEARLY FAINTED WHEN MRS. TUCKER CLUTCHED HER ARM."



"THE LADY SAID: 'MY DEAR, I HAVE A WONDERFUL PIECE OF NEWS FOR YOU — SO GREAT AND SPLENDID THAT I HARDLY KNOW HOW TO TELL IT.'"

with wondering eyes, as if she expected to see banknotes fluttering through the air.

"It is safe in trust for you. But you are really mistress of it; you are absolutely free in regard to its use, and can do exactly what you please with it. It *does* n't seem right, does it?" she added, turning to Mr. Brewster. For Betty's face expressed such blank amazement that it did seem as if there must be a mistake somewhere.

But the child was comprehending it, though slowly and with an effort.

"Tell me more about it," she said at last, still looking steadily at Miss Grace.

"Well, Betty, you know that long ago your grandfather went to Australia to seek his fortune in the gold-fields there. By years of hard work he succeeded in acquiring great wealth, and he sent for his son to come out and enjoy it with him. But word came back that his son had gone to America and married there, but further trace of him could not be found. Soon after this the old man died, and ever since his executors have been trying to find his son, Martin McGuire, or his heirs. It was through the accident with the garden hose that day that I learned your name was McGuire, and we have proved beyond a doubt that you are the rightful owner of old Dennis McGuire's money."

"Yes 'm," said Betty; and then she rose and walked over to where Mr. Brewster still sat by the writing-table.

"Now, will *you* please tell me about it?" she said.

The request was from no lack of confidence in Miss Van Court's statements, but simply a desire to hear other particulars, and to have the added authority of the man's advices.

So Mr. Brewster began impressively:

"Miss McGuire, I have the honor to inform you that you are heiress to a large sum of money, probably a million of dollars, and that, according to the provisions of your grandfather's will, it is absolutely at your own disposal. For the will specially states that in the event of Martin McGuire's death the money shall

belong to his children, and shall be spent or used as they desire, even though a nominal guardian must needs be appointed to fulfil the letter of the law. Mr. Dennis McGuire's lawyer came from Australia to New York some time ago to hunt up the heirs. His search seemed fruitless, and one day he told me about the case, in a casual conversation. I came down here on a few days' visit to my friend Mr. Van Court, and I happened to tell him about it in his sister's presence. She at once remembered that your name was McGuire; and though it seemed one chance out of a thousand, we investigated the case, and we feel convinced that the heir is found at last. I will write Mr. Morris, the Australian lawyer, and he will come to Greenborough at once. Meantime, Miss McGuire, you may be planning your future mode of life, which will, of course, be very different from your past."

"Yes, sir. Will you please pinch me, sir?" and Betty held out her scrawny little arm toward the gentleman.

He seemed a bit astonished; but the vagaries of heiresses are easily forgiven, and he nipped the arm between his thumb and forefinger, saying:

"Oh, you are awake; there is no doubt of that! But you have n't realized the case yet. Come, now, what do you think you will do with all this money?"

"First, I shall buy two things, sir — a white parasol and a home."

"Indeed! and why do you buy the parasol first?"

"Because that is to give to Miss Van Court, to replace the one I spoiled."

Miss Grace was too kind-hearted to oppose Betty's plan, so she said: "I shall prize the new one highly as a gift from my little friend. And then next you 're to purchase a home, are you?"

"Yes," said Betty, her eyes fairly dancing as she awoke to the possibilities. "Yes; I 've never had a home, and oh, I 've longed for one so! But I think I 'd better go back to Mrs. Tucker's now, ma'am. Ellen will be wanting me to pare the potatoes."

Mr. Brewster looked inquiringly at Miss Grace.

"Yes," said the lady; "she may as well go back there for to-night. It will be quieter and better for her than to stay here. And to-morrow morning, Betty, I will call for you, and we 'll go and buy you some new clothes, more appropriate to your changed fortunes."



"MRS. TUCKER EXCLAIMED, 'MY LEAR HEART, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU 'RE NOT HERE ANY MORE.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## Chapter IV.

### making plans.

Betty went back to Warren Street, walking slowly and thinking hard. Occasionally she remembered Ellen and the potatoes, and quickened her steps; then other thoughts swarmed in her brain, and her pace slackened again.

She was not dazed by the sudden good fortune that had come to her; on the contrary, her mind was stirred to especial activity, and she was making plans with eager delight.

She would have a home, *that* was certain; with bright flowers and cows and a strawberry-bed. And then she would have a new feather — a long, curling one — and a red sash of real silk! And then, if there was any money left, she would buy books and learn things.

And she had generous thoughts, too. She decided to buy Lame Jack a new crutch, for he had really outgrown the one he was using. And she would buy something very nice for Ellen,— a jewel-box, perhaps. And Pete should have a gift, and Mrs. Tucker, too. In her happiness, Betty quite forgot all Mrs. Tucker's harsh treatment of her, and studied seriously over an appropriate present for her tyrant. She remembered having heard her say she wished she could afford to have a dumb-waiter; and as Betty had firmly determined to have a home and live in it, of course a new servant would be needed in Betty's place.

Why Mrs. Tucker wanted a *dumb* one was a mystery to the child, but she shrewdly suspected it was so he could not answer back to his mistress's frequent tirades. And anyway, if that was the kind Mrs. Tucker wanted, that was the kind for her to have; and doubtless one could be procured at a deaf-and-dumb asylum, so Betty decided to hire one.

She had dawdled so, as she thought over all these things, that it was growing dusk when she neared the house.

In spite of her changed circumstances, she felt all her accustomed fear of Mrs. Tucker's wrath, and tremblingly hurried around to the back door.

Finding only Ellen in the kitchen, her spirits rose, and she announced grandly:

"Ellen, I 've come into me fortune!"

"Bad luck to it, thin, for comin' to ye of a Monday! Here I 'm druv to death, and that botherin' washerwoman clutterin' about, and no one to help me a ha'p'orth. Come and hold this shtrainer, now, while I pour the soup through it — if yer forchin has n't turned ye clean daft!"

Good-natured Ellen was so seldom cross that Betty felt like a guilty wretch, and, taking the strainer, she showed such a repentant face that Ellen softened and said:

"Don't moind me, Betty dear. I 'm that worrited wid me wurk, and wid the missus's sharp tongue, that it riles me. Whisht! she 's comin'."

Mrs. Tucker came into the kitchen, and, seeing Betty, exclaimed:

"My dear child, what *are* you doing? Your place is not here any more. Go into my room, and sit down and rest yourself."

Ellen nearly dropped the soup-kettle when she heard this surprising speech, and began to realize that something had happened indeed.

Betty smiled slyly at the amazed cook, and replied:

"No, ma'am; I ain't tired,— no more than I was yesterday,— and I 'll be helpin' me friend Ellen."

Neither could Mrs. Tucker induce Betty to eat at the table with the boarders. She preferred to take her dinner in the kitchen with Ellen, as she was in the habit of doing; and as they sat eating, she told the wonderful news.

"What 's this about yer forchin, me dear?" inquired Ellen.

"Oh, Ellen, it 's just wonderful! I can't believe it at all, no matter how hard I try, when I 'm here in this house; but I went up to Miss Van Court's to-day, an' she says I 'm to have all me grandfather's money, him havin' died in Australia, where the gold comes from."

"An' is it much money, sure?"

"Yes, heaps! A million dollars, the gentleman said; but Miss Grace explained that I 'd only get a bit of it each year."

"She means interist, child; but if it 's r'ally the interist of a million dollars, which I can't belave, you 're a rich lady, an' the likes o' me ain't fit to associate wid yez. An', by the same token, Mrs. Tucker ain't fit, neither!"

"Ellen, you 're far more fit nor she is, for you 've always been kind to me; and, Ellen, I 'm going to give you a present when I get my money; and when I buy my home, you shall come and live with me and be my cook."

"Indade an' I will, if ye 'll have me; an' it 'll be a happy day fer me whin I l'ave the ould lady an' her shcoldin'!"

"Now, I must go and tell Mrs. Tucker about it, as she 'll be havin' to replace my vallyble services with a substitute."

When Betty opened the door, she nearly tumbled over Mrs. Tucker; and it may be that she was not above eavesdropping when such upheavals were taking place in her household, for she rightly suspected that Betty would confide in Ellen before she told the story to her mistress.

"I was just coming for you," said the lady, blandly, "and I suppose you were just looking for me. Come into my room and tell me all about it."

Betty obeyed from force of habit, and seated herself primly on the edge of a chair.

Although Mrs. Tucker was apparently able to change her demeanor toward her young drudge all at once, yet the child could not so easily alter her behavior to the tyrannical woman. And so she said, almost apologetically:

"I 'm thinkin' I must be leavin', ma'am. They told me that I have come into my grandfather's fortune."

"Oh, don't talk of leaving, Betty! Of course you 'll stay with me, though in a very different position. You can board here, and you may have the best room in the house, and I 'll look after your clothes and things, and be your legal guardian. I always was fond of you, my dear," said the landlady.

Mrs. Tucker was a woman who believed in the worm-catching powers of the early bird, and she had already determined that she would force as strongly as possible her claim to control Betty's affairs.

This prospect dismayed the child, and so accustomed was she to accepting Mrs. Tucker's word as law that she seemed to see her anticipated home slipping from her grasp.

When Betty became excited her speech grew more Irish, both in accent and diction, and now she responded to Mrs. Tucker's last remark in a real brogue:

"It 's a queer way you have of showin' it, then, ma'am, an' if that 's fondness, I 'll not be caring for the likes of it from you."

"There, there, Betty, you don't realize what you 're saying. You 're nervous to-night, and no wonder. Tell me all about it, my dear."

"There is n't much to tell, ma'am. I don't understand it all myself. Only, a gentleman came from Australia to look for the heirs of Dennis McGuire, and somehow he found me. And so all the money will be mine; and to-morrow morning Miss Van Court is coming to take me out to buy a parasol to make up for the one I spoiled for her that day."

"Well, then, I will have a talk with Miss Van Court when she comes. And now do you go to bed, Betty, for you need rest after all this excitement. You may have the large blue room next to mine, for the room you have been occupying is not suited to your present position."

She went with Betty to the blue room, and after she had left her for the night, the little girl crept into the pretty white bed, and felt that it at least was real, even if the fortune never came true.

She fell asleep in a moment, and dreamed that she had a hundred sashes, each of a different color, and a hundred long, curling feathers; that she was running to her new home with them, and Mrs. Tucker was running after her. And she thought she ran inside and locked the door. And then Mrs. Tucker seemed to set fire to the house, and just then, of course, Betty woke up, and found it was morning, and she was still in the blue room, and all kinds of beautiful things might happen before the day was over.

She hopped out of bed, and enjoyed, for the first time in her life, the luxury of making an unhurried toilet.

But her old faded frock seemed more distasteful to her than ever, and she looked longingly at the blue ribbons that held back the window-curtains. At last she decided to borrow them; for if the fortune-story was true, she could pay Mrs. Tucker for them, and if not, she could give them back.

So she converted them into a very becoming



"BETTY CONVERTED THE RIBBONS INTO A VERY BECOMING COLLAR AND BELT."

collar and belt, and stepped out into the hall, feeling half afraid that she was still dreaming.

But she was n't, and Mrs. Tucker at once took her in charge, and, leading her to the dining-room, gave her a breakfast such as she had seen, indeed, but never before eaten.

Soon after this Miss Van Court came, and, as she had planned, Mrs. Tucker received her and had an interview with her alone. But it could not have been very satisfactory to the landlady, for it was with a decidedly crestfallen air that she went to summon Betty.

When the child came in, Miss Van Court said only: "Good morning, Betty. Get your hat at once, and come with me for a drive."

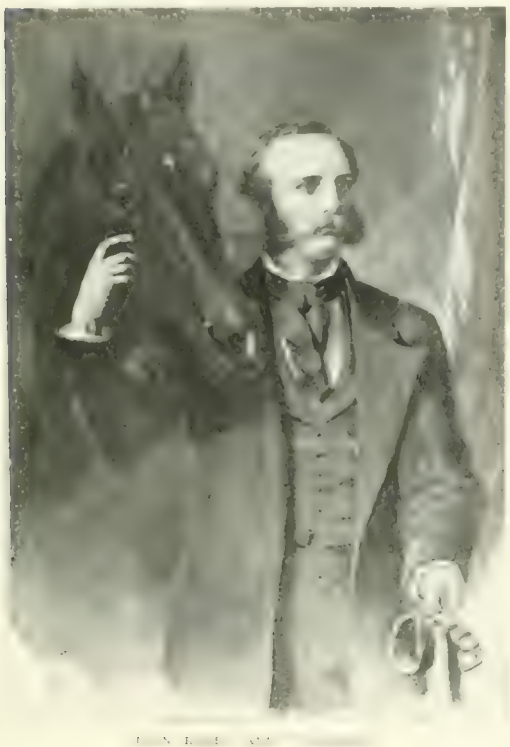
And then Betty McGuire went down the steps and out the gate of No. 27 Warren Street for the last time, and seating herself in Miss Van Court's carriage, she rolled away to begin her new life as a young heiress.

*(To be continued.)*

# AN INVINCIBLE HORSE-TAMER.

By Lida Rose McCabe

This is the story of an obscure country boy, whose love of horses "turned a leaf in civilization," and brought him, beyond any man of



his time, into close social intimacy with the crowned sovereigns of the world.

His name was John S. Rarey. Early in the century, his father — a Pennsylvanian Dutch farmer — cleared a tract of forest land on the outskirts of Ohio's capital. On this virgin spot was built a log cabin, in which the future horse-tamer was born. The cabin in time became the beginning of the village of Groveport, known half a century ago to lovers of horses throughout the civilized world.

While a babe in his mother's arms, it was young Rarey's delight to watch the animal life on the farm. To pet the horses and cows was ever to the boy a keen pleasure. When he could make his way alone to the farm-yard, it was observed that the friskiest colts were docile under the caressing strokes of the child's hand. John was the youngest of seven children. At this period he was the only child at home. The Rarey farm was isolated. Many miles lay between neighbors. Having no youthful playmates, his warm little heart made friends of the chickens, the cows, and the colts. At the age of three years it was his delight to ride astride the plow-horses.

One significant incident in the childhood of the "invincible horse-tamer" was frequently related by his mother. It occurred in his fourth year. The family being at the dinner-table, one day, it was discovered that the chair of the youngest was vacant. A servant was sent in quest of the truant. The fields, the barns, the hay-mounds were searched in vain. A terrific scramble was heard, at length, in a gravel roadway near by. To the horror of the distracted household, Johnny Rarey was discovered upon the back of the wildest colt on the farm!

Expecting to see the child fall to the ground every momont, the father started to his rescue; but, to the relief of the household, colt and rider soon reined up in safety at the barn door. When reproved for his conduct, the infant replied that he and the colt were the best of friends. To convince his father of his mastery of the colt, he mounted and dismounted, bridled and unbridled the animal, who, to the astonishment of the spectators, submitted to his young master's directions. His control of the colt was much talked of in the neighborhood. From that time the young horseman was in great demand to carry messages between the scattered farm-houses.

Before his ninth year his reputation for horsemanship in that part of the country was unri-



RAREY'S METHOD OF TAMING A REFRACTORY HORSE
THE FIRST STRAP IN PLACE

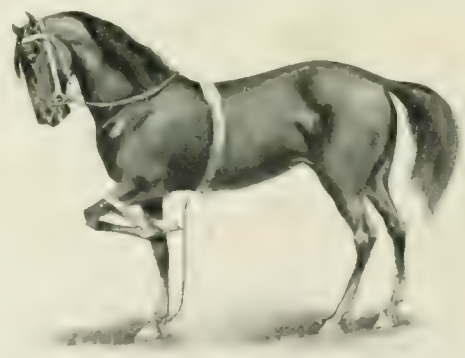
valed. With the awakening of his mental energies the boy realized that there was something wrong in the prevalent method of breaking horses. His childish soul recoiled at the cuffs and blows with which drivers were wont to subdue their animals. Throughout his school-days the subject of his compositions was "Man's Best Friend — the Noble Horse." His most ambitious effort was a rhyme, in which he sang the gospel of "kindness, patience, and firmness" in dealing with the brute creation.

The turning-point in his boyhood came on his twelfth birthday. His father, now an extensive dealer in horses, presented to him an unbroken pony, which the lad proceeded to train after his own ideas. Little attention was paid to his manœuvers with the pony until neighbors began to flock to the farm to see the animal's almost human antics. The boy had trained the pony until there seemed to be nothing beyond the quadruped's intelligence. But while family and neighbors applauded, the result was attributed to the pony's abnormal cleverness rather than to the boy's skill in training.

His success with the pony encouraged him to undertake the education of his neighbors' untrained horses. Gradually he found himself master of a prosperous and attractive business. For miles round his boyhood home, pupils sought instruction in his method of training. All this came about while he was still in his teens. In stature he was a medium-sized youth with a well-proportioned figure, wiry and active rather than muscular. His complexion was almost effeminately fair. His hair was flaxen, his eyes large and gray. In manners and speech, as boy and man, he was always a gentleman. When not engaged in conquering a fractious horse, his fair face had the kindly repose of a poet's. Observation in the animal world early convinced him that the horse had intellectual endowment in harmony with man's. He soon learned that his greatest successes were the result of kind treatment, firmness, and perseverance. Colts, however wild, he observed, allowed cows, sheep, and other domestic animals to associate with them unmolested.

Young Rarey cultivated a close friendship with the wildest colts, and his kindly advances were never repulsed. Not unfrequently, they gave demonstration of positive delight. He went to Texas, where he spent months with the wild horses of the plains, who yielded as readily as had his farm-yard "incorrigibles" to the underlying principles of his system —"kindness, fearlessness, patience."

To carry out this plan of subjection without violence, Rarey used two small straps. One he attached to the near fore foot of the horse when bent, and bound it closely up by the hock and fore arm. The other strap he afterward fixed to the off fore foot, passing it under the surcingle, and holding it in the hand. The first strap hampered the horse, and prevented him from running or kicking; the second, by the application of slight force, drew up the other fore leg. After a struggle the horse was then brought down on his knees and gently thrown on his side, until gradually his vast strength yielded to what seemed, to his intelligence,



METHOD OF APPLYING THE SECOND STRAP.

overpowering force. By this simple plan Rarey taught the horse that though man is his master, yet he is a friend.

The value of his method lies largely in the fact that it may be taught to and successfully practised by a plowboy of thirteen or fourteen years of age, on all save extremely vicious or powerful horses. Young Rarey now felt that he had a mission — to go forth and teach all nations the substitution of kindness for brutality in the management of horses. To that land where the horse is more respected than elsewhere — England — he turned, in 1857. It was a skeptical and suspicious audience that attended the first private exhibition the adventurous young American gave on English soil. Horses unmanageable in the hands of their owners, if not positively vicious, — horses the Ohio country boy had never seen until they were brought into the ring, — were submitted to his manipulation. His success elicited unbounded enthusiasm. Particularly were the cavalry officers in her Majesty's service his admirers. To the delight of young Rarey, he was invited to Prince Albert's farm, near Windsor Castle. Colonel Hood, the Prince's equerry, and his wife, Lady May Hood, received him, and were not slow in making his skill known to the Queen. An exhibition before the Queen followed, which not only surpassed the most sanguine expectations of her Majesty and all the royal spectators, but opened to the young American a career in many respects without a parallel in history.



AFTER A STRUGGLE THE HORSE WAS BROUGHT DOWN.

So sudden and brilliant a success did not fail to invite suspicion, if not enmity. Rarey was accused of using drugs, "casting the evil eye," and kindred occult arts. The crucial test, however, came in the form of a challenge from no less a personage than Lord Dorchester. The latter was the owner of a fine, blooded racehorse, "Cruiser," a favorite for the Derby. A month before one Derby Day the horse had broken down. Like all horses of the same family, his temper was not the mildest, and his owner was glad to get rid of him. When started for Rawcliffe, the groom who had him in charge was told on no account to put him in a stable, as he would never get him out. This injunction was, of course, disregarded. When the groom wanted refreshments he put Cruiser in the public stable, and left him. To get him out, the roof of the building had to be ripped off. Few were bold enough to venture into Cruiser's inclosure. The



"SEE, LADIES, THE HORSE DOES NOT EVEN STIR."

horse's temper had depreciated his value five thousand dollars.

For three years he had been abandoned to himself. Tormented by huge bits loaded with chains, his head was incased in a complication of iron ribs and plates, so that he had to procure his food by licking it up with his tongue. Oppression and cruelty had made him a demon. He resented the approach of any one by fearful screams and yells of hate and fury. He snapped an iron bar, an inch in diameter, in two pieces with his teeth. The heavy planks that formed his prison he frequently kicked into splinters.



MR. RAREY'S PETS — TWO SHETLAND PONIES.

"Cruiser, I think," said Lord Dorchester, in his challenge, "would be the right horse in the right place to try Mr. Rarey's skill; and the sooner the experiment is made, the better. If he can ride Cruiser as a hack I guarantee him immortality and enough ready money to make a British bank-director's mouth water."

"I will tell you," said Mr. Rarey, in recounting this crowning incident of his career, "what happened at my first interview with Cruiser. I believe there is some cause for everything a horse does. He acts according to the impressions on his mind. Instead of throwing out a stick to fight him, when I first approached Cruiser, I threw open the door and walked in. He was astonished at seeing this, and more so at my exhibiting no fear. He had on his head a large muzzle, lined inside and out with iron. He had worn it three years, until it bored a hole in his head. I took it off, and he never wore it again."

In three hours Lord Dorchester was able to mount Cruiser, and Rarey rode the horse as a hack to London. Cruiser became the property of his tamer. The fortune of Mr. Rarey was made. All classes, headed by the nobility, flocked to his lectures and exhibitions. Lord Palmerston opened the subscription list to Mr. Rarey's private instructions, given in the riding-academy of the Duke of Wellington. Queen Victoria was among the first to express joy at the regeneration of Cruiser, and to regret the hard usage to which the horse had been subjected. Frequently she caressed the beautiful creature with her own hand. On the eve of the marriage of the Princess Royal, Mr. Rarey was invited by the Queen to give in the riding-school at Buckingham Palace an exhibition before the royal guests summoned to the wedding. The next day he was honored by an invitation to the wedding at St. James's Palace.



MR. RAREY LEADING "CRUISER" FROM THE STABLE.

Under the favorable influence of kind treatment, Cruiser rapidly improved in appearance. His rough, shaggy coat was shed for one of the luster of satin. Festive in a royal-purple silk

bridle, with rosettes of gold filigree, and the look of a war-horse in his high-bred nostrils, he followed his master through the capitals of Europe. Everywhere throughout his travels in the Old World, Mr. Rarey gave free lectures and exhibitions to cab and truck-drivers. In his remarkable collection of souvenirs is a gold medal of wonderfully fine workmanship, presented Mr. Rarey by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

His skill was not confined to horses. His most signal achievement in England was the conquest of a zebra. Naturalists, from the days of Aristotle to Cuvier, had pronounced a zebra untamable.



Rarey expended four hours in giving the creature its first lesson of subordination to kindly meant authority. It was a most exhausting task. Afterward he acknowledged that he would rather tame four hundred horses than one zebra. Conquered, the striped brute walked, trotted, and ambled in the ring as if trained from infancy. To the delight and astonishment of his audience, he mounted and rode the zebra. It was probably the first time such a feat was accomplished. The story of his three years' wandering in the Old World has all the charm of a tale of necromancy. Space is wanting in these days of condensation to recall his triumphs before the crowned heads of Sweden and Prussia, where he met Baron Humboldt, the "King of Science," or his reception by the Emperor and Empress of Russia, who never ceased to wonder at his subjection of a wild horse of the steppes that had been presented to the Emperor by the Cossacks, and threatened the life of every one that approached him. Not only did Mr. Rarey conquer this wild horse, but he rode him from the royal country-seat to St. Petersburg, into the very presence of the Emperor. His study of the horse he pursued into Arabia, where he was frequently called upon by the natives to exercise his skill.

At three-and-thirty, the once obscure Ohio country boy had world-wide fame, and had earned a hundred thousand dollars, a fortune very unusual in those times. To his native village he returned, a more loyal American, if possible, than when he set sail.

Groveport never fully recovered from his arrival. It is one of the traditions of the village. With him came Cruiser, and many fine horses and ponies from the Shetland Islands. On the site of the old log cabin he built a spacious mansion. There he surrounded his beloved mother with every comfort and luxury. At the mansion was his wonderful collection of souvenirs, medals, and all books on horse-training written since Xenophon proclaimed, more than two thousands years ago, that "horses are taught, not by harshness, but by gentleness." Mr. Rarey laid out a race-track,



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF MR. RAREY.

and in the rear of the mansion built a paddock for Cruiser.

It was the day of stage-coaches, and rarely did one pass the mansion without leaving travelers bent on paying a visit of respect or curiosity to the man who had "opened up a new era to the human race." For several years Mr. Rarey traveled with Cruiser, repeating in the United States the triumphs that had been his abroad. His lectures and exhibitions vied with the grand opera in vogue and attendance.

His inseparable companion was "Prince," a tiny Shetland pony, which he had trained until it was almost human. He was wont to pick the pony up and carry it about like a pet dog in his arms.

Cruiser's hind feet were never shod. They were like iron. The interior of his paddock in the Rarey farm was decorated, in time, with a frieze made by his rebellious hoofs. Cruiser traveled in a special car, like a prima donna of the grand opera. Attendants were always sent in advance to erect an inclosure for him. No ordinary stable sufficed his kingship. Great difficulty was met in retaining grooms. Cruiser's record was too terrifying. He once would have killed the English groom that accompanied him to this country, had not the master come to the rescue. So great was the groom's fright that he begged to be released from service.

A picturesque sight on the Groveport pike, in those days, was the invincible horse-tamer driving a team of elks to the capital.

Across the road from the mansion Mr. Rarey laid out seven hundred acres with fine trees, many of which he had transported, at great expense, from Europe. It was his purpose to convert it into a magnificent zoölogical garden for the rarest animals. To write a complete manual of his system of horse-training, and the story of his travels, were other achievements he planned, never to realize.

In the flush of youth and fame and fortune, rich in an observant, reflective mind, and the kindliest, most lovable of characters, John S. Rarey died, in his thirty-ninth year. Shortly before his death he said:

"If I could only get back once more to the old farm, and put my arms round my dear horses' necks, I believe I should get well."



MR. RAREY'S HOUSE IN GROVEPORT, OHIO

# The Seamstress

By Harriot Brewer Sterling.



Miss Dorothy Dot, in her little red chair,
Put her thimble on with a matronly air,

And said: "From this piece of cloth, I guess,
I 'll make baby brother a lovely dress."

She pulled her needle in and out,
And over and under and round about,



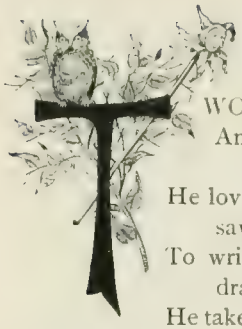
And through and through, till the snowy lawn
Was bunched and crumpled and gathered and drawn.

She sewed and sewed to the end of her thread;
Then, holding her work to view, she said:

"This is n't a baby-dress, after all;
It 's a bonnet for my littlest doll!"

# TWO LITTLE SERVING-MEN.

By J. Edmund Vance Cooke.



TWO little serving-men have I,
And one is strong and very spry.
He loves to hammer, plane, and saw,
To write and, sometimes, even draw.
He takes my hat and hangs it up;
He reaches down my drinking-cup;
He winds my top, and throws my ball.
I could n't get along at all
Without this little serving-man
Who helps me out in every plan.

The other sympathizes, too,
But is not half so quick to *do*.
Some things he does quite well, but my!
Some others he won't even try.
He will not split the kindling-wood,
And yet, he is so very good
He holds it while the other chops.
He also helps him wind my tops;
But spin them? He can't spin at all.
You ought to see him throw a ball!
Just like a girl! And — it 's a shame,
But he can hardly write his name.

And yet, these serving-men are twins,
And look as like as two new pins.
I think, perhaps, you 'll understand
If you should know their name. It 's Hand,
And one, you know, is Right and deft;
And one, of course, is slow and Left.

And yet, you know, I often find
That if I 'm calm with Left, and kind,
He 'll do a lot of things, although
He 's awkward and a little slow;
And so I often think, perhaps
He 's much like me, and other chaps,
Who *know* enough to do our part,
But some quick fellow, extra smart,
Jumps in and does it first, and so
We just get *used* to being slow.
And that 's the way we don't get trained,
Because, perhaps, we 're just *left-brained!*

# NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

By Florence Folsom.

The Earth is a giant birthday cake,
A gift to Father Time;
And an icing white the snow doth make,
Sparkling with silver rime.

The stars, as many as Time hath years,
For candles stand and shine.
They were never so bright as on this night
Of eighteen ninety-nine!




The dear little god
of St. Valentine's Day
Is frequently pictured
as dressed in this way
But I think when the weather's
"way down below zero,"
That this is the costume
for our little hero.
Alice W. Kimball

# A LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL.

By Frances Bent Dillingham.

I 've just begun to go to school;
I 'm tired as can be.
I can't remember every rule—
How each one turns and sits and stands,
And how each one must fold her hands—
Each little girl like me.

But that is not the worst to tell:
I 'd like to have you see
The lots of words we have to spell.
There 's hundreds we must learn by heart.
Grown folks forget they 're much more smart
Than little girls like me.

The world is spread out big and wide,
With rivers, land, and sea,
And hard long names on every side.
(The maps are pink and blue and brown.)
We just supposed there was our town—
The little girls like me.

There 's books and books and books to read!
We study history.
You would n't think there 's any need
To have so many lessons more
'Bout things we never heard before—
The little girls like me.

My teacher says she thinks I may
Learn even more than she
If I will study every day.




Of course there 's many things to know,
But she says all wise ladies grow
From little girls like me.

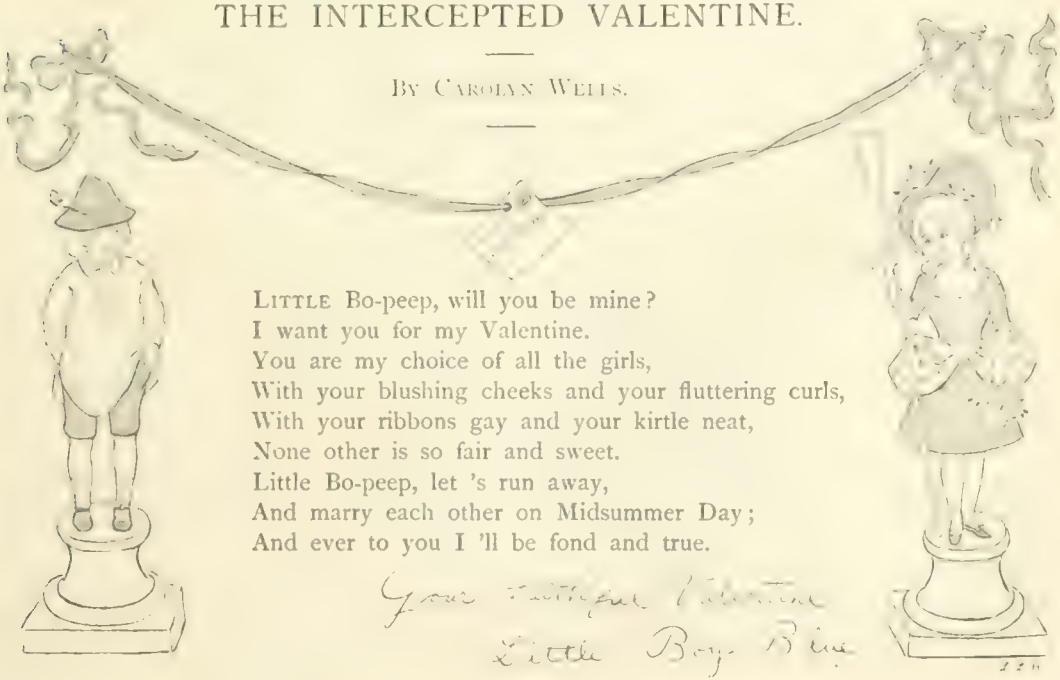




FEBRUARY 14. "HIS DAY."

# THE INTERCEPTED VALENTINE.

By Carolyn Wells.



Little Bo-peep, will you be mine?
I want you for my Valentine.
You are my choice of all the girls,
With your blushing cheeks and your fluttering curls,
With your ribbons gay and your kirtle neat,
None other is so fair and sweet.
Little Bo-peep, let 's run away,
And marry each other on Midsummer Day;
And ever to you I 'll be fond and true.

Your faithful Valentine
Little Boy Blue

# BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY.

By E. H. House.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter VII.

### GRECIAN PAINTERS.

"We may be reasonably sure," continued Uncle Claxton, "that the painters of Greece were not behind the sculptors in merit. A race so gifted in the one branch of art could hardly be deficient in the other. But we have no means of judging for ourselves. Canvases and colors do not last like marble, and the pictures which were considered marvelous two thousand years ago have long ceased to exist, while the men who produced them are known only by their names. In their day, however, these names were mighty. Zeuxis, one of the friends of Pericles, had so high an opinion of his own best works that he refused to sell them at any price; and Parrhasius, his chief rival, went about in purple robes, like a monarch, and wore a golden crown, to show that he considered himself a king in his own sphere. It is recorded that these two geniuses once engaged in a contest of skill which had rather a comical ending."

"I know that story!" exclaimed Harry, suddenly.

"Do you, my boy? Then you shall tell it to us, here and now."

"Oh, uncle, I did n't mean that," Harry remonstrated, a little abashed.

"I suppose not," said Uncle Claxton. "Still, I don't see why I should not be relieved just once. Come, let us have it. Silence, all of you but one! Harry has the floor."

Harry looked first at his uncle, and then at his brothers and sisters, with a much less confident air than he was accustomed to wear; but the idea of disputing the order he had received did not for a moment enter his thoughts.

"Well, uncle," he presently began, "I may not remember everything, but I will tell it to you as well as I can. Zeuxis was the one to start the business. He went around Athens 'with his chin in the air,' as Mr. Besant says, telling folks he could make better pictures than all the other fellows put together. Parrhasius did n't think he could stand that, on any terms; so they challenged each other, and it was arranged that each of them must get up as good a piece of work as he could, and let the public decide which should hold the championship. Zeuxis led off with a man carrying a basket of grapes, life-size; and Parrhasius followed with only a big curtain. When the show opened, a lot of birds flew to the grapes and tried to nibble them. The people went wild over that, and Zeuxis felt sure he was going to win in the first round. He called out to Parrhasius to hurry and lift his curtain, if there was anything worth looking at behind it; and then the match came to a quick finish, for the curtain was the picture, you see, and there was nothing at all on the other side. As soon as Zeuxis saw how the thing stood, he owned up that he was n't in it. He had only fooled a flock of birds, but Parrhasius had caught a first-class painter, who ought to have known all the tricks of the trade. Then Parrhasius held *his* chin in the air, and walked off with the belt. But Zeuxis behaved very decently after it was all over. He admitted that his man carrying the grapes must have been badly done, or else the birds would n't have dared to go near him; so for that alone he deserved to be counted out. That 's all there is of it, I believe. What are you laughing at, uncle? Have n't I told it right?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Claxton, as soon as he could get his face straight; "right enough, after a fashion; though I never heard it just that way before, and I did n't expect you to report it as if it were an Athenian prize-fight. I hope your sporting phrases have n't been all Greek to Amy and Louise. However, you

have the facts in good order, and now I should like to know where you found them."

"I say, uncle!" exclaimed Harry, looking blank, "must I tell that?"

"Not unless you wish to; but why should you object? Ah, there 's Amy smiling to herself! If she is in the secret, I think we might all share it."

"Amy knows, of course," answered Harry, growing a little red. "She saw the story first, and showed it to me. Oh, well, there 's nothing to hide. It is in Ollendorff — one of the exercises at the end of the book."

"I see," said Uncle Claxton, "though I did not suppose you had reached the end of Ollendorff yet."

"We have n't," Amy explained; "but we turn the leaves over, sometimes, when the lessons are dull."

"And sometimes they are," added Harry, emphatically,—"awfully dull to us, at any rate."

Uncle Claxton laughed loud and long before he spoke again. "You youngsters pick up history in odd places," he said at last. "But I must caution you about that anecdote of the grapes and the curtain. It may be true that there was a contest of the kind described, but it could not have been serious. No great artist would think it much of a triumph to deceive either animals or human beings by a knack of imitation; and these men, in spite of their huge conceit, were artists of the highest rank. A remark of Zeuxis has come down to us from which we can see that he was no careless trifler, at all events. When a painter named Agatharcus praised himself for quickness in getting through his work, Zeuxis rebuked him, saying: 'If I boast, it shall be of the slowness with which I finish mine!' He and Parrhasius may have amused themselves by trying to cheat birds or men, but they would do so only in fun. No doubt they knew what fun was. Perhaps Zeuxis had too keen a sense of humor, for we are told that it cost him his life. He went into such a fit of mirth over a droll picture he had made of an old woman, that he broke a blood-vessel, and died instantly."

"I should like to see that picture!" cried Harry.

"Probably you would," said Uncle Claxton, "though I am afraid your reason is not a very good one. By and by I hope you will have better grounds for being sorry that we have no specimens of what the Greek painters did — not only Parrhasius and his companions, but those of a century later, who were at least equally renowned. They were all hard and patient workers. One of them, named Protogenes, gave seven years to a single picture illustrating the legend of Ialysus and his dogs. To show what self-denial he was capable of for the sake of his art, I may tell you that during all that time he lived upon thin and tasteless herbs, believing that if he took substantial food he could not keep his nerves steady or his judgment clear. He was finishing this piece, at Rhodes, when Demetrius, known as Poliorcetes, or the Taker of Cities, captured that place. During the siege Demetrius set fire to the greater part of the city, and he might have subdued it much more quickly if he had also burned the district where Protogenes had his studio; but he preferred to wait, rather than disturb the artist. Apelles, who was visiting Rhodes, and who was considered the first painter of that age, thought that his friend had labored too long over this particular work, which he believed might have been better done in less time. People said that his opinion was upheld by a curious circumstance that happened. Protogenes had tried repeatedly to represent the froth on the mouth of a fierce dog, but could not satisfy himself. Vexed at his failure, he threw a sponge at the canvas, and, to his surprise, produced the very effect he needed. The picture was afterward carried to Rome, where Cicero saw it and recorded the incident. You are not to suppose, however, that Apelles was ever hasty or careless. No one could be more painstaking, and his industry was proverbial. 'Not a day without a stroke' was the maxim he adopted. He was especially favored by Alexander the Great, who gave him the same privilege, in his art, that Lysippus enjoyed as a sculptor. He alone was permitted to paint portraits of the mighty warrior, who, though a generous master, was apt to be extremely exacting. Apelles had to bear some adverse criticism at times, and he did not always take it quietly. He made a likeness of Alex-

ander on horseback, which his patron found fault with persistently, until a live horse caught sight of it, and ran up, neighing in salutation to the counterfeit steed. Then Apelles had the pleasure of remarking that the animal appeared to be a better judge than the monarch. This was more creditable to his courage and independence than to his artistic sense; for, as I have told you, it is not praiseworthy in the fine arts to copy nature so exactly as to mislead spectators. Moreover, Alexander was probably right in this case. Old writers have testified that the portrait was not up to the proper standard of Apelles."

"And did all these artists send their works to Athens?" Amy inquired.

"Oh, no. Athens was the chief center while Pericles governed, but the painters were more scattered afterward. The most celebrated group settled at Sicyon, where a school was founded by Pamphilus,— another man who honored his art above all things. Through his influence a law was passed permitting only the sons of noble and virtuous families to study painting.

"Apelles had been a pupil of Pamphilus, and though he traveled in many lands at a later period, he always gratefully recalled his connection with Sicyon. Nor was he ever forgotten there. That city was long oppressed by cruel usurpers, who were at last overthrown and killed in a revolution. The leader of the people, Aratus, ordered that all the portraits of the tyrants should be destroyed; but he was induced by the artist Nealces to spare a portion of one of the condemned pieces because it was known that Apelles had worked upon it. The figure of the despot was effaced, but the surrounding details were suffered to remain, out of respect to the memory of the great master.

"Hundreds of fine pictures were kept in Sicyon until Greece lost her liberty entirely, and then they were seized by one invader after another, and taken to Rome. Our friend Lucullus was fortunate enough to purchase one of the best — a famous composition by Pausias — for the small sum of two talents. I can't tell you the exact amount in our money, for the value of the talent was not the same in all countries, nor equal in different parts of the same country; but I think it was about one thousand dollars."

"That does seem a small price," said Amy, "when you think of what was paid for statues."

"Yes, my dear; and especially when we think of what so high an authority as Pliny wrote about the value of Grecian paintings. Speaking of Melanthius, another of the Sicyon fraternity and a student under Pamphilus, he said that a single one of his works was fairly worth the entire wealth of a city. But when the Romans bought these treasures, the Greeks were in desperate financial straits, and not in a position to make their own terms. Sicyon, for example, was so encumbered with debt, a little before Cæsar's time, that almost the whole mass of pictures stored there for centuries passed into the possession of a rich edile named Scaurus, at a comparatively insignificant price. The ediles were the local magistrates of Rome; and when Scaurus held this office, it pleased him to build a magnificent theater, or circus, large enough to hold thirty thousand persons,— some say more than twice that number,— which he decorated with thousands of statues and pictures, among which were his prizes from Sicyon. As the power of Rome increased, scarcely any of the noble artistic productions of Greece were left in the land of their creation. All that the conquerors could lay their hands on were transferred to Italy. It is rather a pity that the stupendous design of the architect Stasicrates was not carried out. The Romans would have been puzzled to displace the monument which he projected, if Alexander had allowed him to execute it."

"I should think that anything a man could make might also be moved," said Percy.

"In this case," his uncle explained, "it would have been necessary to move a mountain. Stasicrates conceived the idea of transforming Mount Athos, in Thrace, into a huge statue. He told Alexander that he would undertake to make a human figure of it, in such an attitude that a city of ten thousand inhabitants should lie in the left hand and a broad river flow through the right to the sea. As long as the world should hold together, he promised that this memorial should stand and testify to the grandeur of his royal master. If Alexander

had said the word it would have been done. There was nothing superhuman in the enterprise. The building of the pyramid of Cheops was quite as laborious a task. But the plan did not win the monarch's approval. He made the practical objection that the country about Mount Athos was too bare and unproductive to supply the proposed city with food; so he denied himself the glory of having a mountain carved into his likeness, and Greece lost the chance of owning one work of art of which she never could be robbed."

The dinner was at an end, and Uncle Claxton gave the signal for leaving the table.

"Let us take another turn in my showrooms," he said. "You did n't catch sight of my new acquisitions while you were there. Before going home you can spend another hour looking at them, and get some notions about the world upside down."

## Chapter VIII.

### THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN.

Uncle Claxton led the small party to a section of his museum in which a profusion of Oriental rarities lay scattered about, the walls being hung with bows and arrows, spears, swords, and quaint pictures on silk, while curious lanterns, some very beautiful in shape and rich in color, were suspended here and there from the ceiling.

"But we know all these," said Percy, glancing around. "This is the Japanese room."

"You have not examined closely," his uncle replied. "A fresh lot came only a few days ago — not large, but more interesting than my old collection."

"What did you mean, uncle," asked Dick, "by 'the world upside down'?"

"I must send you to the big globe in the hall, my boy. Louise will go with you and point out Japan. You will see that it is on the opposite side of the earth, and if you could look through the planet you would see the people who live there really walking upside down — or nearly so."

The two youngest children went as bidden, and on their return Master Dick had more new questions to ask than could be attended to conveniently.

"Wait till we are alone some day," his uncle told him. "Then I will try to make all these things clear to you. But the others understand them already, and it would n't be fair to take up their time now."

"Although we know it is true," said Amy, "it does seem too strange for anything that the Japanese should walk with the soles of their feet turned toward ours."

"As ours are toward them," answered Uncle Claxton. "They have as much right to say we are upside down as we have to call them so. When they first began to compare our habits and customs with theirs, and found how directly opposite they were in many respects, they thought almost everything we did was topsy-turvy. But they have adopted plenty of our methods since then, and turned them to excellent account."

"Were you upside down, uncle, when you lived there?" demanded Dick.

"I was like everybody else in that region, Dick. When I stood up my feet were turned toward the earth's center, and you might call my position upside down, if you compare it with the way in which we are standing here. But that was only my bodily attitude. I did not follow all the Eastern ideas that were contrary to my experience. If I went riding, I did not beautify my steed by putting on his tail and ears bags of bright-colored brocade, such as are hanging in yonder corner; nor did I mount from the right side of the horse, which was formerly considered the proper way in Japan. The ordinary lanterns and umbrellas of that country are made of paper, like those you see in this room; but I preferred glass for the one, and silk for the other — though I can't tell exactly why. When I rowed my boat on the river, I pulled the oars, instead of pushing them, with a peculiar twist, as the Japanese do. If I happened to sneeze, I did not feel bound to tap myself on the shoulder immediately after, which is the invariable rule among them. In celebrating the Fourth of July I set off my rockets and Roman candles at night, though in that country daylight is considered more suitable for fireworks — as it also

is for the theatrical performances. In building me a house, the workmen began with the foundation, not with the roof—"

"Excuse me, uncle," interrupted Harry; "it can't be possible that the Japanese build their roofs first?"

"Indeed it is. I don't mean that they go to work in mid-air, without anything to rest upon. Aladdin's Lamp would be needed for that sort of architecture. They do set up supporting posts at the corners, and stretch scaffoldings all around; but then they start with their roof, and generally finish it at once, filling in the lower parts afterward."

"I suppose nobody but a Japanese would take hold of the wrong end in that fashion," said Percy.

"They don't think it the wrong end, and no doubt they have their reasons, as the ancient Egyptians had theirs for completing the tops of the pyramids first. The pyramids, I may tell you, were originally faced with smooth, polished stone, which had to be laid from the summit downward, because no workman could have kept his footing on the slippery surface. As to Japanese roofs, their construction requires more care and labor than all the rest of a house, and it is found convenient to get through with them at the outset. In recent years, however, many buildings have been put up in our style, and the old process may be abandoned before long. Those people are almost too ready to lay aside what they have always been accustomed to, and love change for the sake of novelty."

"But if the changes are good for them?" suggested Amy.

"Ah, my dear, that is often a hard matter to decide! On some points their original ideas are certainly better than those they take from us. Look at their umbrellas, for a small example. Don't you think that the people of the East ought to know more about them than we do? They have been used in Asia for ages, but were scarcely heard of in Europe until two or three hundred years ago."

"I have seen a picture," said Amy, "of the first Englishman who carried one. He was surrounded by a crowd of boys pointing at him and jeering at the strange object."

"That was Jonas Hanway, a traveling merchant," her uncle explained. "He took home from the East an umbrella, which was supposed by many of his countrymen to be the first seen in Europe. But it was not the first, nor anything like it. Long previous to his time, umbrellas were known on the Continent, and were not entirely unheard of even in the British Islands. The observant author Montaigne noticed some in Italy in the sixteenth century. Drayton, an English poet, spoke of them early in the seventeenth. Jonas Hanway did not return from Asia until about the middle of the eighteenth century; and a few years before that, the great General Wolfe, who afterward conquered Canada, had written a letter from Paris, saying that these convenient inventions were common in the streets of Paris, and expressing surprise that they had not been introduced into his own country. Hanway attracted particular attention because he persisted in carrying one through the streets of his native town, in spite of the uncomplimentary remarks of his neighbors, who promptly made up their minds that a thing so new and singular could not possibly be tolerated. After hooting at it and its owner for a while, they concluded to adopt it; and the wonder is that they did not claim it as an original native production. But the East has always been the natural home of the umbrella. In Japan nobody is without one; and, to my thinking, the cheap paper article, which costs only ten or twenty cents, and serves its purpose perfectly well, is much more sensible than the costly contrivances that we turn out! What is wrong with this?"—and Uncle Claxton unfolded a large Japanese umbrella, made of daintily tinted paper, with a bright-red border. "It is a gay and cheerful object to the eye, and is so shaped that it sends the rain away from the holder, which ours do not. Two persons can walk under this, and neither need get wet. If two persons use an American umbrella, neither can keep dry. You must not imagine that paper is necessarily a weak or flimsy material. Light as it seems, it has strength enough to take the place of iron for some purposes. Such solid objects as the wheels of railroad-cars have been made of it. Many a time, in the East, I have worn paper



"HANAWAY AUSTIN HE ATTENDED TO A SICK HE FELT LED TO ARRIVING ON SMALL A FOR OF THE STREETS A BE SAFER DOWN."

overcoats — not for warmth, but for protection against rain or moisture. They have often kept me from catching a chill in the damp climate. Now, their lanterns, which I mentioned awhile ago, you can't help admiring. Although in Tokio I had mine made of metal and glass, so that they should not catch fire, I must say the paper style is vastly prettier and more ornamental. Look

at those four hanging in my window. They are really works of art, both in form and coloring. If you want a splendid illumination for any festivity, you can have nothing cheaper or



"ZEUXIS CALLED OUT TO PARRHASIUS TO HURRY AND LIFT HIS CURTAIN."

more tasteful. Then, as to fireworks, no doubt the night is the most appropriate time for them; but the daylight displays of Japan are none the less marvels of ingenuity. They owe their effect to combinations of smoke, variously tinted, and to figures of animals and human beings, or sometimes temples, ships, and palaces, made of paper, stretched upon wires, and folded compactly into bombs. When shot upward from mortars, and let loose high in the air, they spread out to a great size, and float gracefully to the ground. Wait till Independence Day, and you shall see some of these that have been sent to me. Another show for which the broad sunshine seems unsuitable to us is the theatrical play. We have our matinées, of course, but we use gas and electric burners in the afternoon as we do at night. The reason for day performances by the Japanese is a very matter-of-fact one. Until recently they had no means of lighting their buildings artificially. The whole nation was in the dark, or very nearly so, after sunset, and evening exhibitions were out of the question. So their plays began — as, indeed, they still do — early in the morning, and lasted as long as the actors could be seen moving about. People have their meals brought in from restaurants, and eat them between the acts."

"Then they have no changes from light to shadow," said Percy.

"Only by a very clumsy process. If they want to represent a scene of darkness, they send men to close all the window-shutters in the house, which takes a deal of time and makes a lot of noise. On the whole, the Japanese theaters are years behind ours. The actors are good, but the practice of employing men to play women's parts spoils the natural effect of all they do. Their dresses are gen-

erally superb, but they know next to nothing about scenery or mechanical illusions, and their only really ingenious device is the revolving stage. This is exactly like a railway turn-table, so arranged that everything in sight of the audience can be shifted around while the action goes on. For certain transformations it is an immense advantage to swing the entire stage in a circle; and our theaters have no machinery quite equal to it. But that is the only point of superiority they can possibly claim. We must look elsewhere to find things worth imitating among the Japanese."

"You told us, uncle," said Harry, "that their style of rowing was peculiar. How does that compare with ours?"

"Whether it enables them to make as good time as we do, or not," Uncle Claxton answered, "is still an open question, I believe; I have never heard of a thoroughly satisfactory trial of speed; but their boatmen can certainly keep at work longer and cover much greater distances than ours. The oars they use are big and heavy, and being made of two pieces of wood spliced together, they have a clumsy and unwieldy appearance. But their weight is not really a disadvantage, since they are never lifted out of the water. Our method of raising oars and swinging them back for each fresh stroke is undoubtedly a waste of force, and in this particular the Japanese have the better of us. Their motion is very much like our New England sculling, which every Boston boy should know all about; only, with us there can be but one sculler in a boat, standing at the stern, while there may be any number in a Japanese boat, ranged along the sides. It is a stirring sight to see a large fleet of fishing-craft dashing up the Sumida River, after a day's cruise at sea, each with a dozen or twenty stout fellows standing erect in double line from stem to stern, singing lustily in time to their swift strokes, and straining every muscle to reach the fish-market ahead of the others. As a picture of splendid physical vigor and good-humored strife, I think no American or English boat-race can excel it."

"They ought to be fine sailors," said Percy.

"None better in the world. The Japanese were a race of sea-rovers until one of their rulers made the stupid blunder of shutting off intercourse with the rest of mankind and compelling his people to stay at home. I have a model of one of their ancient ships in this big case. Help me unpack it, and you shall see the sort of vessel in which some of them crossed the Pacific Ocean about a century after America was discovered by Columbus."

*(To be continued.)*



THE ELVES' SPELLING LESSON

# THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT THE THREE WISHES



By Rupert Hughes.

As every one knows, young folks that never do what they should not do, and never leave undone what they ought to do, run a great risk of meeting some day a good fairy who will say, in a musical voice:

"Thomas" (or "Richard" or "Henry," as the case may be), "since you have been a good boy, the gracious King of the Fairies has decided to reward you bountifully. Any three wishes you may make will be granted, whatever they are. But be very careful what you choose!"

Now, there was once a lad named Albert Crane. He was related to the King of the fairies by the marriage of a great-uncle, on his mother's side, to the second cousin of an intimate friend of a passing acquaintance of a young man who had once saved the life of a fairy who was caught in a rain-storm about midnight and could not fly home. If she had stayed out till sunrise she would have died, as you all know; and her wings were so wet that she was having a sorry time of it when this young man picked her gently up by the nape of the neck, and hid her under a candle-snuffer till the next night, thus saving her from the fatal glance of the sun. And this is a thing you must all do when you find a fairy in distress; for fairies are like the unfixed proofs of a photograph: they fade into nothing under the glare of the sun.

Well, then, since this young man had befriended the fairy, the fairy King was eager to show his gratitude in any way and every way possible, even to relatives as far removed as the eye could reach. He was very anxious, for this reason, to grant the three wishes to Albert Crane. But Albert was such a mischievous little fellow that it seemed he would never be able to express his gratitude in that direction. The lowest average of good behavior on which the diploma of the three wishes will be granted is three weeks. (No wonder so few young people ever get the wishes!) Albert Crane seemed the most hopeless of all. He was so far from being able to stay good three weeks in succession that nothing could trap him into being good even one day in succession. There is no need of telling you all the mischievous things he did, because, if you have not already done them all yourself before, you might learn something new.

But just as the fairy King was giving up in despair, Albert fell sick, and was kept in bed for a whole month. He was too weak to carry out any mischief, or even to plan it; and the fairy King jumped at the chance to relieve himself of the debt he thought he owed to

Albert's mother's uncle's second cousin's intimate friend's passing acquaintance's young man.

So one day,— the first day Albert was strong enough to go out into the woods alone, and before he could rob any birds' nests or do anything else wrongful,— he was surprised beyond expression to see standing before him a beautiful girl with long brown hair and bright blue eyes, and a wand with a star on it. And on her shoulders grew beautiful butterfly wings that must have cost between $3.99 at Browny & Pixie's bargain-counter. Albert recognized her at once from her resemblance to the fairies in the picture-books; and for the first time he saw how true all such pictures are.

Before Albert could make up his mind to do what he usually did when he met pretty girls,— pull their hair till the tears came,— the fairy spoke to him, and said the words quoted above, except that in the printed blank the King had given her was written the name Albert instead of Tom, Dick, or Harry.

When Albert heard the fairy's little speech, which she delivered like a Friday afternoon recitation,— only she forgot the curtsy at the end,— he was too much amazed for a moment to say a word. His memory ran back over all the similar experiences of youngsters who had been accosted by fairies for some good deed. He had never expected any such experience himself, and was not prepared with an immediate answer; but he remembered the fates of several of the children to whom the gift of three wishes had been given.

Some of the boys asked, first, for all the candy they could eat; second, for all the red circus-lemonade they could drink; and third, for all the baseball runs they could score. Albert never forgot the fate of these poor wretches— the terrible stomach-aches the candy gave them, how sick they grew of lemonade, and how their baseball games lasted so long they could never go home to dinner or to bed. Because, of course, the three wishes they wished were fulfilled to the last degree, and they had no extra wish to save them from the penalty of the first three. Albert had read of other boys, who, unlike him, had always enjoyed Sunday-school, and never stole a ride on a wagon or threw a rock through a street-lamp. They always wished, first, for virtue; second, for wisdom; and third, for a chance to do good in the world. But these things did not appeal to



"ALBERT RECOGNIZED HER AT ONCE FROM HER RESEMBLANCE TO THE FAIRIES IN THE PICTURE-BOOKS."

Albert at all, for he was a little imp. His father called him a limb, though he never specified whether he was a hickory limb or a limb of "slippery-ellum."

Albert was very much puzzled over his wishes. He wanted so many things at once that his brain went into a whirl. He felt as if he had been tied in a merry-go-round for weeks. The whole world was one great merry-go-round to him.

The fairy stood and watched the boy till she remembered an appointment she had in China, a few minutes later, to carry the three wishes to a little pigtail, who would probably wish, first, for as much rice as he could eat; second, for as many fire-crackers as he could set off; and last (and least), for good luck with his lessons.

Then the fairy spoke as sharply as a street-car conductor saying "Step lively, there!" and brought Albert to his senses in a moment. Now, Albert was a lawyer's son, and a happy thought struck him. Instead of choosing any three wishes out of the thousand things a boy of his age could wish, he suddenly said, with a bluntness that took the fairy's breath away:

"If I choose one wish only, will you make me three times as sure of getting it?"

The fairy was too much startled to understand what this strange request might mean, and before she thought she accepted:

"Yes, if you wish."

"You promise?" persisted Albert.

"I promise," said the fairy.

"Well, then," said Albert, with the slowness of a judge, "I make this one wish: that every wish I make in all the rest of my life shall be granted."

This was something the fairy had not expected. She had never heard of such a thing, and it almost scared her to death to think what she had done. It would have scared her to death, if there were any death for fairies.

"I shall have to see the King," she cried; and before Albert could grab her by her back hair she had disappeared. Then Albert stood nonplussed for a moment, and wished he had not been so greedy. It made him sicker than he had been all the month before, and he felt very much like lying down and crying his eyes out. In fact, he had just decided that would be a good thing to do, when there was a buzz and a whizz and a flash, and there stood the King of the fairies himself.

Albert dropped down on his knees before the bright apparition, and heard the King saying:

"What trick is this you are trying to play on us? You are the worst boy that ever lived! I have been trying for half a year to keep you good long enough to grant you the three wishes, and now you try to play a trick upon me! As a punishment for your presumption, you shall have no wish at all."

But Albert, being a lawyer's son, was not to be put out of countenance, and he said, as if it were the Fourth of July and he were saying, "Give me liberty, or give me death":

"Your Majesty, whatever my past history may be, you have given your sacred promise, and you cannot break it."

The fairy King blustered and stormed and threatened and pleaded; but Albert was obstinate, and finally the King flew away in a great huff, snapping:

"Keep your old wish, then!"

So Albert went home very triumphant. Finding that he had walked a long way and was a little tired and weak from his illness, he wished for a beautiful Shetland pony; and before he knew how it came, there it was. So he got on its back, and just as he wished it would gallop away, even before he could say "Get up," it galloped. But Albert had never learned to ride before, and he was being jolted into a cream-cheese, when he wished that he might be an expert rider. So he was.

Remembering that his home was not a very beautiful one, for his father was a poor lawyer, — in both senses of the word, — he wished that he might find his mother and father and brothers and sisters in a beautiful mansion. So he did.

But when he went into this beautiful home he found that the butcher and the baker and the grocer had got tired of having their bills unpaid, and had refused to give his father any more credit; so, for all the beautiful house, there was nothing to eat; and much as the family was mystified at the change in their dwelling, they were not too much mystified to be hungry. So Albert simply wished all his father's bills receipted, and a beautiful dinner

served in the magnificent dining-room. So everything was done as he wished.

It would take all the rest of your life to tell all the beautiful experiences he had, so if you have anything else to do this year, we 'll skip most of it. He got his wisher so well trained that he could wish for so many things at one time that the whole fairy court had to quit all other work and attend to him. On beautiful moonlight nights they were too tired to dance in the woods. Besides, Albert was just as likely to wish in his sleep as when he was awake.

The fine thing about Albert's experience was that it was unlike that of the bad boys who had wished for candy and red lemonade. When they made themselves sick, there was nothing to do but suffer. When Albert over-ate, all he had to do was to wish himself cured. If there was an especially beautiful dinner before him, he wished himself an extra good appetite and digestion till he had finished all there was in sight and was tired of eating.



"HE WISHED FOR A LITTLE SHETLAND PONY — AND BEFORE HE KNEW HOW IT CAME, HE RODE IT WAS."

He wished to have Christmas every day until he got as tired of it as Mr. Howells' little girl grew. Then he wished for Fourth of July every day till that bored him. Then he wished that he might know all his lessons without going to school, until he found that one of the chief pleasures of knowledge is the pleasure of getting it. He wished that all the trees with birds' nests in them would be easy to climb until he saw how much pain he was causing

the mother birds, and how many songs he was hushing in the woods by robbing the nests of the eggs which would some day be songsters.

He wished his baseball nine to win all the games by tremendous scores, till he saw how uninteresting it was to be certain of everything.

In fact, in time he came to believe that, after all, life was very good and full of pleasures and opportunities just as it was, and without fairy power to change it. He saw the use of pain, and, understanding this, came to sympathize with the rest of the world, and to be very merciful and very charitable and very thoughtful.

But even this happiness palled on him. He was ashamed to be so different from the other boys, and he felt that he had no friends at all, because he was no fit companion for boys that had to work hard for all the fun they had, as well as all the serious things they accomplished. He saw that his life was merely one continued story of good luck — a mere fairy story; and he felt that he never deserved pleasures, because he had done nothing to earn them.

Besides, the other boys began to let him severely alone. They would n't play with him, they would n't go to school with him, and they would n't even fight with him. It would have been bad enough to be called "teacher's pet"; he could n't endure being called "fairy's pet."

One day, in his loneliness, he cried, "Plague take the wish! I wish I were without it!"



"THE FAIRY COURT STOOD ON THEIR HEADS WITH JOY WHEN THEIR LONG SERVICE WAS OVER."

Suddenly he felt something rip, and in a great fright he gasped, "No; I wish my wish to come back!" But when he wished for a glass of chocolate ice-cream soda to appear on a tree-stump near by, not a thing happened.

The fairy court stood on their heads with joy when Albert's wish came crashing through a window, and they knew their long service was over.

But Albert was happier still, for he was admitted to a ball game when he said he was no longer a professional wisher. And when he put up his hands to catch a "beauty" fly, he muffed it and got a bruised finger to boot. And when he went to bat he missed the ball three times. And he was so happy at being a human boy again that he hugged himself; and that evening he ran home crying: "Hooray! hooray! We lost the game!"

# BOOKS AND READING FOR YOUNG FOLK.

CONCERNING authors whose works were at first unwritten and carried in the memory alone, a ST. NICHOLAS contributor sends us this interesting answer to our inquiry:

If Homer, Æsop, and Epictetus had lived under different circumstances, they might have been able to write out the works which made them famous; for as far back as the mind can trace, there has always been some way of preserving the spoken thought after it has been uttered. Homer's poverty and supposed blindness might account for his poems having been long unwritten. Æsop and Epictetus, being slaves, probably could not obtain the expensive outfit which a scribe of that age required, even had they known how to write. The search for other authors whose works were first handed down by word of mouth, has added to the list the name of Socrates, who was surely an author if style, diction, and exactness of thought count for anything. At least, he founded a school of philosophy, and his words of wisdom have been preserved in the writings of his followers, especially Plato.

Then there is another ancient classic author, the poet Anacreon, born in Teos, a city on the coast of Asia Minor, about 562 B. C., in speaking of whom one account says: "The poets of his time *recited* their lines, lyre in hand, striking upon it the measure best suited to their songs; doubtless the poems of Anacreon were delivered in this way." It is possible that these verses were composed on the spot, and that memory alone has preserved them to us in their present form. The minstrels of all nations have handed down many of their best productions by word of mouth, singing their poems to the music of their harps. Among the most noted of these are Cædmon and Cadwallon. The former was an Anglo-Saxon who lived about the seventh century; the latter appeared in the early years of the Crusades; and both were sweet and inspired singers. BELLE MOSES.

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According to an article on "Valentine's Day," by Mr. Laurence Hutton, an attempt has been made to find biblical authority for valentines in the verse Esther ix., 19: "Therefore the Jews of the villages, that dwelt in the unwalled towns, made the fourteenth day of the month Adar a day of gladness and feasting, and a good day, and of sending portions one to another." But Mr. Hutton considers this reference hardly in point, since the month Adar seems to correspond as nearly to March as to February. The Jewish feast Purim takes place about this time.

Mr. Hutton adds that Valentine's day is mentioned by Chaucer, Lydgate, Shakspere, Drayton, and Donne, and quotes a writer in "Notes and Queries" who states that Valentine presents in the English town Norwich were marked "G. M. V.," for "Good Morrow, Valentine."

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A pleasant club has recently been formed in a small town. At their fortnightly meetings some interesting book, well illustrated, is selected to be read aloud by one of the members. The room is made dark, save for the disk of light from a shaded lamp in the reader's corner, and in the course of the reading the various pictures are thrown by a magic lantern upon a screen.

One precaution is especially important: the book or poem chosen for each session must not be too long, as, if the reading takes two evenings, the intervening time would tend to break the spell and decrease the interest.

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A half-hour taken from every twenty-four, and devoted to some reading that is really worth while, counts up in the days, weeks, months, and years. Care should be taken that the half-hour should have its settled place in the day's program.

An excellent time, in winter, is that pleasant period just after twilight, when the curtains are drawn and the family is waiting for dinner — a time often irksome to healthy young people. I know of a family who, in these spare hours, have, without effort, learned much of such wholesome works as Taine's "English Literature," "Plutarch's Lives," Macaulay's "Essays," Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," Prescott's histories, Ruskin's works, and the newly issued Tennyson's memoirs.

Thackeray's shorter writings are excellent for "half-hour" reading, and so is any book which one can take up and put down at will, feeling at the same time that something has been gained, a new idea planted, without that conscious "digging" for it which spoils so much of the pleasure of learning.

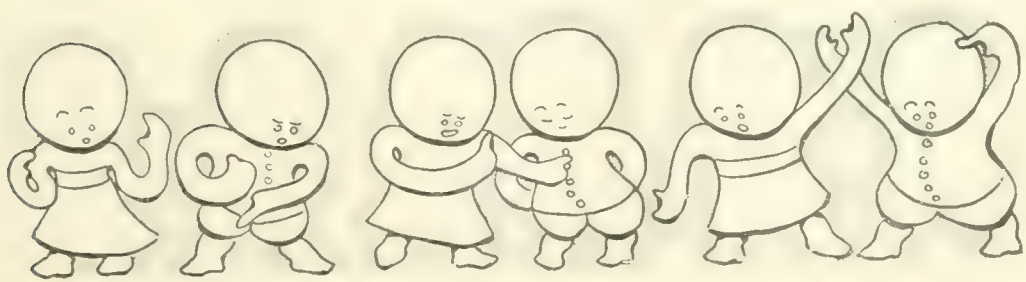




# INTERRUPTION

Don't interrupt your father when he 's
telling funny jokes,
Don't interrupt your mother when she 's
entertaining folks;
Don't interrupt a visitor, when he has
come to call,
In fact, it 's wiser, not to interrupt at
all!

*Gelett Burgess.*



# CURRENT EVENTS.

**THE MARCH OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.** The last years of the century witness an advance toward Anglo-Saxon precedence in the world. Anglo-American would be a better word, as it is the English people of various racial derivations and the American people of like origin who have come to the front. The pure-blooded "Anglo-Saxons" are but a small fraction of the population of both nations.

**THE TREATY WITH SPAIN.** A treaty of peace has ended the war with Spain. Spain gives up nearly all her colonies, and receives $20,000,000 to pay her for what she may have spent on the Philippine Islands. This treaty must be ratified by the United States Senate before it becomes a law. Many eminent Americans oppose the acquisition of the Philippines. Others see nothing but good therein. The real strength of either party cannot be justly estimated before the Senate acts upon the treaty. Though the United States may not permanently govern the Philippines, the mark of their occupation of the islands will remain. American ideas will have spread, whether American laws follow or not. And, after all, the daily habits of a people finally determine the laws they have, laws being only customs crystallized.

**COMMON SENSE IN DIPLOMACY.** The United States have not hesitated to say exactly what they meant in dealing with the Spanish Peace Commission; and diplomatists who think mystery is wisdom have sneered at "American diplomacy." As the American method has been entirely successful, it would seem worth while to be honest, even at the cost of the ignorant admiration of those who can see no "smartness" except where there is deceit.

**A GREAT CANAL.** The Americas may be divided by a canal cutting the land uniting them; the United States needs a waterway between the Atlantic and Pacific, and whatever the people of the United States really desire is very likely to come about.

**THE DREYFUS CASE.** The case of Dreyfus in France is an illustration of the peculiar ways of the Latin races—the three branches, French, Italian, and Spanish, have much in common. Dreyfus, an officer in the French army, was accused of selling to the German government information concerning the French government. He was tried before a military tribunal and convicted of treason. He was degraded publicly and sentenced to life-imprisonment. Evidence of his innocence has turned up since. One of his accusers committed suicide. It would seem a most natural thing to give the man a new trial before the civil authorities; yet for a while it has looked as if it would cause a revolution in France to do so. Mobs rioted in the streets, the government was denounced, and leading men challenged one another to duels. Why the people excite themselves so over a question which should be left to the courts cannot be readily understood by Americans. Possibly they have not the same faith in their authorities as we have in ours; but doubtless other factors are the vanity and impatience of the people. They are not content to remain in the background and let those in charge run the government, but must throng the streets and give voice to their sentiments. Nor can they wait till time shall lessen or remove a difficulty; everything must be done at once. It goes without saying that such characteristics make needless difficulties in governing either a country or its colonies.

**THE TROUBLE IN AFRICA.** France and England were almost at swords' points over the occupation of Fashoda, a small place in Africa, by French troops. The English claimed the right to manage the territory because of the victories of Sir Herbert Kitchener; and as they were angry enough to fight over what they considered a piece of impudence on the part of France, the latter country withdrew her troops, and the war-cloud dissolved.

**CUBA'S GOVERNOR.** General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., has been appointed military governor of Cuba. All other appointees are under his authority, governors of cities being under governors of provinces, who, in turn, are accountable to General Brooke.

# THE LETTER-BOX.

## Editorial Notes.

The frontispiece to this number of St. Nicholas represents the scene when Washington, as commander of the army besieging Yorktown, Virginia, fired the first gun from the American batteries. In Dr. Weir Mitchell's carefully written historical novel "Hugh Wynne," he says (on page 186 of Vol. II.): "On the night of the 9th of October, his Excellency [General Washington] put a match to the first gun, and for eleven days and nights a furious cannonade went on from both sides."

Nowadays, there are in Great Britain few who look upon the American Revolution with an unfriendly eye. Our English cousins have recently even joined in the celebration of the Fourth of July, and it may well be that they will unite at some future time in keeping as a holiday the birthday of George Washington.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's exciting story, "Amatua's Sailor," will lend new interest to the disaster at Samoa ten years ago. An illustrated account of the terrible storm will be found in St. Nicholas for February, 1890.

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A young friend thus uses the names he finds in the indexes to St. Nicholas:

"A WONDERFUL VOYAGE."

"St. Nicholas," in company "With the Black Prince," left "A Spruce Home," "As Every Laddie Does," to travel. They wanted to take a trip up "The Great Lakes" with "Captain Crackers and the Monitor," expected to sail on "Queer American Rivers," and to encounter "Ocean Storms" when they went to see "The Little Japanese at Home."

They began their journey in "The Viking Ship," during "An Easter Snow-Storm"; but the "Buccaneers of our Coast" thought they were "Going Too Far," and the midshipman, "Master Skylark," who had once lived "In Old Florence," asked "A Difficult Question," which "The Scribe of Durley" answered with "A Needless Apprehension."

"A Boy of the First Empire" now stepped politely forward and said that "The Grandiloquent Goat" was butting "Three Little Bears" all over the hold, and added that it was "The Height of Impudence."

"But 'The Little China Dog 's on Guard,'" said "The Prince of the Toadstool City."

"A Baby Elephant" and "An Arch Armadillo" stopped the quarrel, and then "The Broken Toy Soldier" had "A Day-Dream," in which he fancied an "Eclipse of the Moon" was taking place.

During the evening "A Great Republican at Court" told "Two Biddicut Boys" that "The Treasure at the End of the Rainbow" was what the freebooters were in search of, and when they landed, a day or so later, took them on "A Thorn-Apple Trip," where they met "Mister Hop-Toad," and held "A Learned Discourse."

One day "The Batfish and the Catfish" caused "Two Scares" "On Deck," and "Our Little Gray Helper" and "The Giant Baby" both fled for their lives, but as it was only "An April Joke," "Juanito and Jefe" told them not to be frightened, to which they responded with "Some Vagabond Words."

Then "The California Woodpecker" tore a few "Leaves from the Sketch-book of an Animal Artist," and broke "The Little Round Plate," much to the disgust of "The Tufted Titmouse."

Soon "The Vanes of Nantucket" hove in view, and "Three Boys in Armor" said that those always indicated "Windy Weather."

When "Snow Days" arrived, they took the advice of "Miss Nina Barrow," and started for "The North Pole Land"; on the way they witnessed "Some Russian Games," heard "A Daffodil's Sermon," and found out "When the Sewing Club Meets."

They spent "Christmas Eve at Mother Hubbard's," and it was voted that from that time forth they should have "Christmas Twice a Year."

"Potiphar and the Fairies" showed "The Lakerim Athletic Club" "The Art of Whittling," and told them "How the Whale Got his Tiny Throat"; then they became "Confidential," and said that there was to be "An Air-Line Express" from "The Gun-Foundry at Washington, D. C.," to "Uncle Sam's 'Farm' in Canada."

While sailing to "The Kingdom of Yvetot," they had "A Brush with Malay Pirates," and were held up by "The Highwayman of Durley."

After traveling "Through the Earth," "The Last Three Soldiers" practised "Amateur Photography," and took "A Butterfly Girl," who had "Some New Birds of Paradise" on her hat.

When they again got home, one of them said: "Why not stay 'A Year with Denise and Ned Toodles'?"

It was "A Wise Conclusion," and as there was nothing to hinder, they went, with the "Ceremonies and Etiquette of a Man-of-War."

Harold Thomas Husted.

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Holani Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: I live far away in the Hawaiian Islands, in a beautiful place by the name of Holani Pa. I have been here for some time, and I expect to stay for some time to come, but for all that I enjoy myself very much, but never more than when I can sit under the trees and read my St. Nicholas. I have been taking the magazine ever since I was three years old, that is, for nine years, and it has become the most precious book I have. I must close now, as I will go crazy if I don't read my November number. Hoping to see this printed in the January number, I remain

Your devoted reader,

Harvey Graham.

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Stephens Green, Dublin, Ireland.

Dear St. Nicholas: We have taken St. Nicholas four years, and like it better and better every month. I live in Dublin. This summer I went to the country. I used to help make the hay every evening. I used to go to bathe with a gentleman. There was a lovely fruit-garden; most of the fruit was ripe. I used to drive a donkey every day. I used to wade in the river in shoes, because it was so stony, and catch crawfish. They are like small lobsters, about the size of prawns.

Your faithful reader, Reginald Smyth.

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San Francisco, Cal.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a little girl eight years old, and I received the St. Nicholas as a present for my eighth birthday from my father, who is an officer in the Second United States Volunteer Engineers. They

were in camp at Montauk Point, Long Island, New York. A United States engineer regiment's business is to do all kinds of engineering — laying out camps, surveying, etc. My father's regiment laid out the camp, built the pumping works at Montauk Point, and did many such things.

Camp Wikoff was built to receive our "Santiago heroes," who won us such a great victory at Santiago de Cuba. There is quite a large camp out here at San Francisco for the soldiers that are going to Manila. I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and I remain,

Your loving reader, MARGIE SAVAGE.

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## INDIAN PIPES.

(*Monotropa uniflora.*)

WHY thus avoid the sun all day?
The sun is bright and clear,
And throws its rays on everything —
On things both far and near.

Why do you nestle in the dark?
Upon dry leaves you lie;
Quite hard to find, you 're seldom seen —
Unknown by bird and fly.

Other flowers come in the sun,
But you do hide your face;
They 're easily seen — you must be sought,
You 've such a dismal place.

When plucked away from your dark bed,
And taken in the light,
The sun's sweet rays do make you black;
When hidden you are white.

Within the woods no neighbors near,
A hermit all alone,
It seems so strange that in the dark
Your seeds are always sown.

MURIEL RICE (nine years old).

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GLENDALE, KIMBLE COUNTY, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister Meta and I have had your magazine two years, and like it very much. We are eight and ten years old. We do not yet understand quite all of it, but we are going to keep the magazines and have them bound; then we can have them to read when we are older.

We live twenty-six miles from a little town. We have two ponies of our own. Mine is "Snowball," and sister's is called "Baldy." Sometimes we go on long rides. We ride four miles to fetch the mail. In the spring we ride out to see the lambs and kids. Last spring a great many died because there was no grass; but this summer we have had plenty of rain. On Saturday we generally ride all the morning, but the other days we have school.

We have a school-room a few steps from the house. There are so many squirrels in the pecan-trees around it that they sometimes come into the school-room. We like school-days better than holidays. We have a collie dog named "Punch," and a puppy named "Dewey." They wait outside the school-room door all the morning till we come out to play, and every time they hear us move they get up and wag their tails.

We learned to swim in the creek this summer, and when the dogs came in to swim, we hung on to their tails, and they helped us along. Punch plays hide-and-seek with us as well as a child. He climbs up the trees after us, and is very fond of shaking hands. We have a pond behind the spring-house. There are lots of crawfishes, and we catch them with pieces of meat tied on strings.

When my cousin stayed with us this summer we caught eighty-five pounds of catfish. We made a boat out of a salt-trough. We used it to set our trout-line.

We are learning to play the piano. We have learned for about one year. We play duets.

I am, dear ST. NICHOLAS, yours sincerely,

ELSIE PATERSON.

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BARRY ROAD, DULWICH, LONDON, S. E.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much. I have taken it for a long time.

I do not know if the cruel custom of having bearing-reins on horses is common in America. It is very bad in the West End of London, where the horses have to stand for hours, with their heads held up by this rein, waiting for the master and mistress enjoying themselves at dances, etc.

I am at Dulwich College Preparatory School, which is very nice. I have been learning German for a year.

It seems very funny to see in the magazine "Ships from *Our* Navy," because it seems to us as if they ought to be English ships.

This summer I went to Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight. It was very nice there. Afterward I went to my cousins' near Hampton Court, on the Thames. One night we went for a lovely row in the moonlight.

It seems very funny that though it is 4:30 P. M. when I am writing this letter, it is about 11 A. M. in New York.

I want to come to the United States *very* much.

I live about two miles from the Crystal Palace, which is very nice. I do not know any American people.

Your interested reader, H. W. PEET.

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WE thank the young writers whose names follow for the interesting letters they have sent: Olga Williams, Ethel Sasse, Mary Morgan, James N. Young, Mildred Carter, Fred Stearns, Lula Gifford, Margaret Seilern, Virginia Russell, Melanie G. Weil, Frances MacDonald, Willie Schenck, Helen Horton, John Burns, Louise Ruggles, James Lackland Christie, Lucy Koether, Doris Beardslee, Mary D. Smith, Dorothy Carpenter, Dorothy Huggard, Miriam McLoud, Bennet Sullivan, "Pussy" McCormick, Ruth —— and Eleanor ——, Kendall Morse, William H. L. Williams, Christian Miller, Mathilde Parlett, Ayllys Roberts, Jerome Rockwell, Alice Kimball Fisher, A. R. P., Florence and Herbert Rose, D. T., Edith Shoemaker, Alfred H. Bragdon, Bessie Herman, Berkely B. Blake, Malcolm S. Nichols.



# THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Ape. 3. Abide. 4. Spicule. 5. Educe. 6. Ele (Elects). 7. E.

[illegible] 1. Peak. 2. Beagle. 3. Bear. 4. Peagle. 5. Bear. 6. Bell. 7. Bethel. 8. Bill. 9. Blear. 10. [illegible] 11. [illegible] 12. [illegible] 13. [illegible] 14. Pearl.

[illegible] Reversible. Across: 1. Meet. 2. [illegible] 4. Mesh. [illegible] 7. Need. [illegible] Deem. 10. Reed. Downward: 1. M. 2. Ed. 3. Eel. 4. Teem. [illegible] 1. M. [illegible]

[illegible] 1. Pelican. 2. Gnus. 3. Bat. 4. Dodo. 5. Tapir. 6. Seal. 7. Kite. 8. Crane. 9. Beaver. 10. [illegible] 11. Spectacle. 12. Bee.

WORD-SQUARE PYRAMID. I. 1. Ire. 2. INRI. 3. Ire. 4. Rita. II. 1. Char. 2. Hare. 3. Area. 4. Rear. III. 1. Able. 2. Blue. 3. Lull. 4. Eels.

[illegible]

WORD-SYNCOPATIONS. Twelfth Night. 1. Rot-ate-s. 2. Showe-red. 3. Re-new-ed. 4. P-all-et. 5. Cr-aft-y. 6. Poll-ute-s. 7. Pari-she-s. 8. S-inn-ing. 9. De-fin-ed. 10. B-egg-ar. 11. Hea-the-r. 12. W-ate-rng.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Atlas. 2. Thank. 3. Lalla (Rookh). 4. Anlet. 5. Skate.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Beginning. 1. Fiber. 2. There. 3. Angle. 4. Thine. 5. Inner. 6. Dance. 7. Feint. 8. Tones. 9. Tiger.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

[illegible] were received, before November 15th, from M. and M. Hart — Helen C. McCleary — Allil and Adi — Nessie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Mary K. Rake, 3 — Paul Reese, 9 [illegible] "Honor Bright." — W. L. S., 1 — Nellie, Evanston, Ill., 4 — Clara Anthony, [illegible] Muriel and Betty, 7 — Musgrave Hyde, 8.

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### A WHIRLIGIG.



WHEN the pointer is over the correct object, the initials of the seven objects (in the order in which they are shown) will spell the name of a famous institution.

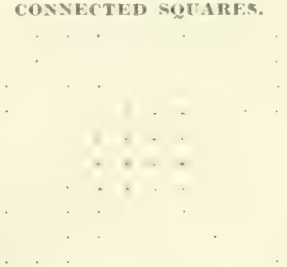
### ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the sobriquet of an American general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A measure of distance. 2. Unusual. 3. To await. 4. A state of profound insensibility. 5. Crooked. 6. A heavenly body. 7. A deception. 8. To couple. 9. A staff. 10. A float.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

### CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Common in many schools. 2. Part of a stove. 3. An island of Japan. 4. A pretentious, vulgar person.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Kitchen utensils. 2. A sign. 3. A country of South America. 4. To rebuff.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Obstructs. 2. To project. 3. Impolite. 4. A stage of progress.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To assemble. 2. The ending of a prayer. 3. A scriptural name. 4. To close sharply.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A tree. 2. A heathen god. 3. Christmas. 4. Certain measures of length.

FLOYD AND JO.

### WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A MOUNTAIN chain. 2. A flower. 3. A continent. 4. Slender.

II. 1. A hard substance. 2. Past. 3. Close. 4. Falls into error.

III. 1. A dwelling. 2. A kitchen necessity. 3. Reward. 4. Finishes.

IV. 1. A horse. 2. An exclamation. 3. Grate. 4. To see.

V. 1. A cupola. 2. Verbal. 3. A common abbreviation. 4. Otherwise.

AGNES K. BAKER AND STARR LLOYD.

### ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.




ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the another, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous American hunter and pioneer.

### CHARADE.

A WORD am I of sections four;
One body I make of many more.
Con well my *first*, and learn by this
Old Sol himself my *second* is;
*I* am my *third*, and not too late
To bring my *fourth* quite "up to date."

JULIA ROGERS.

### PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

(*Boys' and Girls' Names.*)

1. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 scolded 1-2-3; "4-5-6-7 is not my name," he said.

2. Miss 1-2-3, 4-5 your brother 1-2-3-4-5 going to the city to-day?

3. "1 2-3-4-5 for me, 1-2-3-4-5," said the distressed husband to his sick wife.

4. Oh, Uncle 1-2, 3-4-5 formed on the creek last night, and 1-2-3-4-5 and I are going to have such fun!

5. 1-2-3-4-5-6, you should not 1-2-3 4-5-6 pans in that way.

6. That color is too glaring, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7; I prefer a 1-2-3-4 5-6-7, so to speak.

7. "Neither child, woman, 1-2-3 4-5-6 escaped," read 1-2-3-4-5-6 from the dime novel.

8. If you 1-2-3-4 5-6-7-8 very fine, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8, it makes good flour.

9. She said "1-2-3 4-5-6" was named 1-2-3-4-5-6."

10. Your daughter 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 1-2 3 4-5-6-7-8, I am told.

M. E. FLOYD.

### RIDDLE.

UP and down I rove,
And oft the sky I seek;
I have a language known to all,
Though none have heard me speak.

'T is true I sometimes swim;
And yet, if you should look,
I might be cast upon the ground,
Or fastened to a hook.

I quickly hide from view
When danger is about;
Don't meddle with me, lest you feel
Quite hurt if I 'm put out.

A. M. P.

### DIAMOND.

1. IN richness. 2. A Greek letter. 3. Devises. 4. An English poet. 5. A kind of tape. 6. To observe. 7. In richness.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

### GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following names have been rightly guessed and written one below another, their initials will spell the name of a famous place.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An island belonging to Italy. 2. A town of Scotland. 3. A lake of Switzerland. 4. A city of Japan. 5. A county of Nova Scotia. 6. A lake and river of Canada. 7. A river of British India. 8. A river of Venezuela.

S. S. K.

### CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THERE 'S something that 's honored concealed in this rhyme;
Mayhap you 've one, too, in this late winter-time.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. WHEN Robin-a-bobbin found melons in spots,
He tied up his shoe-strings in true-lovers' knots.

2. And when he caught chestnuts, boiled soft in a trap,
He put on his halo inside of his cap.

3. The man or the woman who lost a red hen
Begged Robin-a-bobbin to find it again.

4. He was famed as a hunter, renowned as a sage,
Till he shook with a palsy and tottered with age.

5. Though brave as a lion, he shuddered with awe
When he heard the weird voice of his brother-in-law.

6. The frequent defeat of the whole treble clef
Left him sadder and wiser and partially deaf.

7. When semitones suffered because of his kin,
He was grieved and ashamed and declared it a sin.

8. So each day, while his musical relative slept,
He went to a laundry adjacent and wept.

ANNA M. PRATT.



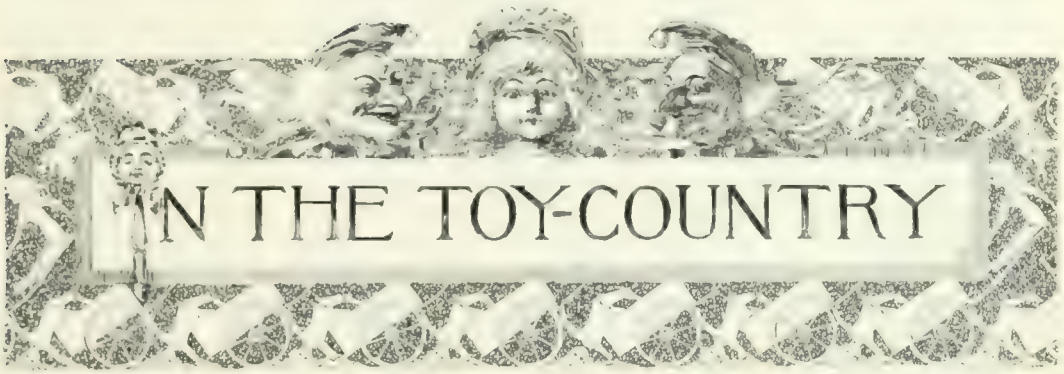
BY PERMISSION OF BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO., NEW YORK AND PARIS

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

(ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS FROM THE PAINTING BY G. FERRIER.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVI. MARCH, 1899. No. 5.


BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

ONE glorious midday of August, Henry Claiborne, a recent graduate of an American university, found himself sitting down to rest and to eat his luncheon in the shade of a tree overhanging a shepherd's hut on the Seisseralp in Tyrol.

Since landing at Antwerp in July, he had moved leisurely southward by rail, boat, or bicycle as far as Atzwang in the Austrian Tyrol. He was here tempted by the idea of a pedestrian tour through the Dolomites — those mighty limestone hills that rear themselves like semi-precious gems of many colors between the southeastern Tyrol and northern Italy.

Claiborne had, in addition, a dreamy idea of seeing Venice, and possibly Florence; but, as he often declared to himself, the chief point of an expedition like this was to have no plans for further than twenty-four hours ahead.

The second day of his solitary expedition with "scrip and staff" brought him, as has been said, to the enjoyment of a rural meal of rich yellow cream served in a wooden bowl, brown bread, and mountain cheese, furnished by the shepherd's wife, the proprietor of one of many tiny brown chalets scattered over the vast emerald pasture of the Alp.

All about him waved grass and flowers; only the tinkle of cow-bells, the song of many birds, and the hum of insects broke the enchantment of the hour. The views on every side were of grand mountain-tops and near-by rocky crags. The one thing wanting to his perfect satisfaction was — somebody whom he could tell how much he was enjoying himself alone!

He laughed aloud when he discovered in himself this trait of human nature honestly inherited from his great ancestor, Adam. The brown-skinned woman of the chalet, running out to look after him, laughed also, in sympathetic merriment. And at that moment Henry espied, coming across the rich verdure of the

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plain from the direction in which he meant presently to go, a cavalcade consisting of a couple of travelers on mules, conducted by a young peasant, who was occupied in picking a bouquet for one of them.

"That is my Mr. Claiborne, papa, who picked me up when the ship spilled me out of my deck-chair," cried a child's joyous voice.

Claiborne sprang to his feet, and waved his hat, calling out, "How do you do?" He had at once recognized two fellow-passengers on the steamer from New York, with whom the accidents of a voyage had put him into pleasant intercourse.

He had been interested from the first day out in the tall, pale, and melancholy-looking man to whose hand clung a quaint little girl of the Alice-in-Wonderland type. They were both in mourning, and, keeping apart from the other passengers, were said to have been recently bereaved of the child's mother, and to be going abroad for the health of the father, who had scarcely recovered from serious illness.

Everybody on deck had soon made friends with Rosabel. She was never seen without two armfuls of dollies, of which the favorite was a very homely German lady of the cheap, jointed pattern, painted in staring blacks and whites and reds. The complaints, tastes, and tempers of this family of dolls were in time known to the whole ship's company.

And here, in a remote sylvan haunt of the wild Alps, had Claiborne come again upon the father and daughter. He saluted them cordially, struck — and saying so — with the look of vigor Mr. Morland had taken on, as well as the new light in his eyes, the more frequent smile upon his lips.

"You see, too, how much better Gretchen-Augusta looks," said Rosabel, extending for the young man's notice the well-remembered old wooden doll. "Frau Berger says it is because she has returned to the place of her birth — that no one born in the Grödner Valley is ever as well out of it. You know, Mr. Claiborne, we came here for Gretchen-Augusta's health. As soon as she found out, in Botzen, she was so near the town she was born in, she would never let me rest until we arrived at St. Ulrich."

"For 'Gretchen-Augusta' read 'Rosabel,'" supplemented Rosabel's father, teasingly. "It is an actual fact, Claiborne, that I let myself be decoyed into the Grödner Valley because somebody in Botzen told Rosie her most beloved doll had probably been made at St. Ulrich. We have been stopping there for two weeks now, and I am beginning to feel like Gulliver among the Lilliputs."

"I suppose I am very stupid," said Claiborne, helping his friends to dismount, and offering them a share of his repast, which was at once reinforced by fresh supplies from the good woman of the chalet; "but I don't understand your allusion to the Lilliputians; and I 'm afraid I never even heard of St. Ulrich. What and where is it?"

"May I tell him what St. Ulrich is, papa?" cried Rosabel, with wide eyes. "Why, Mr. Claiborne, it 's the place the toys come from."

"You must forgive me, Rosabel; but it is so long since I played with toys, I had forgotten this important fact, if, indeed, I ever knew anything about it."

"You will never be likely to forget it again," said Mr. Morland; "that is, if you return with us and spend a night or two at the inn in St. Ulrich, as I hope you will. The air is so fine, and they are making me so comfortable at their little hostelry, that I have no desire to move on. And Rosie, for once, has enough of toys. The effect upon her of seeing thousands of dolls in various stages of growth by attachments, cart-loads of arms and legs and torsos, has been to confirm her affections upon this poor old battered wreck of a Gretchen-Augusta, from whom now she never parts. I venture to tell you this while she and Gretchen-Augusta are inside the chalet visiting the herdsman's wife. Her affection for her treasure is too genuine to admit of joking. But you will be amused by an incursion into veritable Toyland."

"I have keen recollections of diving hopelessly into great shops, near Christmas-time, to buy gifts for my small nephews and nieces," replied Claiborne, "and of being trodden on, pushed, jammed, driven hither and thither, before I could escape with a woolly baa-lamb or a set of laundry-tubs hugged to my despairing breast. But otherwise, I confess, I had forgotten the

existence of such an industry as toy-making."

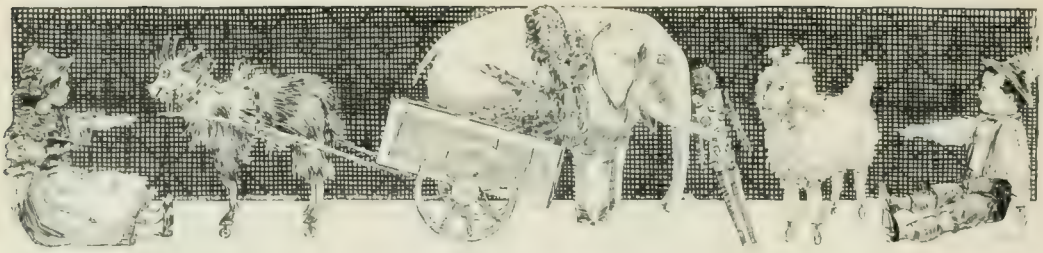
"You will be forcibly reminded of it in the Grödnerthal. Except for a fair collection of Etruscan relics taken from tombs hereabout, and the decorations of the carved figures for use in churches, — of which, especially of patron saints, vast numbers are made there, — there is nothing of greater importance in the valley than the construction of jumping-jacks and Noah's arks, villages, rocking-horses, animals on rollers, and wooden dolls of every style and size. The art of making these toys is hereditary — grandchildren working in the wake of their grandsires — mothers, fathers, sons, and daughters all taking a hand at it. What robs their work of individuality, however, is that one family will devote itself exclusively to fabricating arms, another to legs, another to heads or bodies. When the dolls are finally put together they are passed on to artists who apply the outer coat of brilliant red, black, white, blue, or grass-green paint required to complete the fascination of the charmer. With the final touch of a pair of white stockings with red garters and green or yellow slippers, the doll is sent out upon the cold mercies of the buying world. And I forgot to tell you that many of the lay-figures used in artists' studios are made in these workrooms of St. Ulrich."



LUCY AND HER FATHER SOMETIMES CLAIBORNE INTERRUPTED IT BY TAKING HER DOWN TO LOOK AT THE SNAKES.

Claiborne did not require much pressing to turn aside from his walking-trip and visit this curious spot. When they had left behind the lovely hanging garden of the Seisseralp, and had plunged downward, their way lay through a darkly shaded gorge, over a path in parts so steep and so moist with recent rain that the mules gave up attempting to pick a footing, and allowed themselves to slide.

Still lower down, the mountain-slopes were sprinkled with tiny hamlets, in which it was not difficult to recognize the originals of those German villages-in-boxes dear to children of all nationalities. Here were the red roofs, the bright-green shutters, the clipped trees conical in shape and guarding the front doors, the garden-patches, mossy in texture, bedight with gayest flowers and beehives ranged in rows.



Sitting at little tables out of doors were seen the peasants taking their evening ease over a jug of beer, the goodwives knitting in the doorways, and all bestowing a friendly greeting upon the passers-by.

No less attractive of aspect was the thriving town itself, the chief center of Toyland, for which these scattered dwellings had prepared the eye. Like Oberammergau in the Bavarian highlands, and Interlaken and Brienz in Switzerland, St. Ulrich has been for many long years the headquarters in southeastern Tyrol of skilled carvers in wood. Here agricultural interests, except on the smallest and most necessary scale, are superseded by the universal industry of making playthings. How different from any manufacturing town Claiborne had seen in England or America was this assemblage of bright, smart-looking, and highly decorated houses and churches, each having its green yard and shade-trees, and all invitingly placed against a background of wooded hills, above the bed of a rushing mountain-stream!

As they passed through the chief street, Claiborne fancied himself one of those mortals whom the wave of a fairy's wand has transformed into dimensions suitable to the full enjoyment of things meant only for little folk. Every cottage bore some token of the devotion of its inmates to miniature constructions. A girl passed them, leading a donkey whose panniers contained nothing but toy dogs, cut out of wood and destitute of paint. A boy bent forward under a shoulder-pack full of white-whiskered monkeys destined to be affixed to springs and to be shut up in paper-covered boxes, there to be kept in durance by an insufficient hook. Another basket revealed a multitude of toy Noahs — enough, indeed, of those familiar patriarchs in yellow gowns, with blue knobs in lieu of heads, to have saved from deluge the survivors of all the planets, as well as the elect of this our own little world.

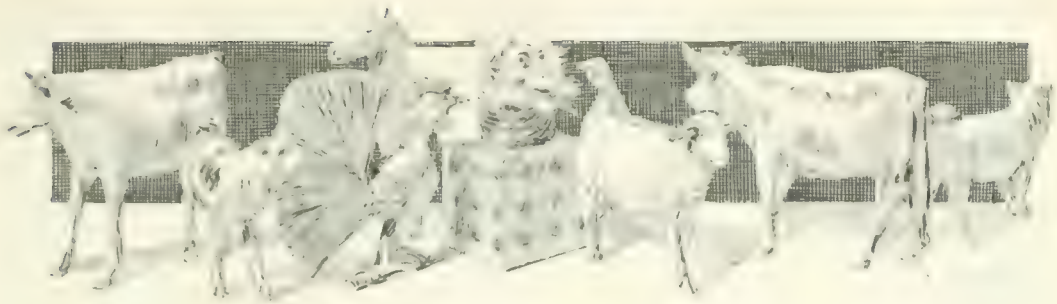
"Think of the monotony of constructing only Noahs — of not even changing to Shems or Hams or Japhets!" observed Claiborne to his friends.

"I will take you, to-morrow, to see an old crone who every working-day of her life, for five-and-twenty years, has painted twelve dozen red horses with white spots," answered Mr. Morland, laughing.

Soon Claiborne was ensconced in clean quarters in a sweet-smelling room which was merely the inside of a highly finished pine box. The evening meal, served to their party by solid-looking maidens with cheeks of apple-red, was substantial and well cooked. After enjoying this and a mug of excellent native beer,—while in the very middle of a concert of guitars and zithers tendered to the strangers by experts from the village,— the young man felt himself nodding. The pure air of the Alpine heights, his long walk, and the good food and drink, had combined to overcome his politeness. His head dropped upon his breast. When he next knew anything, Mr. Morland was shaking him up and sending him off to the downy recesses of a giant feather-bed.

Early next day little Rosabel assumed charge of the newcomer.

"Gretchen-Augusta has had rather a restless night," she said, joining Claiborne after breakfast, where he was smoking his pipe before the inn door; "and as papa has letters to write, I asked him to sit by her and let me go around with you. We left most of my dolls in a trunk in Munich, and papa thinks Gretchen-Augusta is moping for company. Since we have been here, he has asked me every day to pick out a



new companion for her, and I could not make up my mind. To-day I thought you would help me a little in my choice. Papa is n't very clever about dolls, Mr. Claiborne, though he tries ever so hard to like them."

"I will do my best to merit the implied compliment," said Claiborne, with gravity.

"You may wonder why I don't take my child out with me; but I have good reasons. It is very rude the way people stare at her in St. Ulrich. One painting person asked me to let her be 'done over'! Another said I ought to throw her away and buy a beauty she had to sell. Imagine papa throwing me away and getting a brand-new daughter because I had a little of the end rubbed off my nose and my cheeks were rather streaky!"

"Impossible to imagine it, Miss Morland. I vote for the preservation of Gretchen-Augusta 'as is,' for the head of your little family; and if we see anybody worthy to be her comrade, we shall purchase her forthwith."

"I am a little afraid one of those shiny ones might make Gretchen-Augusta jealous," said Rosie, with anxious brows.

Hand in hand, the young man and the child made the rounds of the principal shops and warerooms.

Rosabel, although evidently weighted with the care of her momentous selection, did not neglect to exhibit to her friend the various points indicated by Mr. Morland as most likely to engage his interest.

In an upper room of one of the great warehouses they saw lying in heaps upon the floor, like corn dropped from the sheller, thousands of the small, cheap jointed dolls most favored by the "little mothers of the poor."

"I don't know what they remind me of, unless it be whitebait," said Claiborne; and the polite proprietor who was showing the visitors around could not understand the reason for Rosie's sudden merriment.

"These will be packed and sent to England, America — everywhere," explained the master of the place. "In this bin, as you see, are wooden dogs; in the others horses, cows, goats, camels, elephants — all kinds of cheap beasts, in fact. Down below we have a better grade of animals, painted, harnessed, with bells and rollers. Here are our low-grade rocking-horses — black, covered with red spots like wafers. In the show-rooms below there are handsome ones — beauties fit for a little prince to ride; and dolls, yes, dolls that would make the young lady's eyes shine."

But Rosie was not to be tempted. She went the rounds of the best dealers, saw more than one elaborate creation of doll art of which it was averred that the duplicate had gone to some juvenile high-and-mightiness, and from everywhere came away irresolute.

"I am afraid you are hard to please, Rosie," said her tall companion. "Why, even *my* heart beat high at the sight of that last beauty they unpacked for us."

"Ah! — but you see, Mr. Claiborne, how would my poor Gretchen-Augusta feel when they made comparisons between the two?"

"That *is* a difficulty. On the whole, Rosie, what do you say to giving up the new doll altogether, and sticking to Gretchen-Augusta?"

"Do you really think I might?" cried the child, evidently relieved of a weight of care.

"Of course I do. Sterling worth before beauty, any day! My own impression is that

if I were traveling about in a strange land, as you are, I should consider Gretchen-Augusta's company a boon."

Rosie's face continued to brighten. She looked so happy and trustful that Claiborne's heart smote him for making sport of her. For the remainder of the morning she devoted herself to the business of showing him in and out of the establishments whose proprietors had evidently a soft spot in their hearts for the little American coming to take up her abode among them in her deep-mourning garb.



"EVEN THE CHILDREN WORK AT MAKING TOYS."

Before they had half finished their tour of inspection, Mr. Claiborne had seen toy soldiers enough to girdle the German empire; flotillas of Noah's arks; boxes upon boxes of villages, railway-cars, drays, wagons; of forts, omnibuses, hand-organs, fire-engines; of boats; shelves on shelves of dolls' heads smiling the immemorial smile of their species; animals of all known and many composite varieties — a glut of playthings, a weariness of toys!

Our friends next visited the church, aglow inside with tributes from the best painters and gilders of the Tyrol, and were there joined by Mr. Morland, who soon afterward cordially invited them to return to the inn for their midday meal.

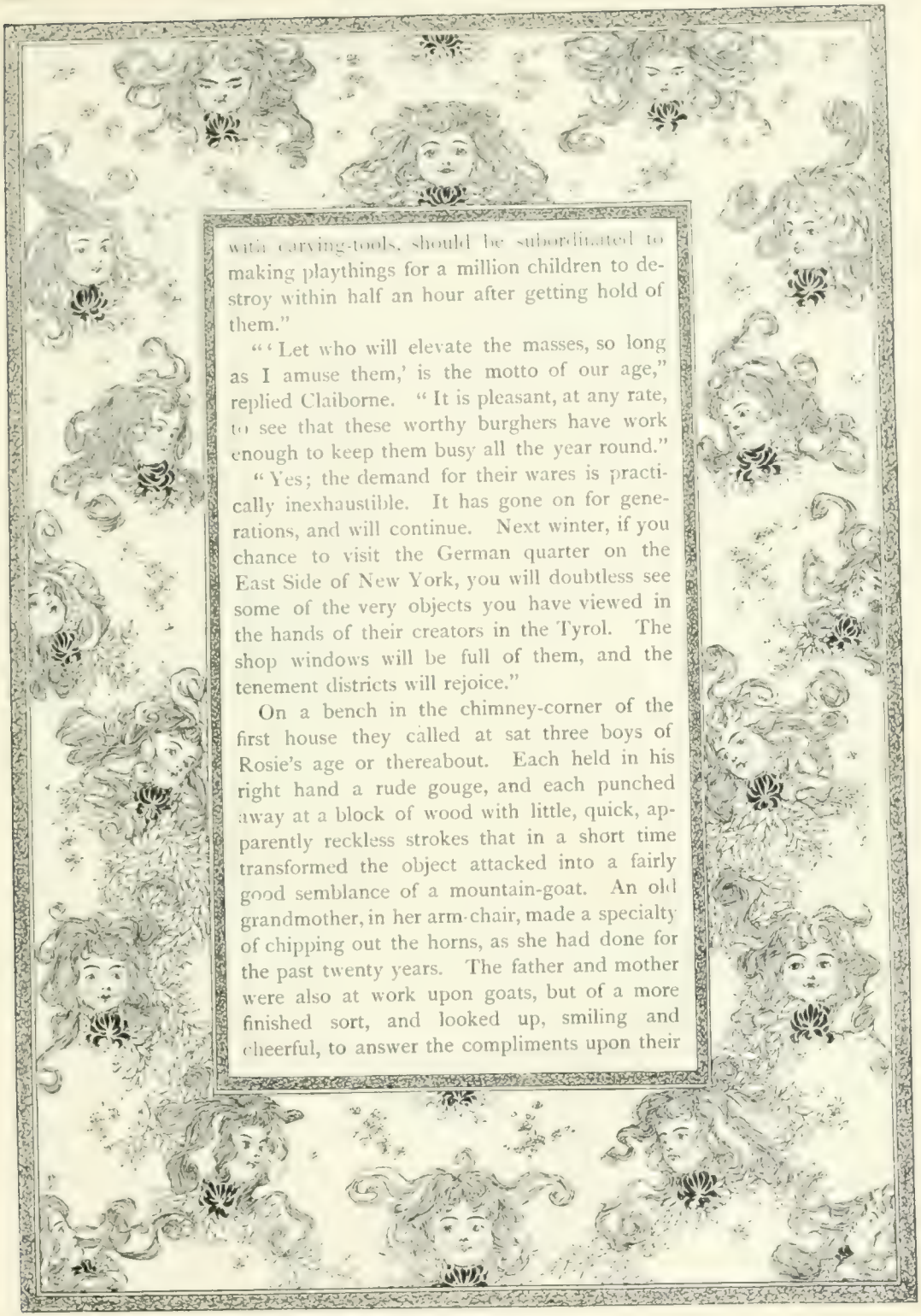
"You will be quite ready for roast veal and compote of plums, I fancy; and after lunch we will visit some of the cottages," he said.

"I like the cottages," exclaimed Rosie, skipping beside them; "but I wish the children did not have to work so hard. Let us take Mr. Claiborne to see our wee little girl, papa, who varnishes cats all day. And she does not mess herself one bit, either."

"By the way, Rosie," asked her father, "where is your purchase? I expected to see you with Gretchen-Augusta's rival in your arms."

'She is n't to have any rival," cried the child, exultingly. "Mr. Claiborne and I have settled it. And, truly, from what he says, papa, I think that Mr. Claiborne sometimes cares almost as much for my darling Gretchen-Augusta as I do!"

"You have won my little girl's heart," said Morland, when, after dinner, they started forth again upon their rounds. "But now for the artificers and their homes, a few of which will give you a good idea of all; for, with rare exceptions, the whole population of St. Ulrich is given over to toy-making, which they find pays better than more artistic wood-carving. I came upon one young fellow, recently, cutting birds and foliage in high relief that would have been a credit to Grinling Gibbons; but he put it quietly aside to shape out horses' heads of the crudest pattern for the diversion of urchins in Berlin or London or New York. It is a pity that such a fine sense of form as these peasants have, such extraordinary facility



with carving-tools, should be subordinated to making playthings for a million children to destroy within half an hour after getting hold of them."

"'Let who will elevate the masses, so long as I amuse them,' is the motto of our age," replied Claiborne. "It is pleasant, at any rate, to see that these worthy burghers have work enough to keep them busy all the year round."

"Yes; the demand for their wares is practically inexhaustible. It has gone on for generations, and will continue. Next winter, if you chance to visit the German quarter on the East Side of New York, you will doubtless see some of the very objects you have viewed in the hands of their creators in the Tyrol. The shop windows will be full of them, and the tenement districts will rejoice."

On a bench in the chimney-corner of the first house they called at sat three boys of Rosie's age or thereabout. Each held in his right hand a rude gouge, and each punched away at a block of wood with little, quick, apparently reckless strokes that in a short time transformed the object attacked into a fairly good semblance of a mountain-goat. An old grandmother, in her arm-chair, made a specialty of chipping out the horns, as she had done for the past twenty years. The father and mother were also at work upon goats, but of a more finished sort, and looked up, smiling and cheerful, to answer the compliments upon their

skill. On the shelves of this cottage stood row upon row of the same animals.

Upon the threshold of the next dwelling the goodwife sat fashioning a no less stately apparition than "my lord the Elephant." Her husband, employed indoors upon a camelopard, exhibited with satisfaction the Tyrolean version in wood of this product of Asiatic or African climes. Other houses revealed beasts of high or low degree in numbers enough to stock one of Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Books. In one trim little chalet, the prevailing industry was the red monkey without a tail that (until broken) perpetually ascends and falls over a rod.

"Do you remember those touching lines of the poet, Rosie?" asked Claiborne, who was putting one of these agile animals through his paces. These he recited theatrically:

"Willie had a painted monkey,
Climbing up a painted stick.
Willie sucked his painted monkey,
And it made him very sick."

"There! You have broken him already!" cried out Rosie, reproachfully; and Claiborne offered a handful of small coins in payment. But he was not allowed to make good his damage. The people of the house smilingly refused his offering; and Claiborne, on going out, was fain to drop a bit of silver into the cradle of a big, stolid, flaxen-haired baby.

On all sides they saw cleanliness of house and person, and the contentment which belongs to a placid domestic life — an ideal community, it seemed to the American lookers-on in Toyland, where everybody appeared to be always busy; and Rosie almost persuaded herself that even little children were never to be found outdoors at play, though, of course, it was only during certain hours that the young people were really at work or indoors.

What with such visits to the warehouses and work-people, with making acquaintance with the villagers, and excursions to the neighboring Alps, Claiborne found his glimpse of St. Ulrich all too short. When the day came for him to "take the road" again, it was with genuine regret that he said farewell to the pretty, busy town, and the friends, old and new, he must leave there. While his landlady was stuffing his wallet with dainties of her own devising, a lame old woman, upon whom he and Rosie had made several calls, hobbled around to the inn to offer him the gift of a pen-handle fashioned like a bird's claw, of a pattern handed down to her by her own grandmother. This token was the sole souvenir he allowed himself to take out of the happy valley, and was valued in proportion to the giver's poverty.

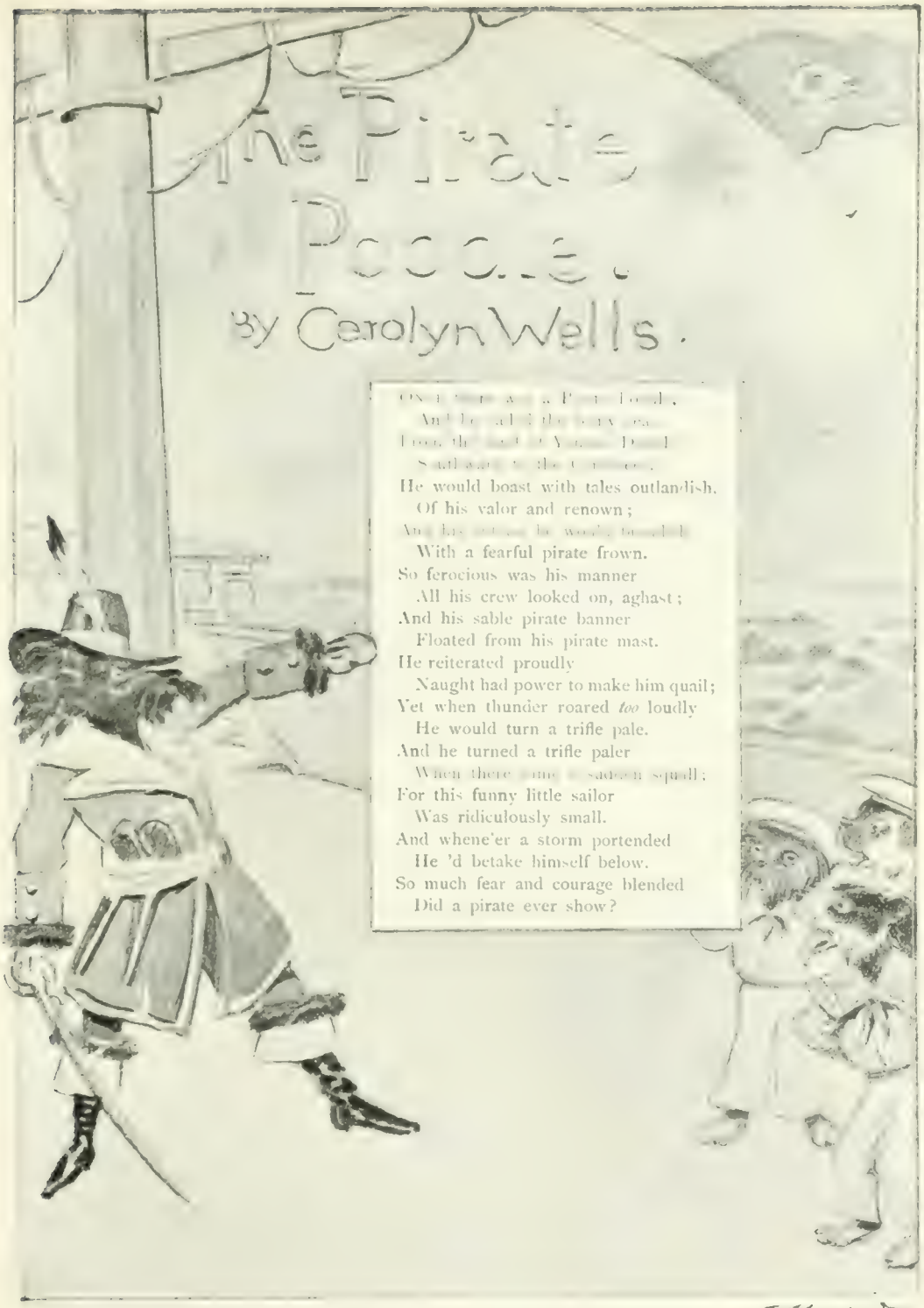
When all was ready for his departure, and a little group of friendly folk had assembled with Mr. Morland before the inn to see the pedestrian set forth, Rosie alone was missing.

In another moment she came flying down the stairs, her face bathed in tears, in her outstretched arms the familiar, battered figure of Gretchen-Augusta in traveling attire.

"I am going to let her go with you, Mr. Claiborne," cried she. "Ever since you said that about wanting her to travel with, I 've been making up my mind to give her to you. But she must n't think I 'd let anybody take her place. There is n't one in all St. Ulrich that I 'd have instead of her!" And thrusting the doll into the young man's embarrassed hands, poor little self-despoiled Rosie cast herself into her father's arms and wept aloud.

Not least of young Claiborne's pleasant memories of St. Ulrich was the picture presented by his little friend — reunited to her treasure, although reluctant to take it back! All his diplomacy and gentleness had been requisite to persuade Rosie that, though he should find Gretchen-Augusta a delightful comrade, he did not know enough of doll language to interest her, and really could not make her happy or comfortable with no place but his small and crowded knapsack to keep her in, no playmates for her hours of rest at the wayside inns — and could supply so little of anything to make up for her mother Rosabel that it would be cruel in him to take her away with him.

Rosie was waving him farewell, Gretchen-Augusta clasped to her bosom, as he strode away through the sparkling mountain atmosphere into the fir wood's gloom. And when, for the last time, he turned to look back upon the red-roofed Tyrolean village, with its spires, trees, and belfries, all a-glitter in the sun, it seemed to him that the capital of Toyland must have been dipped into the fountain of perpetual youth.




ONCE there was a Pirate bold,
And he sailed the briny sea
From the East to Yarmouth Docks
Southward to the Carolines.
He would boast with tales outlandish
Of his valor and renown;
And his actions he would garnish
With a fearful pirate frown.
So ferocious was his manner
All his crew looked on, aghast;
And his sable pirate banner
Floated from his pirate mast.
He reiterated proudly
Naught had power to make him quail;
Yet when thunder roared *too* loudly
He would turn a trifle pale.
And he turned a trifle paler
When there came a sudden squall;
For this funny little sailor
Was ridiculously small.
And whene'er a storm portended
He 'd betake himself below.
So much fear and courage blended
Did a pirate ever show?



AN ORCHESTRA MADE UP FROM THE APPRENTICES.

# APPRENTICES OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

By Joseph Coblentz Groff.

Almost every one by this time knows of battle-ships and cruisers, of torpedoes and torpedo-boats, and of the gallant officers and jolly Jack Tars who man the ships; but it is safe to say that there are few indeed who have even heard of the young naval apprentice, the work which he has to do, and what his chances are for the future. It is enough at present to say that he is an enlisted boy, who by means of a great deal of drill and training develops gradually into a most efficient and useful man on board of our modern ships.

The grand success of our fleets at Manila and Santiago was due, to a great degree, to the excellent ability and marksmanship of the gun-captains on board, nearly all of whom were ex-apprentices.

With the advent of the "White Squadron" about twelve years ago came a general awakening in naval affairs, and a great change in the mode of life and of training of both officers and men needed to man the modern ships.

The old-time sailing-craft, with its sides bristling with antiquated smooth-bore guns, and with its tall masts and huge sails, gave way to the modern iron-clad cruiser, fitted with all the modern armament and machinery, so that the duties of the crew became entirely different from those of former days, and at the same time a great deal more complicated.

The new requirements for the commissioned officers on board have been met promptly by the authorities at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, of which institution all except certain of the staff-officers are graduates. It has not been so easy to supply the service

with well-equipped seamen, but in a quiet and experimental way this difficulty is being overcome.

Many are the ways and means employed for the proper training of our seamen, and it is only after many years of hard work that good results can be expected.

The government, fully realizing this necessity, about the time that the modern vessels came into use organized the apprentice training system for American boys who might wish to become modern man-of-war's-men.

Headquarters for the apprentices have always been at Newport, Rhode Island, and there the boys are sent from different parts of the country to receive their first lessons fitting them to be able seamen. There one of the largest old-time sailing-vessels of the navy is fitted up as a receiving-ship for them, and aboard of it they are all quartered.

The old "Constellation," sister ship to the "Constitution" ("Old Ironsides"), is now in use for this purpose.

Boys who are enlisted on receiving-ships at the several naval stations are sent on to Newport to begin their work at once. There are usually at the station about three hundred undergoing instruction at the same time.

Any American youth between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, who has the consent of parents or guardian, who can read and write the English language, and who is possessed of a sound physique, will find no difficulty in being enrolled in the navy as an apprentice.



THE DRILL AT THE TRAINING-SHIP



THE APPRENTICES ASSEMBLED FOR CHURCH SERVICE.

What is meant by a "sound physique" can be understood best from a brief statement of the kind of physical examination the boys are compelled to take before being admitted. A naval surgeon begins by measuring and weighing the boy, stripped, in order to ascertain whether or not he is of normally symmetrical structure. All marks and bruises are carefully recorded as a means of future identification. The lungs and heart are then tested in order that the chest expansion and action of the heart may be known.

He must not be near-sighted or color-blind, for these defects would be discovered at once, and would be sufficient cause for his rejection. After having passed the tests already named, if he has not impaired hearing, and if he exhibits ordinary muscular development, he is regarded as a desirable boy physically.

It is not so hard for the boy who wishes to secure such a position as it is for the one who aspires to become a commissioned officer, for in the latter case the boy must secure at the hands of the representative of his district in Congress an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

In ordinary times of peace it is impossible for the apprentice ever to become a commissioned officer, but by proper attention to duty, and by good conduct, he may become in time a warrant-officer, such as boatswain, gunner, or carpenter, with a salary eventually of eighteen hundred dollars a year.

Other lower positions open to him are such as boatswain's mate, captain of certain parts of the ship, master-at-arms, etc., with pay averaging about thirty-five dollars a month and rations.

When a boy first enters the navy he receives as pay nine dollars a month, besides his rations, and he is also provided free with a complete outfit of bedding and clothing. He receives

a thoroughly good and practical education, which will fit him to be a useful man in the world, should he wish to leave the service at the end of his first period of enlistment, which is for five years.

The boys at the training-station truly may be said to live in a little world of their own, for they do not need to go outside of their own circle to find any of the needs of life. At certain hours of the day they form a well-regulated school in which they are taught all the elements of science, English, and mathematics — enough to enable them to understand thoroughly and to handle intelligently the various fittings and armament of a modern man-of-war.

Well-informed and thoroughly practical officers are stationed there to instruct the apprentices in all the drills and manœuvers used by seamen afloat and ashore, including infantry, light artillery, seamanship in all its forms,— both theoretical and practical,— the several kinds of signaling used in the service, the handling of boats under steam, oars, and sails, and the use of sword and gun in the arts of fencing and of bayonet exercise.

At Newport is the only important torpedo-station of our government, and it is therefore convenient for the apprentices to be taught, while there, the mode of constructing a torpedo, and the proper care and handling of the same.

A chaplain in the navy is detailed regularly for duty among the boys, and to look after them in any way he may think most conducive to their highest moral improvement. Every Sunday the boys are assembled on deck to join in a regular church worship, presided over by the chaplain, and it is a most interesting sight to see several hundred boys of tender age, all in the same blue uniform, joining heartily in the service. Those with voices worthy of any cultivation are assigned to the choir, and they enjoy this honor quite as much as any of the several privileges that fall to their lot. At certain other times, in the evenings, during recreation periods, they are permitted to assemble for any kind of innocent amusement, and one of the most popular pastimes among them seems to be dancing.

The spacious deck is cleared, and there, to the music of an orchestra formed from their own number, they trip together the "light fantastic." It is well that there are some such pleasures for the young boys, for otherwise the hardships and discipline of the service would become most irksome.

Every spring and summer the apprentices are taken aboard some of the older vessels of the navy and are sent abroad for a cruise, during which, under efficient officers, they are taught the full duties of seamen afloat. All the theory of seamanship and gunnery is then reduced to practice, and the apprentices are put through the evolutions of furling, reefing,



and loosing sail, of abandoning ship, and of aiming and firing the guns on board, antiquated though they may be.

As soon as the apprentices are received into the service they are arranged into classes, being known as apprentices of the first, second, or third class, according to the length of time they have served.

It has been the custom of the government recently to detail apprentices of the highest two classes (first and second) to the several modern cruisers and battle-ships that are in active service, to do duty among the older and full-fledged seamen. At first their presence on board such ships was protested against by both officers and men, as it was thought by the latter that the apprentices were too young and too light to do the work of seamen.

It was very soon found, however, that what the apprentice lacked in weight and strength he made up for by his agility aloft and by his quickness to pick up and to master the important details of gunnery, signaling, and electricity, and by this time he has become an indispensable part of the crew of every large ship in the service.

There are usually not more than forty apprentices allowed to any one ship; but in urgent cases, when the supply of regular seamen on board a ship is low, there are more apprentices sent to fill up such deficiency.

It may be interesting to know that in the great naval engagements at Manila and at Santiago nearly every American gun-captain was an ex-apprentice.

The government, knowing that it is difficult to make good gunners out of raw material, recently hit upon the plan of laying open to the most deserving of the ex-apprentices what might be called a "postgraduate course in gunnery," which fits them to have precedence over other seamen and to be assigned as gunners where skill and science are needed.

In pursuance of this plan, the Navy Department directs the captain of each ship at certain times to recommend a fixed number of apprentices on board his ship whom he regards the most worthy of trust and prominence, and from these lists of names apprentices are selected and sent to Newport for advanced training.

Such apprentices are taught the details of guns, explosives, projectiles, electricity, signaling, and all the important duties of a modern sailor. They are given several months of practical work with all the modern armament used in the service, they being sent on short practice cruises aboard of either a battle-ship or a double-turreted monitor, on which are guns of every description, from a small machine-gun to the large twelve-inch gun mounted in a turret.

As soon as one detail of apprentices has been put through the required course, it is relieved and another is sent to take its place; so in this way there is always good timber from which to draw competent gun-captains and electricians.

Secretary Long just recently gave instructions for the rehabilitation of the old-time ships "Essex" and "Adams" as training-ships, so as to extend the apprentice system, since he realizes the greater need of well-trained and up-to-date seamen in the navy.

It is his intention to have one of these stationed on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific coast. The ships used for this purpose in the past, the "Alliance" and the "Mohican," will continue in the same service.

Although, as already stated, the apprentice can never hope to become a commissioned officer, there are many positions of trust and honor in the service that are open to him, if he but applies himself to the tasks assigned to him day by day, and is awake to the opportunities that are sure to turn up for him.



# THE·CASE·OF·MRS·BURROWS·

By George Madden Martin.

The President of "The Poor Ye Have Always with You" circle of King's Daughters sank down wearily on the steps of the broad porch, and dropping her jaunty straw hat by her side, ran her slim fingers through her curly hair.

She was only sixteen, was the President, and the poor of Sycamore Valley were many and shiftless, and funds were low, and she had been driving to and fro all day, arranging to send Mrs. Burrows into the city to her son. But the poor seemed possessed of an overweening affection for the valley, and Mrs. Burrows had not wanted to go; and the thermometer, though the spring was still young, registered eighty-nine degrees; and the President was tired and hot — too hot even to go in to supper; so she had dropped here on the step, and was drinking in the perfume of the growing things about her, and letting the tender green of the lawn and the unfolding beeches quiet and soothe her, before she presented herself to her family.

"And when it is an unreasonable old person like Mrs. Burrows, one simply has to judge for her," murmured the President, in the positive tones of one trying to reassure one's self. "She could not live alone any longer, crippled with rheumatism as she is; and there was not a windy night last winter but I feared the cabin would be down about her head." And at a second summons of a bell from within, the slim young girl arose and went slowly in through the wide and airy hall to the dining-room.

"Such a time, mama!" she explained to the gentle face turned inquiringly upon her from the head of the table. "We shipped her things on the morning freight, you know, thinking she was going on the three, when here comes a letter from the son saying that he could not meet her in the middle of the afternoon, and to send her on the six. So we have been trying to keep her spirits up since morning until at five o'clock I drove her to the station, and bought her ticket, and gave her the son's letter with the address, in case of anything happening, and left her there hugging a little Indian basket full of tea-cakes Cassie gave her for her



"THE PRESIDENT SANK WEARILY ON THE STEPS."

son's children. I told the son his duty very plainly in my letter last week, and he at least has *promised* to do what is right." The President frowned a little as she helped herself to curd and poured the thick yellow cream generously upon it, then continued more slowly: "Of course she did not want to go, and her scared old face is going to haunt me and keep me miserable. But don't you think we did right, papa,"—turning toward that gentleman, at the foot of the table,—"bent double as she is with rheumatism, and Mr. Kohlert telling her to find some other place, as the cabin is unsafe and he means to tear it down?"

But the President's father, having cut a delicately thin slice of pink ham and placed it upon his daughter's plate, looked at that young woman quizzically through his eyeglasses.

"I should say it was rather a big question to decide offhand," he returned, "especially if she be the old person I saw on the platform as I got off the train—an old woman with her hair about her face and a general air of *Lear in the storm*. I should say, if the move is responsible for the expression, it would have been better to have tried A Green Tea or A Spring Vegetable Festival, or something else appropriate to the season, for her benefit before resorting to extremities."

The President looked at her father reproachfully. "But, papa, how could we? There was the Lawn Fête last summer to pay her doctor's bill, and the Cake Sale at Thanksgiving to buy her winter's coal. People are tired of helping Mrs. Burrows. It is like pouring water into a sieve. You remember, mama, how it was about the two nice suits of flannel we bought her—to find—when she was taken down with rheumatism—she had but one left, and that—well—not spotless. She had given the other suit to that wretched Mrs. Sloan, of course, because Mrs. Sloan—to whom we had given two sets the winter before, with the injunction that they were to do two winters—had torn hers up for bandages last summer when her husband was hurt. And because the circle spent last week making Mrs. Burrows a new black dress to go to town, did n't she give away her two good calicoes, because she did n't need so many? When there are so many requiring help, papa, it does seem only right her son should be caring for her. You remember, mama, you agreed with me that it seemed the wisest thing to do!"



"JIM SHAMBLED OFF, WAGGING HIS HEAD, AND TALKING TO HIMSELF AS HE WENT." (SEE PAGE 372.)

But mama was too gentle ever to take so decided a stand. "But I never thought of her being opposed to it," she protested mildly.

The poor President dropped the biscuit she had just buttered. "But what else could we do, mama? This cabin had been rent-free, and we dared not pledge ourselves to pay for another; and when she has a grown son—even if he has been wild—" She pushed her coffee-cup away. "Please, mama, it is too hot to eat; may I go?"

Then, hardly waiting for the response, the President rose and left the room, leaving father and mother to smile indulgently over her impulsive ways.

But when she reached the moon-lit porch she found the steps already occupied, and, recognizing the stunted, stooping figure with its bushy head of uncut hair and beard, gave a half-articulated groan, then went forward out of the shadow.

"Well, Jim?"—and it was with an evident effort she managed to impart even a shade of

welcome to her tone; for Jim, queer, shrewd, irresponsible Jim, with a twist somewhere in his brain, though with a witty tongue, was sometimes one of the most trying of the poor who were with the circle always, the more so that he was a privileged character in the valley, and, worse still, knew it. "What is it this evening, Jim?"

"Hush!" said Jim,—and his great head wagged warningly,—"sh-h! Doan't you hear the mocker in that locus' yon'er? Time enough to say my say when it stops. I ain't in no hurry; I never goes to bed when the mockers sing, nohow."

The President laughed in spite of herself. "I 'm not the Treasurer, Jim," she returned, "and sentiment does not go with me as it does with her, so out with it: what have you come for?" And she drew forward a chair and sat down resignedly.

But Jim, having chosen his rôle, stuck to it. "I was jus' goin' by," he declared, "an' hearin' a mocker in your locus' clump, an' the moon comin' up a-through your orchard an' ag'in' your pines, I jus' reckoned I 'd come in an' set awhile."

"Oh," said the President.

"There 's nothin' like moonlight an' mockers, nohow, to cheer a one up when he 's down," continued Jim, and his head wagged mournfully; "but 't ain't my way to talk about myself. Tell a little an' keep a little; that 's my way."

"Ah," said the President, "I knew there was something. Out with it, Jim."

But Jim had changed his tactics.

"While I was here I did 'low to ask you about the collection last Sunday, Miss Sidney. They tell me it was all give' over to you Daughters."

"You know it was, Jim; you were there." And the President felt she had a right to that added sharpness in her tone, seeing that nothing went on within the walls of the little stone church (or in the valley outside, for that matter) that was lost on Jim — from the darn in the chancel carpet to the kicking by Mrs. Stone's Johnny against the freshly varnished pew with his new shoes. No baptism, no wedding, no funeral, that would have been properly conducted without Jim — at least, from Jim's own standpoint. And the President felt that she had him.

"Yes 'm; I was there, so I was, an' I thought I heared 'em say so. For the valley's poor it was give to you Daughters, I heared."

"But it was not half so large as we hoped it might be," forestalled the President, with a view to any subsequent demand.

"Jus' what I 'lowed when I seen Mr. Collins put in a dime — him that 's so ag'in' foreign missions. I minded to stop by his store, I did, an' ask him why them that 's so ag'in' foreigns is the same as only gives dimes to home ones; but I was studyin' so about my bedclo'es as I come along, I clean forgot — "

"Bedclothes, Jim?"

"Yes 'm; an' piller, too."

"What about them, Jim?"

"Someone's got 'em, Miss Sidney. An' seein' I know they was took for some 'n' older an' poorer than me, why, it 's so, Miss Sidney, I can't say nothin'."

"I knew there was something besides the mocking-birds," laughed the President. "Who took them, Jim?"

Jim shuffled his feet on the gravel, then hitched his body further on the step. "'T ain't no matter, now, an' I 'd ruther not say who. I never goes to bed when the mockers sing, nohow, myself. I ain't feelin' well, neither, an' when my stomach 's skittish, 't ain't no use to try to sleep."

The President moved uneasily. When Jim took this tone one felt one's self slipping. Therefore, against her better judgment, she found herself inquiring:

"What 's the matter with your stomach, Jim?"

"'T ain't, by rights, to say so much my stomach, Miss Sidney, as the uncertainty that 's upsettin'. I al'ays laid Mr. Collins off fer a mean man ever since he spoke out ag'in' foreign missions."

"But what has he to do with your stomach, Jim?"

"It 's them canned things, Miss Sidney — them the rain washed the labels off 'n the night his store roof was blowed off. There ain't no tellin' what 's in them cans 'thout labels on

them. That 's why he give 'em to me—he could n't sell 'em. An' I 'll leave it to you, Miss Sidney, if it ain't upsettin' for a man to get his mouth set for salmon, say, for his bre'kfus', an' have the next can turn out peaches, an', whatever it opens, 'bliged to be e't, for keepin', this weather. He 's stingy, if you want to know, Mr. Collins is. But there! what do you know about stingy, an' you a Halliard? I said to myself jus' now, I did, comin' up the drive,—an' the mocker splittin' his head in the locus',—I says: 'There ain't no back-door meanness about the Halliards'; that 's what I said."

As long as Jim was facing the moon-lit lawn, and his back was to the door, it would have been unfair to believe he knew that his audience had been increased by two, and therefore Sidney, rising, held up a finger in warning to her father and mother, for there was sometimes much meat in the matter of Jim's discourse. "'Back-door meanness,' Jim?" she repeated.

"Yes, 'm, jus' that. I judges mostly, myself, by the coffee-grounds folks give me, accordin' to the p'int they 're b'iled out; an' I 'd ruther have coffee made out your ma's grounds than a cup of anybody else's first b'ilin' in this here valley."

The President's mother was open to flattery, if the President was not. "You are very welcome to them, Jim," she said amiably, "and to the table-scraps also, since Mrs. Burrows has gone, if you will come for them. You have not promised them to any one, have you, daughter?" But Sidney, laughing, had gone indoors.

"You there, Mis' Halliard? G' evenin', ma'am"; and Jim got stiffly up, not without a groan, and made his obeisance. "It 's no more than I would 'a' said you 'd say, ma'am. There 's nothin' stingy about a Halliard, I was jus' a-tellin' Miss Sidney."

"It 's kind of you to say so, Jim," murmured the masculine representative of that name, feeling in his pocket for a dime.

"Yes, sir,—thank you, sir,—it 's what we used to say every day, Mis' Burrows an' me, the winter she nursed me through the rheumatiz. 'No back-door meanness about a Halliard. Al'ays a plenty of biscuit left over, an' often, mebbe, fried chicken an' a taste of some'n' sweet from the day before. There 's plenty of folks shows a big fist at the front door, but you 've got to read 'em *at the back* to know 'em!" And Jim drew his old hat over his shock of hair as Sidney came out again, a huge bundle in her arms. "Well, g' night, ma'am; g' night, Miss Sidney; I mus' be goin', though nights the mockers sing I never goes to bed, nohow."

The President stayed him with a gesture. "Wait; here is a comfort, Jim—the last the circle has to give away. You are to take care of it; do you understand? And I am giving you one of my sofa cushions for a pillow. I have taken the cover off, mama, and slipped an old case on it. Are you working anywhere now, Jim? We sent you word you could find work in Mr. Marvin's vineyard."

Jim took the bundle. "No, 'm; I ain't been workin' this week. The cherries is in bloom this week, an' somehow I 've al'ays noticed my rheumatiz is worse when the cherries is in bloom. But soon as the spring gits out o' my bones, you 'll see me workin', Miss Sidney; you Daughters will see me hustlin'—yes, 'm, hustlin'"; and Jim shambled off into the shadows athwart the drive, wagging his head and talking to himself as he went.

And Jim prophesied truly, for even before the cherry-trees ceased to bloom he proceeded to "work" the King's Daughters for all he could. But it was not until the next meeting of that organization, one week later, in the Halliards' parlor, that Jim's perfidy came to their knowledge.

The first intimation was when Cassie Merrill, the Treasurer, read her report, for,—among such items as, "For freight on Mrs. Burrows's furniture, $2.50; for Mrs. Burrows's ticket, 65 cents; for calico for wrappers for Mrs. Sloan's baby, 45 cents,"—Cassie read out in her soft, businesslike little way: "To Jim Harvey, for carrying message from the President to the Secretary, 10 cents."

At this, in her haste to set herself aright, the President quite forgot her parliamentary rulings, and sprang to her feet. "There is some mistake," she protested; "I paid Jim myself; it was a personal matter entirely, the message."

The Secretary, Alice Cawthorne, paused in the



"THE PRESIDENT SAT FOR A MOMENT IN THUNDERSTRUCK SILENCE, AND THEN SPRANG TO HER FEET."

midst of taking her notes, laid down her pencil, and put up her eye-glasses. "Jim is getting absent-minded," she remarked; "he collected a dime from me when he brought the message."

The Treasurer's round little face flushed. "He said that Sidney told him to come to me and I would pay him," she explained. "It was the same evening he came to mama for a mattress, his having been taken, or something. Of course, you know, girls, I never dreamed —"

"Not a mattress, Cassie," corrected the President; "a comfort. And I meant to tell you all I gave him —"

"Not a mattress or comfort either," interrupted Annette Rivers, "for he told me all about it. It was a chair, for he had nothing left but a soap-box to sit on. Mama let me give him an old rocker from up garret."

"But it *was* a mattress," insisted the flushed Treasurer, "for mama gave him an old one from

one of the servants' beds, and you know they gave Jim the big arm-chair out of the vestry-room only a month ago, when they refurnished the church."

"Well," said the President, "it was a comfort he came to me for, and I gave him the calico one we finished just before Easter."

The circle was looking grave when little Jane North spoke up, addressing the Secretary: "Of course it may be all right, and I would not have spoken of it otherwise, and it almost seems mean to suspect him; but mama and I could not help wondering, Alice, if you all know that Jim is selling your strawberries?"

The Secretary clapped her glasses upon her nose once more, and viewed Jane, astonishment written upon every feature. "Selling our strawberries?"

"For the benefit of the King's Daughters," supplemented Jane. "That is what he told us when he came to sell some to mama."

"I see," remarked the Secretary. "Our gardener is sick, and I persuaded Jim to take a job at weeding. We have scarcely tasted a strawberry ourselves, but Jim assured us that something seemed to be *eating* them."

No one even smiled. Indeed, the President was looking pale. "I cannot believe it," she declared. "We have known Jim all our lives. He has watched us grow up."

"Mother's gingham wrapper disappeared off the line wash-day," came from Ellie Preston, hesitatingly, "and cook declares the children next door saw Jim take it when he came for his dinner; but we laughed at the idea."

"His dinner!" exclaimed the President. "But we give him all he can possibly eat since Mrs. Burrows went."

"And so do we," came from another Daughter. "He brings his basket every day."

"He has had three meals a day at our house," insisted Ellie, "ever since he pulled papa's hunting-dog from under the train."

The Secretary was a person of decision. "We have known Jim all our lives," she stated, "and he is queer-witted, and reasons things out differently from the rest of us; and we all know no one has ever questioned his honesty. I move that we go and hunt him up before judging him." And she closed her book.

Acting upon which motion, the meeting at once adjourned; and seeking their hats, the agitated members sallied forth in quest of Jim.

The way down the maple-shaded street led to the post-office,— as, indeed, did all the streets of Sycamore, like spokes about a hub,— and the President ran in for the mail.

"One — and for me," she said, tearing the envelope across, as she came out. "Walk on. I 'll read it, and then catch up." But by the time the group had crossed the square and had started out a second avenue, she came running after, and her cry made them stop.

"Girls,"— and the President's pretty face was pale without question this time,— "it is from Mrs. Burrows's son; and he wants to know where she is, and why she did not come. He says the furniture arrived, and that he went to the train as he promised,"— she was finding the place in the letter,— "and he says — here it is: 'I have been laying off to write ever since to know what is keeping her.' And it is a week to-day since she went!"

"You put her on the train yourself, did n't you, Sidney?" asked the Secretary.

"No," faltered the President. "It was so hot and late that, after buying her ticket and all, she said she could get on the train herself, and I left her waiting."

"Then why did n't she get there?" said the Secretary.

The others gazed at her dumbly.

"She did not want to go, you know," at last ventured the Treasurer's scared voice, timidly.

"Well," from the Secretary, "go on."

"I was thinking maybe she slipped off and went back to the cabin," faltered Cassie.

"Without a stick of furniture or a bite to eat!" The Secretary's tones were tinged with sarcasm.

It was little Jane North who spoke next, and her clear treble tones seemed to carry weight with its earnestness. "We had a cat once,— on the old place before we had to sell,— and she had lived there so long she just refused to stay at the cottage after we moved; and though we watched her, and coaxed her, and kept her from getting away time after time, for all it was so far and she was so old, she slipped off from us one day, and crawled back there, and died."

For one long moment the circle gazed at little Jane, then, moved by a common impulse, turned and ran — out the shaded avenue to the pike, through the Clores' lane, into the Kohlerts' big farm gate, across the rolling pasture, up the hill, then down the rocky slope to the creek. And here they paused, heedless even of the bloodroot and yellow poppies and columbine filling the rocky crevices, and gazed across at the miserable little cabin in which poor Mrs. Burrows had so hoped to be allowed to end her days.

It was little Jane who went over first, pausing on the last stepping-stone as if seeking further courage, then starting up the winding path. But on the brow of the hill, almost at the door-step, she was seen to pause, to look toward the woodland on the right, to peer, then to put her hand above her eyes and look again, then break into a run. And when the other girls, following, had reached the top of the hill, it was to see little Jane go over the Virginia rail fence and disappear among the woodland trees.

And when a hurried peep into the cabin revealed nothing of Mrs. Burrows but an old apron stuffed into the broken window, there seemed nothing for the girls to do but follow, wondering, after Jane.

And when they reached the old rail fence, it was to see Jane's blue dress, behind the trees, whisk through the barbed wires of a fence on the other side. And when the circle had crawled through the wire fence into the Clore pasture, it was to see the blue dress going through an opening in the hedge on the south end of the pasture.

Then it dawned on the girls that Jane was going 'cross lots to Jim's, whose cabin was on the Clore place; and such was their faith in Jane, the whole circle broke into a run.

Jane met them at the opening in the hedge. "I saw him picking mushrooms in the woodland pasture — Jim, you know; and he had Mrs. Burrows's Indian basket in his hand. He ran, and, of course, then I knew. She is here; we might have suspected it."

And she was there — Mrs. Burrows, little, withered, old, a deprecating timidity trembling about her toothless mouth. There she was on Jim's door-step, Ellie Preston's mother's gingham wrapper upon her back, a corn-cob pipe on the step beside her, a dawning look of alarm and terror arising in her eyes.

But Jim stood between her and the advancing circle of King's Daughters, the basket on his arm, half a dozen dogs fawning about his feet.

"The poorer they are," murmured the Secretary, "the greater the number of dogs they seem to be able to keep."

But Jim, unconscious of her words, seeing only that she spoke, took a step forward, wagging his head. "You 've got to pull 'em up



"[illegible] AND ROCK [illegible] THEY RAN, DOWN [illegible] BY [illegible] TO THE CREEK."

when they 're saplings," he said, "them beeches yon'er, if you 'low to grow 'em some place else. An' when I seen her settin' on the platform, scared to death like, an' huggin' this here basket tight, 'She 's like a dug-up tree,' says I, 'an' you want to get her back on her hillside quick,' says I; 'or there 'll be mournin' 'fore the week 's out!' An' I did. I 've known you from babies, I have, an' I 've rid 'most all of you on Ol' Jim's back, I have; an' I took up for you Daughters right along, when the Sloanses an' the Smysers an' the Owenses an'

all were ag'in' you, sayin' you was pokin' round an' interferin'. I al'ays told 'em as how you mean well, but is young yet. But I could n't see you do this here. I seen your duty, an' I done it for you—though," and Jim's tones grew plaintive and even injured, "I 'm 'most wore out a-doin' it, an' me never fitten for nothin' as long as the spring 's in my bones."

"An' Teddy ain't been a good son to me," quavered Mrs. Burrows; "an' his wife she doan't treat me right. I 've lived in this valley seventy years an' more, I have, an' 'peared like 't was killin' me to go. I reckon I 'll keep on here with Jim. He 's give me his room, an' fixed up the lean-to for himself. He 's a heap more like a son to me than ever Teddy was; an' when my rheumatiz is bad he 'll look after me, an' when he 's sick I 'll do for him."

And the King's Daughters bowed their heads in meek assent.

But when Jim overtook them on the road homeward, even the gentle Treasurer turned on him with a reproachful "Well, Jim?"

But Jim was in no whit abashed.

"It 's these here mushrooms," he explained cheerfully, bringing forward the basket on his arm. "I thought you all would likeliest know who 'd buy 'em. They 're the first this year, an' I 'd like mighty well to sell 'em."

The President's eyes flashed. "For the benefit of the King's Daughters, I suppose, Jim?"

Jim's great, flat feet shuffled, but his eyes were reproachful as they met the President's gaze.

"It was n't for myself I done it, Miss Sidney," he returned; "nor yet for Mis' Burrows, though it *do* take more to keep two than one, an' she 'bliged to have her little fire night an' mornin', an' her rations reg'lar. I *done it for you Daughters*, seein' it was your duty plain. I never took but one thing around — the mattress from Miss Cassie, the chair from Miss Annette, an' the strawberries from Miss Alice, an' the comfort from Miss Sidney. 'Each one to do his part,' I heared read out in church is your motter, an' I jus' helped you along to do it. An' I took the wrapper 'cause Mis' Burrows she was frettin' over what you all would say to her if she sp'iled the new dress, an' I reasoned you 'd thank me for doin' it. An' the back-door victuals was hers anyhow, havin' been gittin' 'em for years. I studied it out, I did, Miss Sidney — I studied it out the night I was to your house; for I never goes to bed when the mockers sing, nohow. I studied it all out fair."

"But why did n't you come to us and tell us how Mrs. Burrows felt, Jim? You knew we only wanted to do what was right," demanded Sidney.

Jim's head wagged to and fro, and his eyes closed knowingly, then opened as a broad smile spread over his face. "Tell a little, but keep a little more; that 's the best way. You were n't seein' it my way then, nor hers neither."

"No," admitted the Treasurer, softly; "we were not."

"And if she had pined away and died —" came solemnly from little Jane.

There was a pause.

"We will send for her furniture right away," said the President. "She shall stay if she wishes, Jim. And if there is anything more needed to make her comfortable —"

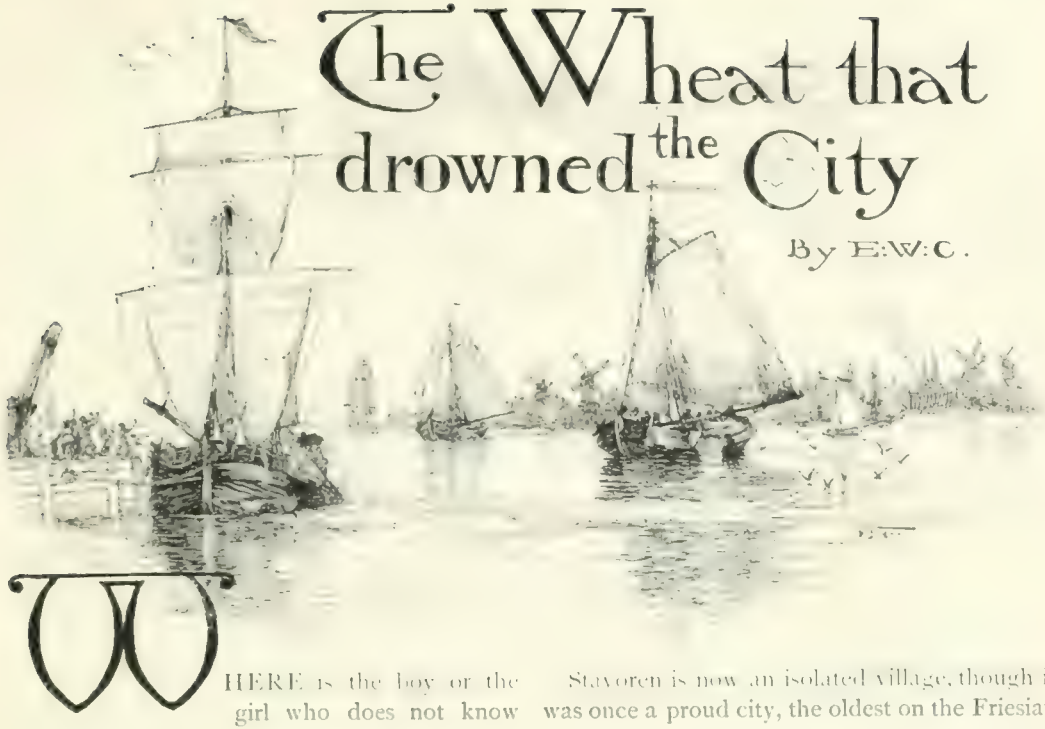
"Let us know," came from the circle, in a chorus.

And as they parted, each Daughter shook Jim's earth-stained hand, while Alice Cawthorne transferred from his arm to her own the Indian basket of mushrooms.



# The Wheat that drowned the City

By E. W. C.



WHERE is the boy or the girl who does not know about Holland,—how for centuries the sea has been always trying to swallow it up, but has not succeeded just because of the patience, energy, and determination of the inhabitants, which have been more than a match for him? Now and then he has conquered in spots; but, on the other hand, the Hollanders have not only bidden him defiance, but they have absolutely turned him out of his bed because they wanted it for their own purposes. And now they are getting ready to do it again. They propose to invite him to let them have the bottom of the Zuyder Zee, which is about nine hundred thousand acres. They expect to be some thirty-five years in persuading him to leave, and his compliance will cost them not less than seventy-six million dollars; but they would never undertake such a stupendous enterprise were they not very sure of the benefits to result from it.

The entrance to the Zuyder Zee is between Stavoren and Medemblik, where the gulf is very broad, as the map will show. Here is to be made an enormous dike to keep out the North Sea, of which the Zuyder Zee is a part.

Stavoren is now an isolated village, though it was once a proud city, the oldest on the Friesian coast. The sand-bank that clogs the port is called Vrouwe Zand, or the "Woman's Sand-bank," and the legend accounting for its presence is one of a multitude that cluster about the Zuyder Zee.

Thus runs the tale:

In the olden time the great city of Stavoren stood on the crescent shore of a beautiful bay. Many ships lay on its splendid wharves or went sailing to the ends of the earth for cargoes of all that was most prized and costly in every land. The warehouses of the city were full of treasure, and the streets thronged with busy crowds. The rumble of the loaded wains, the ring of iron-shod hoofs on the stones, the shouts of the drivers, the manifold noise and bustle of a big and thriving city, filled the air from dawn till dark.

Among the rich people who lived splendidly, in grand houses, was the maiden Richberta. Beside her wealth and splendor all other possessions grew dim. No palace could match hers in magnificence. Her ships brought in such gold and gems, such marvelous stuffs, and such rare, strange things from over seas as made her

the envy of all the town. When she rode abroad in her grandeur, all eyes followed her, and she was proud. But her joy was greatest when strangers came to view her possessions, for then she knew the fame of them was spread abroad in the land.

One day a stately, gray-haired man came to her door and asked to behold her treasures. She gave him a gracious welcome, and caused her most rare and wonderful things to be spread before him. His strange Eastern dress and a certain air of mystery about him fascinated her, and she eagerly watched him as he calmly viewed the display she made, expecting from him looks and words of astonishment and delight. But none came. His countenance remained unmoved, and he made no comment. Then, in anger, Richberta exclaimed:

"Why are you silent, old man? Saw you ever the like of this before?"

"No, lady," he answered gently, "not even in kings' palaces, and I have known them in all countries. Only one thing is lacking, and that is the best of all."

"And what is that good thing which I have not?" she demanded in a rage.

But the strange man only shook his head, and would not tell, but went his solitary way.

Then Richberta's wrath knew no bounds. All her pleasure in her possessions was gone because of the one thing, best of all, that she had not. Nobody could think what it could be, though she and her wisest servants thought about it day and night. She sent her fastest ships to hunt the great world through to find this one treasure. Miserable and impatient, she awaited their return; but when they came they brought her only bitter disappointment. The thing that was best of all remained undiscovered.

At last, one of these vessels sprang a leak in mid-ocean, and all the flour on board was spoiled. Meat, wine, and much besides remained, but there was no bread; and so dreadful did the lack of it at last become that one day the captain cried with sudden joy: "Bread is that one good thing in all the earth of which the old man spoke!"

So he sailed straight away to a Baltic town, and took in a cargo of the finest wheat. Then was he proud and happy. And when he at last cast anchor in the great bay of Stavoren he said: "Now will the heart of my mistress be joyful once more"; and he hurried to her presence with the good news. But when he had told it, Richberta, instead of giving him the praise he expected, was terribly wroth. She stamped her foot and cried:

"Fool, thou dost but mock me! Bread, indeed! On which side of thy ship didst thou take on thy dolt's cargo?" And when he told her, she cried again: "Over the other side of it fling every kernel into the sea!"

"Never!" shouted the captain, in a voice of thunder, forgetting in his sudden wrath and amazement that he spoke to the maiden Richberta. But the next moment he restrained himself, and said humbly: "Forgive me, lady. But surely thou dost but jest with me."

A fierce light came into Richberta's eyes, and the darkness of her countenance made even the bold captain to tremble.

"Slave!—away and do my bidding, or thou thyself shalt be flung into the sea!"

And he did as she ordered him.

Then, when the poor of the city heard what was to be done, they knelt to the proud maiden Richberta and prayed, with the tears falling from their eyes, that the precious wheat should be divided among them; but in vain. Richberta drove them away with anger and scorn; and they went, weeping and cursing, to the wharf, and saw the grain flung over the ship's side into the harbor.

Now, after many days a strange thing came to pass. Along the shore, and far out into the bay, appeared a multitude of green blades; and presently the wondering people cried: "It is the wheat!"

Because of Richberta's wicked deed, the wasted seed, meant for a blessing, had been turned into a curse. Mud and sand began to lodge in the myriad blades of this strange growth. Little by little a huge bar was formed, so the ships of Stavoren could no longer sail back and forth over the once splendid bay. Slowly the commerce and the wealth of the great city melted away. Slowly the proud Richberta sank into poverty. And the wheat

grew green and strong, while into every nook and cranny slowly sifted the clogging mud and sand.

Then, at last, a yet more cruel misfortune overtook Stavoren. The outlet for the sea became almost closed. And when, one day, a dreadful storm arose, the terror-stricken people saw the water come bursting through the dikes that kept the town from being submerged. They fought the flood as only Hollanders can fight such an enemy; but this was one of those rare times when they were helpless. Their frantic efforts went for nothing. The city was drowned. All was lost. Richberta had builded Stavoren's tomb. And to this day remains the Vrouwe Zand, or "Woman's Sand-bank," formed by the wasted wheat; and the bay is the Zuyder Zee.

The legend does not tell what it was the strange old man missed among Richberta's treasures. May it not have been the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit that the Bible tells us is, in God's sight, of priceless value? Had that been one of the rich lady's possessions, the beautiful and prosperous city of Stavoren would not have been destroyed.



## WHEN THE OLD TOYS WERE YOUNG.

By Katharine Pyle.

How sad it is when toys grow old and worn!
Pushed back upon the shelf they lie forlorn.

Among themselves they often talk, and say:
"Oh, dear, what pleasant games we used to play!

"And do you recollect that day we went
Out on the porch? — the day the sheep got bent?

"And then that plaster cat — it was so gay!
It squeaked and grinned in such a lively way.

"Poor thing! poor thing! how little then it knew
That very soon it would be broken, too!"

And so the old toys talk, and all the while
The new toys, listening, at each other smile.

Some day, unless they break, they 'll find, no doubt,
How sad it is for toys to be worn out.

# BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY.

By E. H. House.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter IX.

### THE "RISING SUN" OF ASIA.



"NTIL the Japanese were forced to become hermits," continued Uncle Claxton, after the miniature ship had been set up for inspection, "many of them went about trading or seeking adventures in half the ports of Asia. They visited India, planted colonies in Siam, Formosa, and islands which later belonged to Spain, and even undertook voyages to America and Europe. In fact, one of their great daimios thought it would be a capital scheme to capture the nations of the West all in a lump, and offer them as a present to his feudal master, the shogun. I must tell you that story, for it will give you a good idea of the boldness and ambition which have always distinguished the race. It happened nearly three hundred years ago, but the national spirit is just as daring to-day as it was then. The very first Japanese who went to Europe set out in the latter part of the sixteenth century. They were sent by Christian rulers of southern provinces, and their expedition was a sort of religious pilgrimage. But the tales they brought home excited the imagination of a powerful northern noble, who knew very little about Western kingdoms, except that they existed and could be reached by a long ocean voyage. To this lord of Sendai it seemed that the desirable thing to do with the far-away lands was to conquer and annex them. So he had ships built for a small party of pioneers, whom he started across the Pacific to Acapulco, in Mexico, from which place they marched over to Vera Cruz, and thence embarked again for Portugal. After a short stay in that country and in Spain, they proceeded to Rome, where they were received with high honors, one of their leaders being made a senator. They did not mention that they were the advance-guard of an army of invasion,— they were much too polite for that,— and no one had the faintest idea of what their real errand was. After a long inspection they returned to Japan and made their report; but by this time the shogun had quite decided to have nothing more to do with the outside world, and so the enterprising nobleman had to give up his idea, and let the kingdoms of Europe and the colonies of America go on governing themselves, as before."

"Now, uncle, this time you are surely not in earnest," said Percy.

"Well, of course I don't pretend to say that the Japanese *would* have captured the earth, and it may be that the visitors to Europe suspected, from all they saw, that their master had laid out too extensive a plan of campaign. There is no evidence to make that point clear. It is perfectly true, however, that the intrepid daimio of Sendai hoped to be encouraged in his belief that the rest of the globe could be fastened to Japan like the tail to a kite, and that he urged his project seriously upon the highest authorities at Yedo. No doubt it was as well for him that the central government put a stop to deep-sea navigation. Otherwise his dream might have turned out a dreadful nightmare, and his daring flight have ended like that of Icarus. He did not seem to think that other people could fit out warlike fleets as well as his countrymen, and he probably never heard that ships and sailors were known in Europe before the empire of Japan began to exist."

"Who were the very first sailors, uncle?" asked Percy.

And at almost the same moment Amy put the question: "Uncle, who was Icarus?"



"I ought not to have alluded to him, Amy. His name jumped out by accident. But it happens that I can partly satisfy both of you with one answer, so you shall have it. As to the first sailors no one can speak with certainty. Floating vessels were in use before the period

of authentic history. The traditions, if not the actual records, of China and Egypt allow us to believe that they were known at least thirty centuries before the Christian era. But I suppose we may say, strictly, that there were no sailors until sails were invented, which must have been much later, probably twelve or fourteen hundred years before Christ. That, at any rate, is about the time fixed by the Grecian chroniclers for the first appearance of sailing-ships. We have to depend upon legends for information concerning those remote ages, and the legends are so mixed up with fables that it is hard to be sure of anything. We are told that in Athens there lived a mechanical genius named Dædalus, who not only gave people their first ideas of labor-saving tools, but also amused them by making statues that moved like human beings. He was a welcome guest at many courts, but was not always prudent enough to retain the friendship of the rulers.

"For displeasing the King of Crete he was confined, with his son Icarus, in the famous Cretan labyrinth, which had been built from his own plans. Dædalus was not the man to pine long in captivity. He set his wits to work, and presently fitted himself and Icarus with a pair of wings each, made of feathers stuck together with wax, and worked by wires. With the aid of these the prisoners started to fly across the Mediterranean. The father kept near the surface of the water, and reached the coast of Asia Minor safe and free; but the son was more aspiring, and soared so high that the wax was melted by the sun, and he fell into the sea and was drowned. That particular piece of water was afterward called the Icarian Sea, and the flight of Icarus has served ever since to illustrate the danger of reckless ambition. That much is for you, Amy, and the rest is for Percy. The real foundation of the fable is believed to be that Dædalus was the inventor of sails, which he kept hidden in a boat till he had rowed far from the shore, and which, when he hoisted them, were mistaken for wings. According to this, he and his son were the first genuine sailors, and the younger man lost his life on a trial trip."

"Twelve hundred years before Christ?" said Percy. "That was more than three thousand years ago. Too old a story to be trusted, I suppose?"

"All the ancient myths," replied his uncle, "seem to have had some basis in fact, but how much we can only guess. Let us get back to Japan, where we are on more solid ground. We could never have run away from it, indeed, if we had lived there in the age I was telling you about. The shogun who reigned at the beginning of the seventeenth century was so determined to keep his people from straying abroad that he forbade them to build any ships large enough, or seaworthy enough, to go safely out of sight of land; and this law was rigidly enforced for two hundred and fifty years. But now they are making up for lost time with a rush. They have a fine navy, which they manage admirably, and lines of steamers trading to all parts of the world. This latest lot of curios was brought to America by one of their merchant vessels, as the inscription printed on the box will prove to you."

"If we could only read Chinese," said Harry. "Is n't it strange, uncle, that the Japanese, who are so proud and independent, should not have a language all their own?"

"What do you mean, Harry?" asked Uncle Claxton, with some surprise.

"Why," Harry answered, "this writing is Chinese, is n't it?"

"Dear me! Did you really take the Japanese and Chinese languages to be the same? Perhaps all of you have that idea."

Those who had thought about the matter at all admitted that it had seemed so to them.

"They look exactly alike," argued Harry.

"Tell me, my boy, would you say that English and French are the same?"

"Of course not, uncle."

"Or Italian and Spanish and Portuguese? But I need not ask you. Yet the letters used in all these countries are identical, and they are gradually making their way in Germany. The Japanese adopted Chinese characters nearly fifteen hundred years ago; but their speech is wholly their own, and has no close resemblance to that of any other race that we know of. The Chinese writing may serve for any language, or for all languages. It is sym-

bolic — by which I mean that it represents ideas and objects, not sounds. Every Chinese character was originally a picture. Let me show you how the sign for 'mountain' grew into its present shape."

Uncle Claxton drew two figures on a piece of paper, thus:  山

"The first of these," he continued, "is just such a simple outline of a mountain as a child would make. For many ages it satisfied the Chinese, but in time they began to change it, and finally settled upon the second character. All their written words started as rough likenesses of things, and, in spite of frequent alterations, the earliest design can always be traced by scholars. Being mere signs, you can understand that they might be applied to English or French as well as to Japanese. A picture of a hill, or a river, or a tree, would have the same meaning in an American book as in a Chinese. But picture-writing would not do for us at all, and I don't think the Japanese will hold to it forever."

"If I were one of them," said Harry, "I would not like to owe even so little as that to such a country as China."

"When they copied the characters," Uncle Claxton explained, "they were as much behind China in civilization as they are ahead of her now. And at any time it is good for a nation to take advantage of useful examples. By doing just this the Japanese have pushed themselves ahead wonderfully in the last twenty or thirty years. They have taken in everything that they thought would help their progress, and thrown off as many hindrances as they could. All the means of material advancement have been turned to account, with results which justify a good part of their claim to fellowship with the foremost nations of Europe and America; and they will never be satisfied until that claim is admitted by the whole world."

"Has n't it been said," Amy asked, "that they follow us too readily in some ways — in dressing like us, for example, when their own costume suits them so much better?"

"They have a motive in doing that," answered Uncle Claxton. "They wish to show, by every possible means, how ready they are to fall in with Western ideas and usages. The Chinese, on the contrary, cling to their costume for the reason that it helps to keep them apart from us as a race. It is true that several new things have been adopted by Japan not because they are the best of their kind, but because they belong to our general system. Twenty-five years ago the rulers suddenly abolished the Asiatic calendar, and decreed that the years and months should be reckoned according to our method, which is very far from a perfect one. A logical, scientific calendar might have been invented, but that would not have served their purpose. What they wanted was to make their measurements of time conform to those of the West. On the same principle they will sooner or later drop their style of writing, and take up ours. The Roman letters do not exactly fit all the sounds of their speech, but that is a difficulty which other nations have overcome the best way they could, and the Japanese cannot expect to have everything made smooth for them. The English had the same trouble, and to a much greater extent, when they introduced the Latin alphabet, for they found that some of their commonest sounds could not be represented by any of its letters — for instance, the hard and soft sounds which are now indicated by *th*. Their own old Saxon alphabet contained special characters for each of these; but they decided to abandon it and accommodate themselves to a set of signs which, though obviously defective, would give them uniformity with the majority of European nations. They got what they desired, but not without inflicting upon themselves and their descendants the most irrational and illogical system of spelling that ever encumbered a language. The Japanese have likewise an independent method of writing, called 'kana,' which has nothing to do with Chinese, and which many of their friends consider the most convenient and practical in existence. It is phonetic — that is to say, it represents sounds, like stenography, and each of its characters stands for a syllable. Any one can learn it in a day or two, and it may be written by nimble fingers almost as rapidly as one can talk. The Chinese symbols, on the other hand, can be mastered only by years and

years of study, and are far too complicated for anything like speed. Yet the Japanese despise their neat and compact little kana, and refuse to cultivate it at all. When they annex the Roman letters they will be a step nearer to capture than all the continents of Europe and America. I wish they would think of nothing but peaceful acquisitions for the next fifty years. That is their true way to become great, if they could only believe it."



"'SINCE YOU WILL NOT CALL ON CRUISER,' SAID RAREY, 'CRUISER HAS COME TO CALL ON YOU.'" (SEE PAGE 385.)

the leading nations of the earth, and that is what they are always aiming at."

"Then they will get something from Rome, after all," said Percy.

"So they will; and an alphabet is easier to

"Without trying flights of Icarus," said Amy, smiling.

"Precisely, my dear. But you will remember it was only the younger man who soared too high and came to grief. The father knew

how to be prudent as well as bold. So long as mature experience controls the government of Japan, we may hope that the spirit of Dædalus, and not that of his son, will preside over the national flights, and insure a safe ending."

"If you go back to Japan, uncle," said little Dick, "will you take us all with you?"

"Ah, Dicky, you must grow a good bit bigger before you begin traveling to such distances as that! The proper journey for you just now is from Dorchester to Boston. It is getting late, and they will be expecting you at home. But it shall not be long before I have you out here again. That is a promise not for you alone, but for everybody."

## Chapter X.

### THE STEED OF ALEXANDER.

The end of June was approaching, and the holidays were near at hand, when Uncle Claxton called upon his sister to inquire if the children could join him in an afternoon raid upon his large cherry orchard, many of the finest trees in which were already bearing fruit abundantly.

"They would be overjoyed," Mrs. Carey assured him, "but Percy and Harry have their lesson at the riding-school to-day, and cannot get away before half-past two."

"Why not let them ride out to my place straight from the school?" Uncle Claxton proposed. "They will be early enough, and I can take the girls and Dicky now, if you are willing."

There was no objection, and a few hours later four of the party stood at a window of the Dorchester house, looking out for the two older boys, who did not appear until a long while after they were expected. Every one was wondering at the delay, when they were at last seen cantering briskly up the avenue.

"What has kept you so long?" asked their uncle, as they entered the parlor.

"Our teacher offered," said Percy, "to show us how he could tame an unruly horse in fifteen minutes. We thought we could make up the time by riding fast."

"And was the exhibition he gave worth waiting for?" asked Uncle Claxton.

"Indeed it was! I never saw anything more plucky. The horse was dragged into the ring by four hostlers, and it was all they could do to hold him. They called him 'Mad Anthony,' and in fact he was perfectly savage. But Mr. Haydon — that 's our teacher — walked straight up to him, and, before we knew how it was managed, pulled up one of the fore legs, bent it nearly double, and fastened it in that position with a leather strap. That seemed to be all that was necessary. Mad Anthony allowed anything to be done to him after that. Mr. Haydon threw him down on the tan-bark and took off the strap; and when the creature got up again he was as mild as a lamb."

"Let us try it with 'Reefer,'" exclaimed Dicky. Reefer was one of Uncle Claxton's dogs — a big Newfoundland.

"But Reefer is the best-tempered dog in the world," Amy objected. "He does n't need to be tamed."

"Then I 'll try it with 'Spotty,' when I go home," said Dick — at which everybody was delighted, for Spotty was an old rocking-horse in the garret.

"Did you ever hear of anything like it, uncle?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes; I knew Rarey very well."

"Rarey? Who was he?"

"The remarkable American horse-tamer who had a great name in England nearly forty years ago. He certainly did extraordinary things. I happened to have rooms in the same house with him, in London, when he was taming 'Cruiser.' Our lodging-house was kept by a nice old lady named Zanche — an Englishwoman with a Greek husband. We all liked her very much, and Rarey wanted her to visit the stables with him and be introduced to his reformed pupils; but she was afraid. One day, when she was sitting in her parlor, she heard a queer noise in the hall, and before she could look out to see what it was, the door opened, and Rarey rode in on his subjugated steed. 'Since you will not call on Cruiser, Mrs. Zanche,' he said, 'Cruiser has come to call on you.' The good lady was scared enough at first, but her four-footed visitor was on his best behavior, and went through a few tricks which Rarey had taught him, in the most affable man-

ner. Mrs. Zanche was charmed, and considered herself highly complimented, for the conquered race-horse was a distinguished personage to entertain in those days."

"I am glad Rarey was an American," said Harry. "I hope he never failed."

"He never did, so far as I know," answered Uncle Claxton, "not even when he went beyond his line and undertook to train the zebra of the Zoölogical Gardens. That was a bit of fancy work, to show what he could do at his best. He told me the zebra was the most violent beast he ever had in hand. It used to roll over with Rarey on its back — turn somersaults, the tamer insisted. But the hot African blood cooled down under Yankee discipline, and Rarey had the striped courser drawing a buggy in Hyde Park many and many a time."

"And his secret was nothing but a leather strap!" exclaimed Percy.

"With the knowledge of what to do with it," added Uncle Claxton.

"And with patience and kindness," added Amy.

"Right, Amy. But there was no secret about that part of his system. It has been known ever since horses existed. The trainers of antiquity were as well aware as we are that gentle treatment is absolutely essential to success. Alexander, who was great in so many things, gave a remarkable proof of how well he understood this fact."

"Alexander who?" asked Harry.

"My dear Harry, you surprise me. Don't you know that Alexander of Macedon, the ruler of the ancient world, was renowned as a horse-breaker before he set out to win battles?"

"No, uncle; I don't think any of us knew. But if you will tell us about it, I will promise not to forget."

"Very good. It is n't a long story, and it ought to please you. First of all, you must bear in mind that fine horses were always properly admired at the court of Macedonia. King Philip, Alexander's father, was ready at any time to pay the highest prices for first-class specimens, and dealers were constantly bringing the choicest animals from all parts for his approval. Among these came a Thessalian named Philonicus, with a young steed for which he asked a sum equal to nearly thirteen thousand dollars of our money. Some writers say he demanded between fifteen and sixteen thousand, which, considering the difference in the value of money then and now, is not very far from what our modern millionaires give for the fastest trotters. Philonicus called the horse 'Bucephalus,' which means 'bull-headed,' because his head really was shaped somewhat like a bull's. He had the temper of a bull, too — and a mad bull at that. When he was brought before Philip it was impossible to restrain his violence; the attendants did not dare to mount him; and the king angrily ordered the dealer to take the beast out of his sight. Alexander, who was then only fifteen years old, but who had made horses his playmates all his life, objected to this hasty decision. Without speaking to any one in particular, he said, so that his father could overhear, that a great prize would be lost if this steed were sent away just because none of the grooms had spirit or skill enough to manage him. As the king paid no attention, Alexander repeated his protest more loudly, and showed so much impatience that Philip rebuked him, asking if he thought he knew more than his elders, or imagined he could control a brute which the most experienced riders did not venture to approach. Without a moment's hesitation, Alexander replied that he would undertake, on the spot, to make Bucephalus obey him; but the king would not allow him to try unless he consented to pay a forfeit in case he failed. Alexander was quite ready for this, and said he would willingly lose the price of the horse if he did not succeed — which was rather a rash pledge, as he probably had no such sum in his possession. His father, however, now began to notice how much in earnest the prince was, and as he had already learned to put faith in Alexander's intelligence and judgment, he agreed to stand by him in the enterprise."

"Alexander was no older than I am," said Percy.

"True; he may have been even younger. And I want you to hear what a close observer he was, notwithstanding his youth. If he mastered Bucephalus, it was not only by skill and

strength, but because he had noticed something which all the rest of the company overlooked. The horse was certainly wild and fiery enough to intimidate most riders; but his temper alone would not have made him so unmanageable on that particular day. He had been placed with his back to the sun, so that his own shadow fell before him on the ground; and as he plunged and pranced about, the dark image also moved beneath his eyes and alarmed him greatly. The more he tried to get away from it, the more it terrified him. Alexander's first action was to turn him around, and as soon as the shadow disappeared Bucephalus was in a better mood for listening to reason. For a few minutes the prince did nothing but talk pleasantly to him and stroke his head. At length he sprang lightly up, and fixed himself firmly upon the bare back. Continuing to speak kindly, and avoiding all harshness and severity, he soon won the animal's confidence, and after riding a considerable distance in various directions, he turned and galloped back at full speed, proud of his exploit, and happy in having discovered the noblest war-horse in the land."

"Of course the king bought him," said Percy.

"He bought him for Alexander, and for nearly twenty years the great conqueror and Bucephalus were constant companions. Some historians say that although the horse willingly consented to serve the prince, he would submit to no other authority, and even refused to be mounted by any one else. They say, also, that he learned to kneel down when his master wished to ride. If he had been a human being, Alexander could hardly have loved him more dearly. Through most of the Asiatic campaigns Bucephalus was the monarch's chosen steed. In his first battle with the Persians, however, at the river Granicus, he rode another, which was killed under him; and it may have been this circumstance that led him afterward to take precautions for the safety of his favorite. As Bucephalus grew old his work was made lighter; but as long as he lived, he was always called for at the close of a fight, when the final charge was ordered. It pleased Alexander to strike the decisive blow on the back of his tried comrade. Once Bucephalus was captured by a party of marauders in Hyrcania, and the king sent a messenger to tell the robbers that if they did not immediately give him up, they should all be put to death, with their wives and children. They made haste to obey, and Alexander was so delighted at getting his horse again that, instead of punishing the bandits, he caused to be given to them a large sum of money, calling it a ransom."

"That *was* an honor!" said Amy.

"Yes, and a greater one was yet to come. Alexander's army marched into India, and a battle was fought on the banks of the river Hydaspes, in which Bucephalus carried his sovereign for the last time. There are different accounts of the manner in which the faithful animal came to an end. One is that he received a fatal wound at a moment when the king was in great danger, but succeeded in bearing his rider to a place of safety, after which he fell dead. Another tells us that, though he was injured in several places, he did not die at once, but was kept alive for some months by the care of physicians. A third makes no mention of wounds, but says the death was due to extreme old age. However this may have been, it is certain that a noble tribute was paid to his memory. To keep his name and fame from being forgotten, Alexander built a city which he called Bucephala, near the spot where the famous charger died. I suppose no other horse was ever honored with such a monument as that."

"Perhaps, uncle," said Amy, "none ever deserved it."

"Well, my dear, let us hope his merit was equal to the reward. At any rate, since Alexander had made himself powerful enough to create cities wherever he went, he certainly had the right to please himself in naming them. If the glorification of his dumb friend and servant seems extravagant to us, we can at least say that it showed a kindly and generous spirit. But come; we must dismount from Bucephalus and get up among the cherries, or you will have reason to complain that I brought you out here on false pretenses. Come children."



"GOOD-BY, SWEETHEART!"
(From a water-color by F. S. Church, owned by W. T. Evans.)

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# THE BEST GAME WE PLAY.

By Annie C. Steele.

THERE 's nothing wonderful or grand in our back yard at all—
Just grass and trees and tall sweet peas, that grow along the wall;
And yet we have the finest times and play the greatest plays
Right in our yard! Why, now and then the game will last for days!



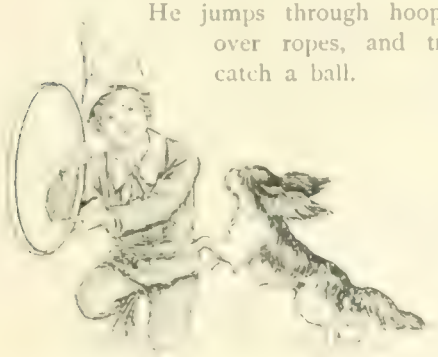
Sometimes we have a circus there. For tents we have the trees,
With cages of wild animals; I fear you 'd laugh at these,



But Bruno makes a lovely lion — our tigers are just cats.
The girls all bring their dollies out, and sit around on mats.

Charlie and John and Will and I wild horses like to be;
And how we run and prance and kick! I just wish you could see.
We mark a ring out on the grass, and Bob 's the finest clown,
While Jim, as master, cracks his whip and drives us up and down.

Then, in the swing we boys all do the best tricks that we can;
And Will and Charlie "wrastle," and Bob plays the "strongest man";
And Tim, our little spaniel, is the funniest of all:
He jumps through hoops and over ropes, and tries to catch a ball.



Sometimes we play our yard 's a park, and take pins at the gate;
And sometimes it 's a "forest dark," where bears and Indians wait
To catch the hunters fearless, who boldly wander there
In search of grisly giants and enchanted castles fair.

We sometimes play the grass is sea, where whales and fishes float;
The garden bench turned upside down makes just a lovely boat.
We safely row or sail and sing, though awful storms arise,
And mermaids try to steal our hats before our very eyes.

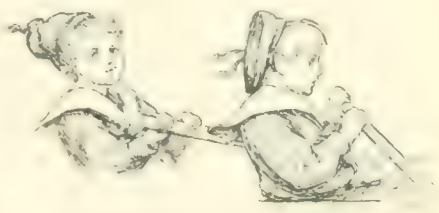
But lately we play soldier most, and have a dandy camp;
We boys just begged to sleep in it, but mamma said 't was "damp."



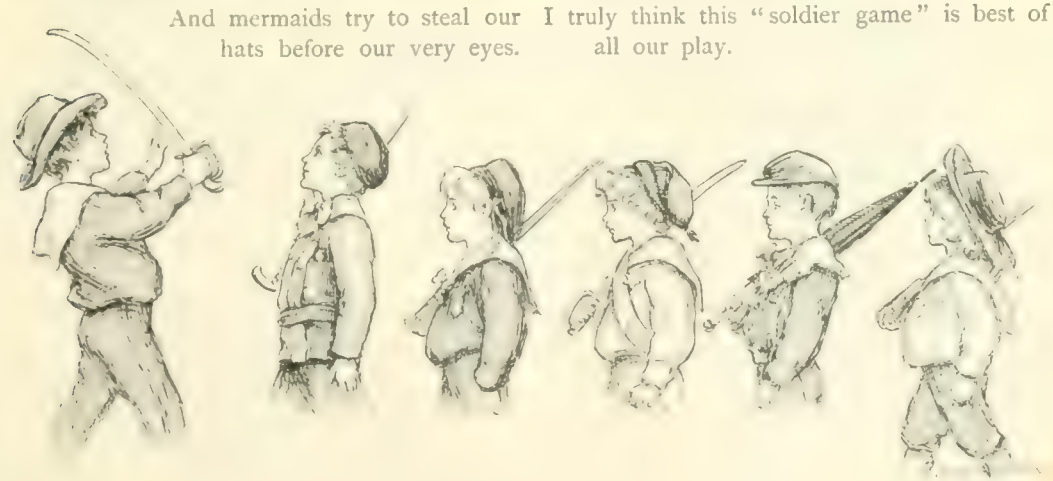
We drill, and march, and "sound the calls," and polish up our guns,
And shoot the biggest cannon-balls — they weigh a thousand tons.



We call Jim "Dewey" all the time — he 's captain of our corps;
We have our trousers trimmed with white — of badges wear a score.



The girls just love to watch us march and fix our tents each day;
I truly think this "soldier game" is best of all our play.





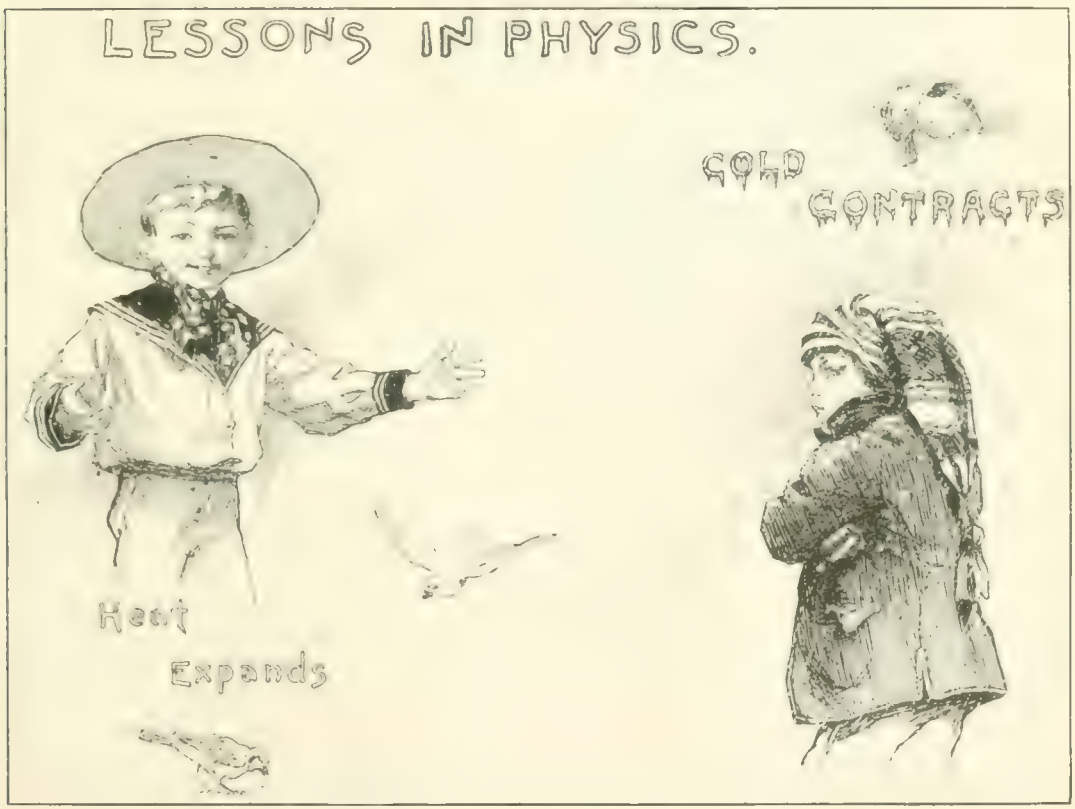

I DIPPED my pen into the ink, then looked
to see the date,
And looked again — and wondered if my
spectacles were straight.
What, spring already here? The sky was
gray, the meadows bare,
And even now a chilly whirl of snowflakes
filled the air.
'T was winter from my window; yet the
calendar declared
That spring had come. I rubbed my eyes
and at the letters stared.
"Well, well," I said, "if this be so,— and 't is,
or I 'm a dunce,—
My little friends, the birds and flowers, must
know of it at once!
They will be taken unaware, sweet, unsus-
pecting things —
Unless some wise, obliging friend the mes-
sage to them brings.
I 'll leave my letter, lay aside my study for
a while,
And go and break the news to them" (a
patronizing smile
Upon my lips). "How pleased," I said,
"and how surprised they 'll be!"
And buttoning close my overcoat, I sallied
forth in glee.

Now scarce a dozen yards I went, with
pleasant haste aglow,
Before I stopped, astonished, and retraced
my steps. For, lo,
Quite unconcerned and gay, though dark the
sky above it gloomed,
With lifted face, beside my path, a dande-
lion bloomed.
Before my dazzled eyes there flashed a vivid
gleam of blue,
As, sprinkling all the air with song, a blue-
bird by me flew.
Close by the wall, where warm and still the
sun had lain each day,
A million tiny blades of green were push-
ing through the clay.
The brook had found its voice again, and
all along the road

Went murmuring broken syllables of music
as it flowed.
A crocus showed its purple, and the willow
boughs were blurred
With mist of buds against the sky; and all
the air was stirred
With fairy laughter, as, abashed, I
turned and hurried back.
What need of me, old wise-
acre, and of my almanac?

Away with calculations wise, with calendar
and book!
None such had they — the willow
bough, the blossom, and the
brook.
I thought to tell them spring had come,
and winter was no more.
I might have spared myself
the pains — they knew
it all before!



# DOROTHEA PUTS THE ROOM IN ORDER.

By Julia Darrow Cowles.



"HY, why!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanton, as she stopped at the hall door and looked beyond her in dismay. "Dorothea, look at this room."

"Yes, 'm," Dorothea answered, looking in very much against her will.

"What have you been doing to make such a confusion as this?"

Dorothea did not answer. She was just beginning to realize how dreadful the room did look.

"You may put it in order, Dorothea," her mother said, and went on upstairs to her room.

Dorothea sat down in despair. No wonder mama had asked what she had been doing! The chairs were turned over to make houses for her dolls; papa's big waste-basket stood in the middle of the floor, where she had been sitting while she tore the papers into bits and threw them in handfuls on the carpet, because she was playing it was Christmas, and a Christmas was not half so nice without snow on the ground. Then, her doll's trunk had tipped over when she jumped to save Mirabel's beautiful flaxen hair from pussy's mischievous claws, and she had forgotten to replace the hats, shoes, and clothing which had gone in a dozen directions.

No wonder Dorothea was in despair when she was left all alone to put the room in order.

As she sat looking about her a funny expression crept into her eyes, and the corners of her mouth began to curve upward.

Then she went quietly to the front door and opened it.

Benny, her younger brother, and little Evelyn Ross were playing on the door-step with a train of cars and some pebbles.

"Children," exclaimed Dorothea, in a most enticing tone, "I 've been having the nicest time! Don't you want to come and play with me?"

The invitation sounded attractive, and they decided to accept it.

"Now," said Dorothea, when they were in the room which she had been left to put in order, "we will play that summer is coming, and we are going off on a trip to the sea-shore. Winter has n't quite gone; there is some snow on the ground yet, and we can't start till it is all gone."

Benny and Evelyn stood with expectant faces, waiting to hear what they were to do.

"Now, Benny," Dorothea continued, "you may be the south wind, and Evelyn, you may be a sunbeam, and together you must make the snow all disappear as quickly as you can."

Benny and Evelyn went to work at once, and the tiny pieces of paper were soon falling in fluttering showers into the big basket, which must have represented the ocean.

Dorothea sat contentedly watching the work and occasionally encouraging the South Wind and the Sunbeam by chanting,

"The snow is melting, melting,"

to a soft little refrain.

You would n't have dreamed, to see her, that she was deliberately imposing upon the two smaller children hopping about before her.

Presently the last snowflake disappeared from sight, and Dorothea at once clapped her hands, and, jumping to her feet, exclaimed: "Now we can get ready for our journey. The first thing will be to pack our trunk. Remember that it must be carefully done," she added, as hats, shoes, and dresses began flying at the open trunk, "or the clothes will not be fit to wear when we get there."

There was a little more of an attempt at

order after that, but when the lid of the trunk was strapped in place, Dorothea still felt some misgivings as to the condition in which she would find Mirabel's wardrobe when the trunk was opened again.

"Now we will go to the cars," she said, tipping up a chair, which she thought would prove too heavy for Benny or Evelyn, and sitting down in it.

The children each placed a chair in a row behind hers and sat down, too.

"We must have a long train," Dorothea said energetically, waving her hand toward the remaining chairs, and again the two small people went to work righting the other chairs and placing them in line.

Then Dorothea allowed Benny to be engineer and Evelyn conductor for two or three minutes, during which the children imitated the sounds of an engine, after which she announced that they had reached the sea-shore.

They all jumped down from the train then,



"'YOU MAY PUT THE ROOM IN ORDER, DOROTHEA,' HER MOTHER SAID."



"DOROTHEA HID HER EYES AND CRIED."

and Benny started to run outdoors to see the ocean; but Dorothea called him back.

"We must go to the hotel first, and see to our baggage," she ordered.

"Oh, yes," the children answered. So they carried the trunk to the hall, and then, by moving the chairs back into their places, transformed the railroad into the hotel parlor.

"Now we are ready for the sea-shore!" Dorothea exclaimed gaily, looking about the neatly arranged room with a triumphant glance. She felt that she had managed the affair cleverly, and was in a mood to be very gracious to the children.

"I think Cook intended making some jolly-boys this morning, and I will see if I can get some for a picnic lunch upon the beach," she said. "You wait till I come back." Then she departed in the direction of the kitchen.

She had to wait a few minutes for Cook, but then she returned, carrying her plate carefully, and looking fairly radiant

She stepped to the door and began to say, "Now, children,"— and then she set the jolly-boys down very hard indeed.

"Why, chil-*dren!*" she began again, and that was all that she could say; for the room before her was as disorderly as it had been when mama looked into it nearly an hour ago.

Benny and Evelyn saw her look of dismay, and Benny explained: "Why, Dorothea, when you were gone, the most *dread*-ful thing happened; there was a real tornado, and it blew the hotel down, and scattered all the trunks and furniture—and we are the only survivors!" and Benny finished with a struggle over the long word, but with a proud sense of being able to make up almost as good plays as Dorothea herself.

But Dorothea was not proud of her brother at just that moment; she was so dreadfully disappointed that, in spite of the presence of the younger children, she hid her eyes and cried.

Benny and Evelyn watched her for a few

moments; then Evelyn's lip began to quiver, and Benny saw it, and then they both began to cry, too. I don't know why they cried: perhaps it was because their play had not proved such a success as they had expected; perhaps it was because the jolly-boys were out in the hall all alone. At any rate, mama heard the noise, and came downstairs to see what it was all about.

"Why, why—what is the matter here?" she said; and then, as she noticed the condition of the room, she gave Dorothea a reproachful look, and waited for an explanation.

"I had it all picked up once," Dorothea began, between her sobs,—"that is, the children did," she added, feeling an uncomfortable prick of conscience over her first statement, "and then they tumbled it all up again."

Mama still continued to look reproachful, and somehow that look in mama's eyes made the whole affair seem different to Dorothea.

"I guess," she continued, stopping her sobs and beginning to dry her tears, "that I was n't doing the Golden Rule very hard; but I 'll put it all in order now, mama; truly I will."

"Oh, we 'd just as lief help as not," announced Benny and Evelyn, following Dorothea's example and drying their tears; and in a very few moments the room was put in order once more.

"There," said Dorothea, as she righted the last chair; "now we 'll go out on the beach and have our picnic lunch." And when mama looked out the window, the three children, with red eyes but smiling faces, sat in a circle around the empty plate which had held the jolly-boys.




THE ANIMALS HAVE A FEAST OF THEIR OWN.

# THE TAMING OF LITTLE PLEASANT.

By Mary Tracy Earle.

AMONG the wooded hills in which a low southwestern mountain-range comes to its end, there are many tracks only a few rods wide, where every tree has been uprooted or twisted in two by the passage of the cyclones which seem to haunt that bit of country, making it a playground for their uncanny practical jokes. Many of the people who live there have sad cause to remember what they have seen or felt; and if you were to say to them that in this story of "Little Pleasant" the cyclone seems to take too timely a part, as if it were a stage-property ready at cue, they would simply repeat the story to you in greater detail.

Little Pleasant lay beside the cabin kicking the dry, trampled door-yard into dust with his practised toes. The great undulating country swept out before him from green to blue through a rift in the trees that were climbing on all sides toward the clearing, and at the bottom of the rift there was the gleam of a river running swiftly, with the courage it had gained on the hills; but the thing which held Little Pleasant's mind was the fact that Aunt Lindy said he should have been named "Little Ugly."

"I *are* a pleasant child," he screamed. "I *had n't* ought to have been called '*Little Ugly!*' I ain't sp'iled, an' folks sha'n't naggle me. I 'll go for my paw if folks naggle me; an' nobody shall tech me! Nobody shall tech me! Nobody shall tech me!"

A passing gust of wind tore off some lilac leaves and threw them lightly on his active bare legs. "Leave me alone!" he shouted, kicking furiously. "I won't have none of your old leaves! I 'll learn you to naggle me!"

He sprang up, and tore a great branch from the lilac, and began beating it on the ground.

His Aunt Lindy rushed out of the cabin with her eyes afire and her lips close locked.

"You Pleasant Rendleman," she cried, grabbing first at the boy and then at the branch, "I 'll learn you to break my laylocks! All that you break I 'll wear out on you. I 'll learn you what your pappy and mammy is skeered to!"

They jumped back and forth round the lilac-bush like children playing tag. The woman's face grew very white, and the perspiration stood on it, but she could not catch Little Pleasant, and while Little Pleasant jumped he screamed.

"Well, now; well, now; *well*, now!" a man's voice said good-naturedly; "what sort of a game *is* you-uns playing?"

Lindy turned, and saw her husband standing behind her, and smiling. Her face changed from white to dusky red. "Alexander Kimmel," she said sharply, "catch that child."

Alexander Kimmel drew near, still laughing, and Little Pleasant stood a moment still, hands and feet and tongue, to see whose side Uncle Sandy was going to take. In that moment a long arm swept out, and Little Pleasant, finding the question decided and himself a captive, began to scream and kick and throw himself again, but to no avail; for though there was an unfailing easy good nature about Uncle Sandy, there was no question as to the strength of his hands.

The big man looked from the writhing child to the stern, irate woman. He was still laughing. "Well, now," he said, "what shall I do next?"

"Take him home to his pappy," said Lindy, "and say to his pappy, 'Hyar, Bub Rendleman, is your dear little son, an' don't you never turn him loose on man, woman, or child ag'in ontil you 've tamed him. At present he are a wild beast that goes ravagin' through the world, breakin', killin', an' destroyin'.' An' say, 'That

word is from your sister Lindy, what toiled to raise you, with her compli*ments*.'"

"Well, now, Lindy," said the big, kind-hearted uncle, trying to pat the jerking head of Little Pleasant, "what have he broke an' killed an' destroyed, anyhow?"

"He broke my two real-chiny cups, an' he said it served me right, an' he killed the old yeller hen's flock of chickens, makin' 'em swim in the water-barrel where they all drownded, an' when I tried to whip him, I thought he 'd kill himse'f a-yellin'; an' he hit me back, an' broke my specs, as you well know; an' this mornin' he started out by whittlin' notches in the chair legs, and then he jumped on Sukey's back when I was a-milkin' of her, an' made me spill the milk an' give pore Sukey such a skeer that she turned round an' pretty near hooked me an' would n't let me finish milkin', an' him jumpin' up an' down an' hollerin' for joy — an' then —"

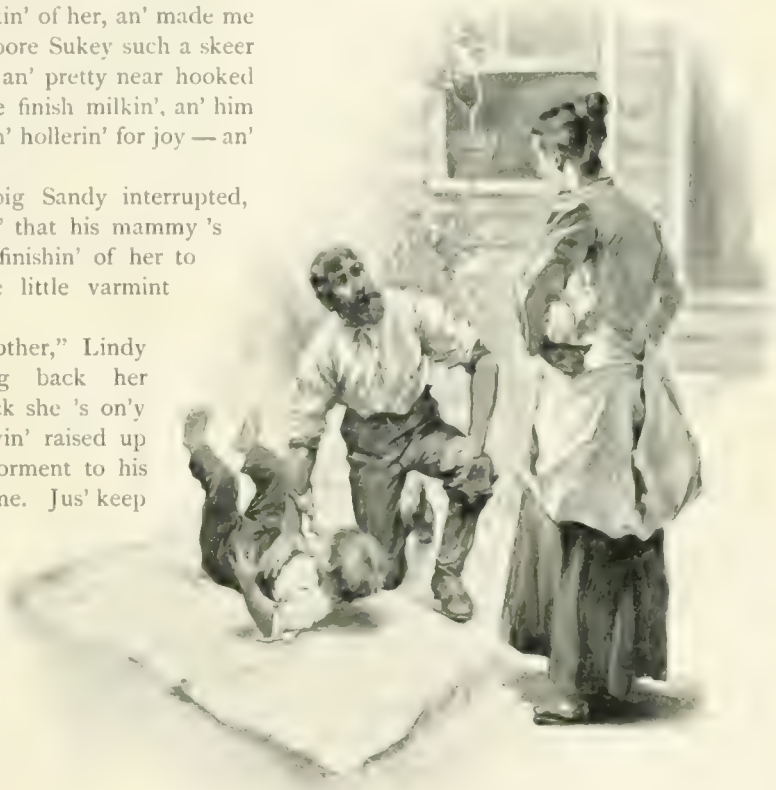
"Shorely, Lindy," big Sandy interrupted, "you must be forgittin' that his mammy 's sick; it might be the finishin' of her to have such a inventive little varmint figurin' round her."

"I ain't forgot his mother," Lindy answered, straightening back her head, "but if she 's sick she 's on'y gettin' her pay for havin' raised up a young one to be a torment to his kin; an' he 's a-goin' home. Jus' keep on holdin' him a minute while I git the rope to tie him."

"To tie him?" Sandy gasped. The wind took his hat off and he stood blinking after it, half tempted to let go of the little engine of wrath under his hands; but his wife came back before he could decide, and she was carrying a strong piece of rope and an immense gay bed-quilt in her arms.

"Bind him tight," she said, "and lay him down in the shade while you harness up. I don't want to have to put my hand to him again. There 's my best rising-sun quilt to wrap him in so the ropes won't cut him — Bub sha'n't say I did n't treat him handsome, but under my roof he shall not stay to-night!"

A new paroxysm laid hold of Little Pleasant. "I won't go home! I won't go home! I won't go home!" he cried, kicking with ruthless fury at the legs of his friendly uncle. "I won't be tied! I won't be tied! I won't be tied!" His feet and hands were flying so fast that with his little red shirt and long blue trousers gleaming in the midst of them he looked like a humming-bird poised in air about his uncle's knees; but it was a bumblebee that the



"THE BIG MAN HELD HIM UNDER ONE BROAD PALM, WITH THE LITTLE TOES AND FISTS FLYING IN THE AIR."

big man thought of as he brushed him off and held him under one broad palm, with the little toes and fists flying in the air.

"Now, Pleasant, sonny," Sandy reasoned, "it do look like you got to go when your Aunt

Lindy say so. Jes' ca'm down a little, an' I 'll fix you mighty comf'able in this hyar quilt."

He drew it toward him as he spoke, still holding the boy under his hand, while Lindy stood apart to make it more evident that she had entirely washed her hands of her nephew, only smiling coldly as she saw him picked up by his garments, laid upon the quilt, and rolled in it like a baby in its blanket, until the quilt held all of him in a firm round bundle except the top of his head, his eyes, nose, and voice. Big Sandy looked doubtfully at his accomplishment and then at the rope.

"Bub 'll be about the maddest thing next to *this* that you ever seed," he ventured.

"He are free to be," said Lindy.

"It don't pleasure me much to rile up Bub," big Sandy went on; "an' I 'low I 'll look pretty ridiculous ridin' along with a little boy about the size of my thumb tied up at the bottom of my wagon, like 's if I had n't the muscle to control him —"

"Look a' hyar, Alexander Kimmel," Lindy broke in with firmness, "if you-uns was a-takin' a nice six-year-old rattlesnake home to his pappy and his mammy with my compli*ments*, would you have him ridin' free an' easy on the seat with you, or would you admit to yorese'f that he was bigger 'n he looked, an' give him the back of the wagon?"

Sandy stared at her with open mouth and an expression as if in time he would begin to laugh. She did not wait for that, but started toward the cabin door. "Tie him, an' tie him *tight*," she said from the threshold. "Don't you do no triflin' work that he can wriggle out of; an' if Bub has anything to say about it, you tell him that you was workin' under my orders — with my compli*ments*."

Sandy tied his parcel securely and carried it out to the barn with him and laid it in the wagon while he harnessed. It had stopped screaming, but when he went near it he could see that it had not yielded, for the black eyes which sparkled from one end of it were snapping wrathfully. He promised himself that when they were well out on the road he would undo it and set its little electric nucleus up on the seat by him, and see if his old knife which had whittled the chairs in the morning could perform a more soothing office now. "An' if he whittles *their* chairs with it," he chuckled, "it 'll do Lindy so proud she won't mind the giving of it away."

As they ambled out upon the lonely forest road, Sandy looked up at the narrow path of sky above the trees and shook his head. There had been so much storm at home since Little Pleasant came that he had not been considering the great outer weather as of much importance; but now he saw that the wind, which had blown about them as they talked, was wrestling wildly with the long arms of the forest, and the sky was darkening swiftly without clouds, like an angry face. He checked the horse an instant, questioning whether to turn and face his wife with the bundle still in his possession, or to risk the crashing of dead branches down into his wagon, and possibly the drenching of a summer shower. Then he fancied that the sky was growing lighter, and that was enough. "Git along thar, Jerry," he urged, and his whip snapped out the message above the horse's ears. Jerry looked over his shoulder and decided on speed, breaking from his best walk into a scrambling trot that kept the wagon flying wildly over the long tree-roots which crossed the road.

The bundle in the back of the wagon began to scream, and a dull thud of kicking came out through the layers of quilt. Sandy looked up at the sky again. It had altered from dun to the threatening color of fear which comes before great storms. "Can't be settin' out for *much*," he said. Then he glanced round uneasily at the bundle. "Lay still, Pleasant," he said in a sterner voice than Pleasant had ever heard from him. "You are safer where you be, an' I 'll give you the Barlow knife when I git you home, if you 're good."

"I don't want to be no gooder! I 'm good enough! I don't want your old Barlow! An' I won't go home!"

Sandy could hear the voice at the back of the wagon shrieking in a sharp-winged note through the swish and roar of the trees; but things beyond Little Pleasant's anger had taken rein of the big man's leisurely thoughts, and were whipping them to swiftness. Somewhere near the road there was a great rending cry as the firm earth yielded up the strong roots which

had hidden in it, and a tree went tearing down through the snapping branches of other trees. Old Jerry sprang at the sound. There was no more need to urge him. He went plunging through the dusky tumult of the woods, bumping the wagon over stumps and grinding it against trees so that big Sandy jumped to the back and stood with his foot on the empty end of the quilt to keep it from being thrown over the wheels.

"Pore Lindy 's wishin' she 'd kept him," he muttered, as he clenched the lines and braced against them with all his strength. One of them broke, and the strain on the other swerved the horse suddenly. The wagon cramped and tilted, and crashed full against a tree. Jerry kicked out of all the harness and plunged on, showing here and there a moment through the undergrowth, which soon shut him out of sight. Sandy sprang to the ground and straightened up the wagon, for the uproar of the storm was gathering into one great cumulative rush, which grew above and out of all the other sounds as the rush of a locomotive rises above the wind. The big man's eyes narrowed. He seized Little Pleasant, and running with him to a spot where the trees were fewer and smaller, threw himself down among the bushes to wait for the wind to mow its path where it would.

"Le' me up! Le' me up! Le' me up!" a shrill voice screamed near his ear. "I 'll tell my paw on you if you don't le' me up! I ain't a-goin' to be no gooder! I don't want your old Barlow —"

Big Sandy felt himself lifted from the ground and saw the empty end of Pleasant's quilt unfurl and fill with wind like a balloon. He grasped it in both hands as it rose past him, and, half running, half buoyed by it, he tore after it through the sharp bushes, out of the little opening and among the tall trees which snapped and fell about him like dry twigs. Something flew near him, beating him about the ears, and a broom went whirling by, light as a feather among the heavy branches. It struck Little Pleasant as it passed him, and Sandy could almost hear the angry cry with which the child resented it. The air was full of strange missiles; between the shattered boughs and crashing tree-trunks, the shreds of a village woman's stylish gown came fluttering along. A child's rocking-horse rode the blast a moment at Sandy's side and then was stopped by an uplifted barrier of roots. A man's high hat, such as the forest had never seen, went sailing overhead, and Sandy envied it as he leaped and sprang and flew, with all the branches slashing at him as he went. Finally something tripped his feet; he lost hold of the quilt, and as he struggled free of entanglement and tried to catch the wind-filled sail, it rose in front of him out of his reach and was swept away, with its gay patchwork gleaming through the chaos of swirling leaves and tree-trunks and odds and ends from the outer world.

Sandy stumbled after it until the howl of the cyclone grew faint in the distance, and night fell to cover the wreckage of the wind. With night came utter weariness; but he pushed on in spite of it, clambering over fallen trees, which he felt but could not see, and shouting until some invisible bluff or rise of ground caught the word, and mocked him brokenly with his own cry of "Pleasant! Pleasant!" which came back through the black desolation of the woods. He was not afraid of losing the way the child had taken, for that would be marked plainly enough in daylight, and it was only when the hopelessness of exhaustion overcame him that he dropped among the uprooted trees and slept.

Over in the cabin that looked down on the woods, Lindy Kimmel walked up and down, stopping again and again at the door to look out against the dark. She had seen and heard the passing of the storm, and she knew that Little Pleasant must have been almost in the thick of it; but she tided herself over from hour to hour with the hope that they had just made through it, and were safe at Bub's. Late in the evening her strained ears caught the sound of a horse's hoofs. She lighted a lantern and went outside, her heart beating as it had not beat in years. There was no rattle of wheels, and soon old Jerry trotted up, bare of harness and alone. He came to her whinnying, and she put her arms around his neck in an unwonted caress, while all the fears of the lonely hours rose up about her as certainties, and she

tried to face them. After a little while she set her lips tight, turned Jerry into the pasture-lot, and started out. When in time she came to what was left of the wagon, lying crushed under a fallen tree, she searched a long time round it, but, finding nothing, left the wagon track for the path of the storm, where she struggled over and under and between the trees, calling "Sandy!" and "Pleasant!" at every step. The same bluffs which had mocked at Sandy caught her voice, and threw it back until she was almost crazed with the disappointment of finding that only the echoes answered her.

Some distant village must have been swept away by the storm; for as morning slipped between the shadows she could see that the forest was full of battered treasure. Once she came across a bolt of calico, and she took it with her, partly because it was in such good shape that it gave her hope, and partly because, whatever happened, it would be of use. Then she found a ready-made coat lying under a log. She pulled it out, but before she unfolded it she looked to see if either Sandy or Pleasant had been covered by it.

There were only some shredded leaves beneath it; but the coat itself was uninjured, and her accurate eye told her it would just fit Sandy; so, feeling that it was a good omen, she slipped it on over her torn dress, and her courage rose. Her notice had been set for so much larger things that she almost passed a jumping-jack dangling on a blackberry-briar; but when she saw it, her heart came suddenly into her throat, and she gave a sharp sob, for it seemed as if Little Pleasant must have passed before her and hung it there. Her clumsy fingers could scarcely unfasten the little toy and put it in the pocket of the new coat.



"BIG SANDY FELT HIMSELF LIFTED FROM THE GROUND, AND SAW THE EMPTY END OF PLEASANT'S QUILT UNFURL AND FILL WITH AIR LIKE A BALLOON."

"Oh," she whispered, "jes' let him be alive,

tame or wild, to play with it — jes' let him be *alive!*"

The foolish little toy seemed to dance before her as she stumbled on; and though her eyes were dry, she saw so little else that she dropped down beside a log, and buried her face in her hands.

From the other side of the log big Sandy lifted himself slowly to his elbow, and stared at her. Suddenly memory came to him, and his face began to twitch. He reached out one of his bruised hands and laid it on her shoulder. She looked up almost without surprise or joy.

"Where are the child?" she asked.

Poor Sandy could not speak a word. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and he shook his head.

Lindy's eyes fell. "Oh, Lord, give him back to me! Give him back to me! Give him back to me!" she prayed.

Then Sandy's voice came to him. "He war such a little critter," the big man broke out sharply, "such a little, wild, screamin' critter for the wind to fly away with, an' I did my best to hold tight to him; but he just whizzed off away from me like that thar quilt war a great big ombrelly! An' I could hear him a-screamin' that he would n't go —"

But Lindy only looked up in the sternness of her anguish, saying: "Fall on yore knees, Alexander Kimmel, an' help me pray to git him back!"

The bluff which had echoed their calling in the night ran for a long distance parallel with the track of the storm; but at last it turned at an angle, and the wind had risen over it, dropping a wild approach of trees and debris at its feet. It was out of this heaped-up confusion that Sandy's deep, strong voice joined Lindy's in passionate appeal.

Her head was bowed; but, scarcely knowing it, he lifted his. Then his big hand gripped her shoulder, and he pointed through the tangled boughs to the lines of gold which the early level sunshine was tracing about the gray architecture of the bluff.

Far up the indented wall a patch of vivid red and orange flamed against a ledge, like a great clump of wild columbine in blossom. A child's voice quavered out of it.

"I 'm powerful tired a-bein' prayed for," it sobbed.

The man and woman jumped to their feet and looked at each other, asking if they had heard the living or the dead

"They waked me up with their hollerin'," the voice went on, while Sandy and Lindy were scrambling toward the foot of the bluff.

"I been a-keeping quiet not to naggle 'em, but I wisht they 'd come up hyar an' ontie this hyar old rope."

"Pleasant!" his aunt called tremulously.

A little round black head came into view, and the sunlight kissed it. He looked down at them with a gentleness which in some way had been taught him by the fierceness of the storm.

"That are my name," he said.

That evening in the cabin some memory must have haunted him, for he nestled down in his aunt's arms before the fire, and looked into her softened face. "The wind drapped me so comf'rt'ble on that thar moss, that I did n't feel like nagglin' any more," he said. "*Are n't* I a pleasant child?"

Lindy gathered him close in a spasmodic clasp, while Alexander Kimmel looked into the fire, and cleared his throat and answered for her. "Thar are no disputin' that," he muttered; "thar are no disputin' that."

And the people who know them, and who will gladly tell you this story of how Little Pleasant was borne on the wings of the wind until he left all his naggling behind him, will all declare to you that it has never been disputed to this day.



# THE STORY OF BETTY.

By Carolyn Wells.

[*This story was begun in the January number.*]

## Chapter V.

### A SHOPPING TOUR.

As they rode along, Miss Van Court talked to her companion kindly and with frankness.

"Betty," she said, "you are now a rich girl, and your money is at your own disposal; but, as a friend, I want to advise you a little. You are too young to know what is best to do, and I do not think Mrs. Tucker is a fit person to have charge of you in any way. So I am going to take you home to stay with me until definite plans can be made for your future. Are you willing to trust my judgment and allow me to assist you as you assume your new responsibilities?"

"Indeed I am, Miss Van Court; you are only too good to me. I 'm awful ignorant, and I 'm not so good as I 'd like to be, but truly, I do want to be good and do what is right."

"Very well, Betty; we will hope that in time you can get the better of your ignorance and faults, and meanwhile we 'll go and buy you some dresses that will at least make you look wiser and better."



"BETTY'S CHEEKS FLUSHED AND HER EYES DANCED AS THE SALESWOMAN PUT THE HAT ON HER CURLY HEAD."

And then the fun began. The poor little drudge, who had never had a really pretty dress since she could remember, was provided with a wardrobe she thought fit for a princess.

Several dresses were bought ready-made, and Miss Van Court decreed that Betty should at once put on a lovely pink-and-white gingham trimmed with dainty embroidery, and keep it on. To this was added a wide Leghorn flat with pink ribbons and a waving white feather; and Betty's cheeks flushed and her eyes danced as the saleswoman put it on her curly head.

And then they bought shoes and gloves and linen, until Betty thought that Miss Van Court must think she was going to stay a little girl all

her life, for surely she could never wear out all these things before she grew up! And then Betty insisted that the white parasol must be bought. So they selected it with great care, and Miss Van Court accepted the pretty gift as gracefully as if a great lady had given it to her.

Then she advised Betty to buy also a smaller one for herself. This was a crowning glory; and they found a white silk affair with little ruffles that Miss Van Court thought suitable for a child; and Betty carried it away with her, feeling that now there was nothing more to wish for.

They reached Miss Van Court's home in time for luncheon, and after that Mr. Brewster proposed that they all adjourn to the library and talk over matters.

The elder Miss Van Court was there as well as Miss Grace, though the latter seemed to look upon Betty as her especial charge.

Mr. Morris, the Australian lawyer, had arrived from New York, and Mr. Brewster and Mrs. Van Court completed the party.

Then they all began to talk at once, and offered various and conflicting suggestions.

Miss Grace proposed that they keep Betty with them,— for the present, at least,— as she had no relatives, and she must live somewhere. Mrs. Van Court said that without question a good boarding-school was the only place for the child for the next few years. Mr. Morris offered to take her back with him to Australia, and to adopt her as a member of his family.

Finally there was a pause, and Betty herself spoke. Her voice trembled a little, but she felt that this was a critical moment, and if she was to save her prospective home she must strike a telling blow.

"It 's kind and good you all are to me," she said, "and I 'm thinkin' you 're wiser than I am myself; but Miss Grace says the fortune is my own, to do just as I like with; and I *can't* go to a boarding-school, or to Australia, or live here, because I want to have a home of my own. I don't know exactly what kind of a one I can buy, but it must be a *home*, and it must be all my own. I have never had a home, and I 'm longin' for one; and unless my money can buy it, I don't want the money at all, at all."

Mr. Morris looked disappointed, and Mr. Brewster looked amused. Mrs. Van Court sniffed a little, but Miss Grace said kindly: "I think you are right, Betty, and we will direct our plans toward gratifying your lifelong wish."

"But it is absurd," said Mrs. Van Court. "A child like that cannot take charge of a house. What she wants or does n't want is not the question. We who are older know what is best for her, and she should be guided by our advice. Now, a few years at Madame De Vincy's school would make a lady of her, and fit her to use her money intelligently."

"Madame De Vincy!" exclaimed Miss Grace. "She would spoil Betty entirely. I know the sort of young ladies she turns out: rattle-pated fashion-plates, with a smattering of French and music — of no earthly use to themselves or any one else."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Brewster.

However, as he usually agreed with Miss Grace, his remark carried very little weight.

Then the elder Miss Van Court spoke.

"I think," she said, in her decided way, "you are all meddling with what does not concern you. What right have you to interfere with the dictates of a written will? If Mr. Dennis McGuire expressly decreed that his granddaughter should have his money to do with as she chose, I think no one else has any authority in the matter."

"That is true; that is true," said Mr. Morris; "and though the terms of the will are unusual, most unusual, yet it is valid, perfectly valid, and Miss McGuire is accountable to no one —to no one at all, for the use she makes of her money."

Mr. Morris was a thin, wiry little man, with sparse, wiry black hair that seemed trying to spring off his head as he talked, and restless black eyes that winked and blinked incessantly. Although a man of sound wisdom and good judgment, he had a nervous manner, and he emphasized his spoken opinions with continuous muscular activity.

"Therefore," he went on, squaring his elbows, and tapping his left palm with his right forefinger — "therefore there is nothing for us to do, nothing, but to defer to the wishes of Miss McGuire. Now, wait a minute." Though all present recognized his authority, and had no

desire to question it, Mr. Morris seemed always in fear of interruption, and he raised his finger warningly to prevent such a possibility. "Now, wait a minute. I do not mean there can be no guardian, no financial guardian, to look after the investments, for such a person is recommended in the will; but his duties are defined, clearly defined, and he is to receive an adequate salary; and these duties in no wise include or permit dictation as to expenditures."

Betty, in a large arm-chair by Miss Grace's side, was grasping tightly the carved wolves' heads that presented themselves to her little brown hands. She was looking straight at Mr. Morris and listening intently to every word he said, though she never really forgot her pink gingham dress and pretty shoes.

But when he finished his speech she let go the wolves' heads, and springing to her feet, darted across the room and stood before him.

"Then I can buy my home!" she said, in a voice of rapture. "Oh, sir, will you help me?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, much disconcerted by this sudden attack. "But yes — yes, child," he went on, pounding his knees with his clenched fists; "I *will* help you, of course I will."

Indeed, only a hard-hearted tyrant could have resisted Betty's pleading face and quenched the dawning hope in her blue eyes; and Mr. Morris was by no means a hard-hearted tyrant. His black hair seemed to bristle less ferociously, and his black eyes snapped almost mildly, as he took Betty's outstretched hands in his, and said:

"My child, so far as I have any authority I will use it to help you establish your home — your own home."

"You're a brick, sir," said Betty, so fervently that nobody laughed; and then Mr. Morris, to prove his good will, shook her hands vigorously, though quite unconsciously, and Betty, being of a responsive nature, shook his hands in the same absent-minded manner; and they shook away, looking like some kind of new patent pump-handles, until Miss Grace broke the silence by saying:

"Then the home is a foregone conclusion; now let us make plans for it."

"Yes, 'm," said Betty, breaking off the hand-shaking, and returning to her seat by Miss Grace's side.

"But," said Mr. Morris, fitting the finger-tips of his right hand carefully against those of his left, and then removing them one by one, "although I have promised to do all in my power to further your projects, whatever they may be,— and I will do so, I will certainly do so,— yet I want you to understand, distinctly to understand, that a home is offered you under my Australian roof. My wife sent an urgent invitation for you to go back with me and become a member of our household — a valued member of our household. We have a son and a daughter who would welcome you,



"'THEN I CAN BUY MY HOME!' SHE SAID"

gladly welcome you, and you would have a comfortable and happy home, with no cares or responsibilities. Now, wait a minute. I do not urge this course, understand; I do not urge it, but I want you to be aware, fully aware, of its advantages."

"It does seem as if it might be the best plan," said Miss Grace, thoughtfully.

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Brewster.

"Of course it would be best," exclaimed Mrs. Van Court; "it 's a chance to be thankful for; and I hope, Betty, you will appreciate the kindness of Mr. Morris and accept his offer."

Betty's happy smile had faded, and she began to think the battle was all to be fought over again, when, to her relief, Miss Margaret Van Court asserted herself once more:

"Mother, what is it to you what the child does? If she wishes to go with Mr. Morris, let her say so; but if not, why try to influence her?"

Betty gave her a grateful look, and said:

"I do appreciate the gentleman's kindness, and his wife's, too, but I want my own home, and I must have it."

"Well, well," said Mr. Morris, cheerfully, "that settles it — that settles it. And now, where shall your home be, and will you build it, or buy it already built?"

"Oh, I don't want to build a house," said Betty, seriously, "because it would take too long, and I am in a hurry to get settled. I would like to buy a house near here, but out in the country; and I did think I wanted it to be like Mrs. Carver's house, but I don't; I want it just like this one, or, at least, as near like this as I can get. But maybe I can't afford such a big one, sir?"

Although unintentional, the compliment of this speech quite won Mrs. Van Court's heart, and she smiled kindly on Betty.

"So you like my house, do you, you funny child?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I think it is beautiful; the walls are so big, and the windows so open. Do you want to sell it, ma'am?"

"No," said Mrs. Van Court, laughing; "but I know of a house somewhat like it, out on the Marsden Road."

"Oh," said Miss Grace, clapping her hands, "the Stillford place. Just the thing! They say it is in the market at a great bargain. Let us drive over this afternoon and look at it."

The carriage was ordered, and Miss Grace, Betty, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Brewster started off in high spirits to investigate the attractions of the Stillford house.

## Chapter VI.

### THE STILLFORD HOUSE.

They drove along and along the beautiful Marsden Road, past many fine houses sitting complacently in their well-kept grounds; and at last the carriage turned in at an entrance to a tree-shaded avenue that was really very much like the approach to the Van Court mansion.

"Here we are, Betty," said Miss Grace. "Do you think you could be happy here?"

Betty said nothing, but smiled up into her friend's eyes, for, despite their short acquaintance, there was much sympathy between them.

The driveway wound around and up a slope, encircled a great grassy plot, and then down and out to the gate again. At the top of the slope it passed the Stillford house, and here the carriage stopped. They all got out and went up the steps of a broad veranda that spread itself across the front of the house and disappeared around the corners. The house was by no means a modern one, but was built on the plan which boasts of two front doors, with large rooms between them, and wings on each side. Mr. Brewster rang the bell at one of the doors,— the western one,— and in a few moments the other door opened, and a voice said briskly:



THEY FOUND A PLEASANT-FACED WOMAN.

"Want to see the house? Have to come in this way if you do."

They crossed to the other door, and found a pleasant-faced woman, who announced herself as Mrs. Ryan, the caretaker of the place.

Mr. Brewster explained that they did want to see the house, with a view to a possible purchase of it; and Mrs. Ryan, producing a bunch of keys, piloted the party from one room to another, dilating as she went upon the advantages of the dwelling and upon the glory of the departed Stillfords.

"These is the parlures," said she, ushering them into the two rooms that filled the central portion of the house. "Front one looks down to town, as you see. Back one commands a view of the river and mountings in the distance. My! The ball-dances Mrs. Stillford used to

give in these here parlures! I tell you, them was the grand days of this house."

The large, high-ceilinged rooms were utterly bare of furniture; but Betty's accommodating imagination ignored all beneath the level of her own eyes, and as she looked at the frescoed garlands on the walls and ceilings, the shining, flickering glass prisms on the chandeliers, and the carved scrolls of the tall mantels, she fancied she could hear the rustle of silks and the sounds of music and merriment that must have marked Mrs. Stillford's "ball-dances."

From the front parlor, double doors led into the west hall, and as Mrs. Ryan unlocked them a wail of anger greeted the party:

"Dit out o' here! I 'm p'ayin' sojer!"

A glance at the "sojer's" surroundings explained at once why entrance to the house had to be made by the other door; for a fort built of bricks occupied the front of the hall.

This was surmounted by a fair-sized cannon, presided over by a warlike-looking individual of perhaps five years. He brandished a tin sword, and repeated:

"Dit out o' here, or I 'll shoot you down dead!"

"Don't mind him," said Mrs. Ryan, apologetically; "he 's gettin' well of the measles, and he did n't feel very scrumptious to-day, so I let him play in here. It makes things sort o' hoopsy-topsy, but he don't hurt nothin'. Keep still, Michael Edward; nobody 's goin' to interfere with you. Don't raise such a hubbubble."

But the valiant warrior continued to yell until the invaders, after admiring the wide hall with its great door at each end, went on to further explorations.

West of the west hall was the dining-room, in the front of the house, and back of it the kitchen.

"This here dinin'-room is considered great," said Mrs. Ryan. "This handsome sideboard is built to the wall, you see, and the mantel has carvin' on it that spells a motto."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Morris; "and the carving is beautiful — really beautiful! Brewster, this is a fine old house."

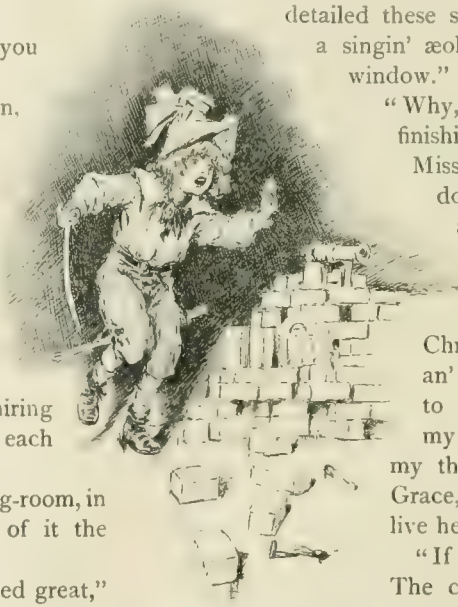
"It is, indeed," replied Mr. Brewster; "and if Miss McGuire does n't buy it, I think I should like it myself." And he looked hopefully toward Miss Grace, who quickly looked another way.

To reach the second floor they must needs pass the fort again. They saluted the captain, but received in return only a few irate growls.

"You would n't think it," said Mrs. Ryan, as they all went up the broad staircase, "but Michael Edward is a real good boy gen'rally. Only, when he 's been sick, it seems to jest go through all his temper. Oh, well, some cake *does* bake that way!"

Then she paused on the landing to call her guests' attention to the view of the river and "mountings" again.

Miss Grace admired the view, but seemed even more impressed with the possibilities of the landing. It was as large as a small room, and with the great window and the lovely outlook might be furnished so as to become a perfect nook of comfort.



"'DIT OUT O' HERE! I 'M P'AYIN' SOJER!'"

"Yes, 'm," said Betty, as her friend detailed these suggestions, "an' a singin' æolian harp in the window."

"Why, that 's just the finishing touch," cried Miss Grace. "What do you know about an æolian harp, Betty?"

"They had one at Miss Christabel's, ma'am, an' I used to listen to its music until my heart was in my throat. Oh, Miss Grace, *am* I going to live here?"

"If you like it, Betty. The choice rests with you. But this is only the first house you 've looked at, you know. You ought to see some others before you decide upon this as satisfactory."

"Yes, 'm," said Betty.

Then they went on, through the rooms and

halls of the second floor and the third floor, and finally they came down the other stairs into the east hall.

In the east wing were two rooms which, Mrs. Ryan informed them, the Stillfords had used for a library and a music-room.

"A music-room!" said Betty, her eyes dancing. "What is that?"

"Why, a room for music, for music only," said Mr. Morris. "It should contain a piano, —a piano, you know,—and other instruments, and be devoted solely to the production and enjoyment of music."

"What did you think it was?" asked Miss Grace, noticing the disappointment on Betty's countenance.

"I thought," she answered, bravely confessing her ignorance, "that it was like a music-box, only as big as a room, an' if you wound it up it would play tunes."

"You can have a music-box in it if you like," said Mr. Brewster.

"Then I will buy the house," said Betty, with sudden decision.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Morris. "We must see — we must talk this over. It strikes me, — yes, it certainly strikes me, — it is a very large house for you."

They were in the music-room now. Mrs. Ryan had heard alarming sounds from the fort, and had gone to investigate, leaving the visitors to sum up their opinions of the house.

Miss Grace and Mr. Brewster were seated on the low seat which ran around the bay-window; Mr. Morris was pacing the room in his quick, nervous way; and Betty was standing leaning against one of the fluted pillars which divided the music-room from the library back of it.

"No," she said decidedly; "it 's not too large for me an' my family. I 've been makin' plans as I went through the rooms, an' I don't want to look at any other house. If the fortune is my own, an' if I am to have the spendin' of it, I will buy this house, I will, an' then I will buy my furniture an' my family."

There was an old wooden box in Mr. Morris's path; first he stumbled over it, then he sat down upon it, and blessed his soul with emphasis, while he drummed out strange measures on the sides of the box with his fingers.

"Buy a family?" he said, "a family? What do you mean?"

"I know of a market," said Mr. Brewster, recalling a very old joke, "where there is a sign which reads, 'Families Supplied.' Perhaps you could get one there."

Betty looked at Mr. Morris's amazed countenance, and then at Mr. Brewster's quizzical one, and she felt suddenly as if she was a very foolish little girl.

But Miss Grace smiled at her with loving sympathy, and in an instant she flew across the room and nestled at the lady's side.

Miss Grace put her arm round Betty, and said kindly: "Now, tell us, dear, about the family you want to buy."

"Well, you see, ma'am," began Betty, feeling once more the courage of her own convictions, "it 's just this way. An' maybe I 'm plannin' too fast; maybe it 's not for the likes of me to live in a beautiful house like this. But the gentleman said the money is my own, an' by the same token that must be true, though I can't quite believe it; an' so I want to buy me a house to make my home in. An' how can it be a home without a family? An' where would I get a family but to buy one? So if I 've money enough I 'll buy me a grandmother, an' a baby sister, an' a brother. But bein' as I 'll take lame Jack for my brother, I 'm thinkin' I 'll get him for nothin'."

"And where will you buy your other relatives?" asked Mr. Brewster, trying hard not to laugh.

But Betty answered as seriously as if he had inquired which was the best place to buy white parasols:

"I 'm thinkin' I can get my grandmother at the Old Ladies' Home, an' my baby at the Orphan Asylum; an' if Miss Grace would go with me to pick 'em out, I 'm sure we 'd get nice ones."

"I 'm sure you would," said Mr. Brewster, heartily.

Mr. Morris rose from his soap-box and paced round in his track again.

"She 's all right," said he, pounding one palm with the other fist. "The child 's all right. Betty, you shall have your home and your family. Yes, yes; you shall have your

home and your family. And you must have a housekeeper and servants."

"My grandmother will keep house for me, sir, until I can learn to do it myself. An' I will have servants enough to keep the place tidy, an'—an' I will be very good to 'em."

Betty's thoughts suddenly flew back to her own servitude at Mrs. Tucker's, and she resolved that her domestic rule should be just and kind.

"Well, well," said Mr. Morris, "the way to do some things is to *do* them. Yes, yes; that is the way to do some things. This whole affair is unique, so far as I know, but we have to deal with it as it is. And, Miss McGuire, as you are my client, I shall obey orders, and with the help of these kind friends we 'll carry this through; yes, yes, we 'll carry it through."

"Indeed, I 'll help all I can," said Miss Grace. "I think it is lovely, and I 'm glad to assist."



"'HALLO, POPINJAY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I TURNED THE HOSE ON YOUR FINE PINK FROCK?'"

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Brewster.

"Well, how do you like the house?" asked Mrs. Ryan, who had quelled the military uprising, and was beaming on them from the doorway.

"It is a very attractive place," said Miss Van Court, pleasantly; "and we thank you for showing us about. We are going home now to talk it over, and I think it is likely we shall buy the house. In that case, what will become of you?"

"Oh, I 'll go back to where I used to live before I came to work for the Stillfords. And I 'll be glad to go, too. I was mighty fond of Mrs. Stillford, but now she 's gone I ain't got no call to stay here. Good day, miss; good day, sirs."

The party drove back to the Van Court home, and were met on the veranda by the other ladies of the family, and by Mr. Richard Van Court, who had returned from the city.

Betty's face turned scarlet at sight of him; for she remembered their last meeting, and wondered how he would treat her now.

But Mr. Richard, being a careless and easy-going young man, and being amused by the story of Betty's change of fortunes, was quite willing to make friends with the small heiress. So he greeted her with a smile, and said:

"Hallo, Popinjay! How would you like it if I turned the hose on your fine pink frock?"

Betty blushed harder than ever, and was at a loss for a reply.

But her tormentor would not let her off so easily.

"How would you like it, eh, Popinjay?"

Then Betty looked at him with her honest blue eyes, and answered bravely: "If you did n't *mean* to do it, sir, I 'd thank you for your kind *intentions*."

The Irishness of this speech pleased the young man wonderfully, and he went off into a peal of laughter. "You would, would you?" said he. "Betty, we 'll let bygones be bygones, and be friends. Would you like that?"

"Yes, sir," said Betty.

"Then shake hands on it. There! Now remember, whenever you want a friend, Dicky Van Court is it. And now tell me all about this happy home you 're going to buy."

But Miss Grace interfered. "Not now," she said. "Come with me, Betty, and get ready for dinner, and you can talk to my brother afterward."

They went away together, and Mr. Dick called after them:

"Put on your red necktie, Popinjay. I shall never be really happy until I see that necktie exhibited in all its glory again!"

# THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

By George A. Henty.

## Chapter IX.

Leaving the negro to clear the ground, Guy went down to the canoe.

"Massa, don't get losed! If you go away you never find your way back again, and me soon die of hunger widout canoe," said Shanti.

"I will take care not to get lost. We took only two turns, both to the right, since we left that last pond. However, I will cut down two or three of the tall rushes at each turn I make, and I cannot then well lose my way. But we will agree that if I do not come back in about two hours, you fire a pistol, and keep on doing so every five minutes. I will be sure to hear it; for if by any chance I should lose my way, I shall not try to find it, but will remain where I am until I hear the pistol."

It was, however, little more than an hour before Guy returned. "We need have no fear about food," he said, as he threw six ducks on the ground by the side of the fire that the negro had already made. "They are so tame that they scarcely attempted to swim away when I paddled toward them, and I shot this half-dozen in a few minutes. It is quite evident that the Indians seldom come so far into the swamp as this to hunt; for if they had done so the birds would not be so careless. Why have you left those four young trees standing together? I see that you have cut off their tops and stripped off their bark."

"Yes, sah. Not nice to sleep wid snakes all about. When we have cooked two ob dem ducks, we make sort of little ladder about ten feet long; den we climb up and tie four cross-poles between dem trees; den get oder short poles and lay dem side by side; den go down and cut rushes and cober over dem t'ick. Dat make first-rate bed. When we get up dere, we pull up de ladder, and we laugh at de snakes."

"I think that is a very good idea. I don't like snakes myself. I suppose you cut off the bark to make it more difficult for them to climb up the trunks?"

Shanti nodded.

"I don't suppose any of them could climb it; I am sure the rattlesnakes could n't, and they are the worst. I should hardly think, though, that there would be many of them in these swamps. They like sunny places."

By the time it had become dark the negro had completed the platform. Two torches were then lighted, and taking a supply of others with them, the boys went down to the canoe and pushed off again, having first piled up the fire high with logs of pitch-pine.

"We shall be able to make that out a good way off, Shanti, and if we cannot see the fire itself we shall certainly see the glow among the trees," Guy remarked.

The fish-spears of which they had obtained possession had shafts some ten feet in length, a cord being attached to the upper end. At the other end were two prongs. These were formed of the backbones of some large fish; they were

pointed, and each had four or five of the side-bones cut so as to form barbs.

"I will let you do the spearing, Shanti. I will hold the two torches," Guy proposed.

"All right, massa. If dere are fish in de pool, you see me bring dem up all right."

"Plenty fish here, Massa Guy. Me see some big ones."

A moment later he threw the spear some three feet in front of the canoe. It went straight down, entirely disappearing from sight.

"Got him, massa," the black said, in delight.



GUY AND SHANTI COOKING FISH WHILE CAMPING IN THE SWAMP. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Shanti stood in the bow, holding a lance in the right hand, with a piece of leathern cord twisted round his wrist. He had lighted another torch, and held it above his head, while Guy, seated a short distance behind him, held a torch out on each side some two feet above the water. Presently the negro said in a whisper:

Then Guy saw the use of the thong; for as soon as the negro began to pull this in, it was violently agitated. He kept on a steady strain, and presently the top of the shaft came to the surface. The black gave one more pull, and then seized it.

"Look out, Massa Guy!" he said, as he

raised it, and then with a sidewise sweep threw a great fish into the canoe. "Mind, sah, he bite!"

Guy seized a paddle, and brought the handle down on the back of the fish's head. It gave two or three more flaps, then there was a quiver, and the fish was dead.

"What a huge fish!" Guy exclaimed. "He must be over thirty pounds."

"'Bout dat, sah, I guess."

"Well, that will be enough for us."

"Wait a minute, sah. Me catch two or three little ones. Dere are some dere different shape from dis. Perhaps dey are better to eat."

In five minutes three fish, each of four or five pounds in weight, were lying beside the large one in the bottom of the canoe, and the negro somewhat reluctantly agreed with Guy that enough had been caught. They were soon back at their island, and carried the fish up to the fire.

"What are they, do you think?"

"Me not know, sah. Me not hab seen fish like dese at de plantation."

"I don't know whether they are sea fish or fresh-water fish," Guy said. "However, we will soon find whether they are good eating; we will try them both."

One of the small fish was split open and laid over the fire, with a slice, three or four pounds in weight, of the large one grilling by its side. It was agreed that the small fish was excellent, but the large one was of a muddy flavor.

After they had been there for a week, Guy said: "It is quite time for us to decide what we are going to do next, Shanti. Of course, we cannot take up our abode here for life, and if we are to go we must be off before the wet season sets in. I should say this place is unhealthful enough now, but in the time of the rains it must be pestilential."

"Yes, sah; dis bery well two, three weeks, but get bery tired of it afterwards. Big animals in all de creeks, and we hab seen some mons'rous big snakes. Me quite ready to go."

"But we can't go without preparations. The first thing to do is to lay in a supply of food. We have been killing only enough for each day's consumption; now we must lay in a store of fish and birds."

"But how are we to keep dem, sah? Dis water bad to drink, and if we had not plenty of fish to eat, and can go with very little water, we soon be in bad way; de water not salt enough to salt t'ings to make dem keep."

"No; but we can smoke them. We have plenty of pine wood, and that and a little of the pitch-pine would soon smoke both the birds and the fish; and I should say that they would keep any length of time."

"Dat great idea, Massa Guy. Dat do the trick. We soon get supply."

During the next week they caught as many fish and shot as many birds as they thought that the canoe would be able to carry. The fire was kept very low during the day, as a column of smoke would show the natives in what part of the swamp they were hidden; but at night they threw on chips of pitch-pine and other wood, making a dense smoke that penetrated fish and fowl in a very short time. It was true that they tasted somewhat strongly of pitch; but this was a minor matter, and they were well satisfied when the task was done, and they had some three hundred pounds of dried fish and a hundred and fifty ducks of various kinds. During the month that they had been in the swamp, vegetation had made great progress, and they came upon large quantities of gourds of different kinds, and other semi-tropical productions. These were gathered and stored, the gourds being emptied of their contents and scraped. Many were very large, and would hold a gallon of water.

"But where am de water to come from, Massa Guy?" the negro asked, when Guy told him to cut plugs of soft wood to act as corks. "As long as we hab plenty fresh fish, we get on bery well; but with smoked fish we get bery thirsty, and we go mad if we drink dis water."

"I quite see that," Guy said. "We must have fresh water. My idea is that we should keep north through these channels till we are at the edge of the swamp; then we will paddle along close under the bushes till we get to within four or five miles of the falls. At night we will paddle up till, on rowing out, we find that the current is strong. Of course the current is formed by the water of the river coming over the falls, and probably it runs some distance

before it gets mixed with the brackish water of the sound; and directly we find the water is sweet, we have but to fill our gourds, put in the stoppers, and row down with the stream."

The negro looked at Guy with beaming admiration. "Dat am splendid, massa. How you t'ink ob all dese t'ings is more dan me can say. Shanti neber t'ink ob such t'ings, neber t'ink ob smoking food, neber t'ink ob getting water in dat way. He just poor foolish fellow, good only to paddle boat and chop wood."

"Nonsense, Shanti. You don't think of things because you leave it to me to do so. Why, what should I have done without you? I should have been killed that night when we left the plantation. You have done all the really hard work since we came here. You are twice as strong as I am; you can turn your hand to almost anything. And if I think of things a little quicker than you do, it is because I have been more accustomed to think, and have heard from my father many stories of adventure, telling how men managed in straits something like our own."

Some twenty large gourds were prepared. The negro here was able to give useful advice, telling Guy that in his country they prepared gourds for holding water by filling them with sand or dry earth, which prevented them from shrinking and cracking. As they had no sand, a bank of earth was made up round the fire, and this, when thoroughly dry, was pounded and poured into the gourds. By the time these were in condition to be used all was in readiness for a start.

It was with deepest satisfaction that, one morning at daybreak, they took their places in the canoe, and left the spot that had been their home for some weeks. It took them all day to find their way out of the swamp, so intricate were the passages. They were obliged to go slowly and watchfully, for some parts were so infested with snakes that they were forced to turn back.

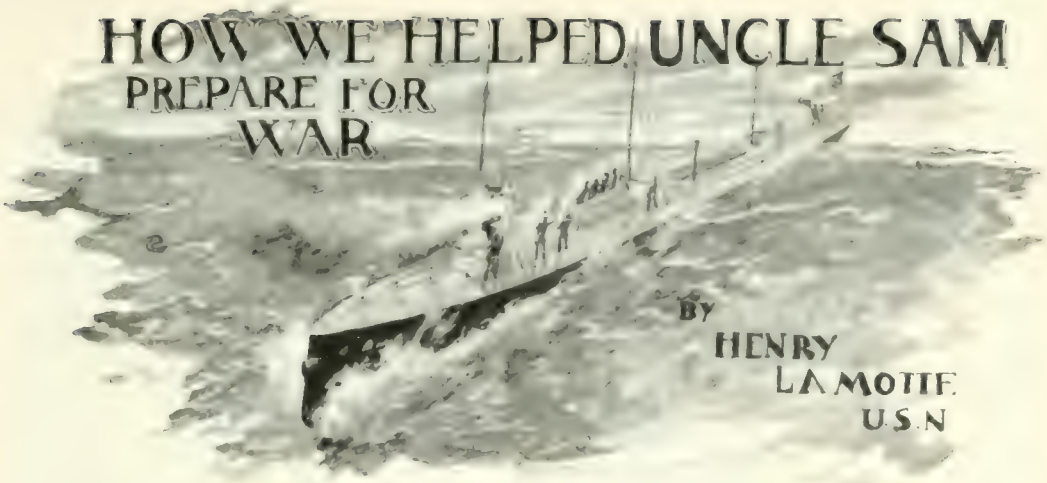
At all times they went with the greatest caution, keeping their eyes fixed upon the boughs above, and paddling with their arms ready at hand. Many of the creeks abounded with caymans, or alligators; but although some of these creatures swam after the canoe for a time, spitefully snapping their jaws, they did not attempt an attack. It was with a feeling of deep relief that, an hour before sunset, they issued out into the broad water of the sound. Their first action was to take a long drink of the water. In addition to the Roanoke, Albemarle Sound receives the waters of other rivers, and these greatly modify the saltness of the sea-water, of which a comparatively small amount makes its way in through the openings between the long barrier of sand-hills. Guy and Shanti watched until dark without seeing a single canoe pass.

"I suppose they do not come down so far as this to fish," Guy said. "We must be thirty or forty miles from the village at the foot of the falls. It may be, too, that our encounter with that canoe has frightened them. The whole thing must have been a mystery to them, and the account given of our appearance, by the man whom, I have no doubt, they picked up, must have seemed so strange that, superstitious as they are, they may since then have been afraid to venture far away from their village. I hope it may be so, and in that case we may be able to get our fresh water without a risk of meeting with them."

Before starting they slept for four or five hours, and then paddled along at the edge of the swamp until dawn, by which time they judged that they were within five or six miles of the head of the sound. Then they hid in among the bushes, and watched by turns; but as no canoe appeared on the water, they concluded that Guy's supposition was correct, and that the Indians were still under the influence of superstitious fears. They therefore started again, as soon as it was dark, with some confidence, and after paddling for another half-hour, rowed out for some distance, and finding the water perfectly fresh, filled all their gourds, and then started, seaward this time, following the northern shore, where the ground was for the most part much higher than that on the southern side. Before morning they rowed some distance up one of the rivers falling into the sound, and on the following day continued their easterly course until they saw ahead of them the sand-banks of the seaward ridge.

(*To be concluded.*)

# HOW WE HELPED UNCLE SAM PREPARE FOR WAR



BY HENRY LA MOTTE U.S.N

Well, I was certainly in a very bad temper. I had a good many things to make me disagreeable, and saw no particular reason why I should not be, so I was living up to my privileges. It was the middle of March, and the weather in Berlin is always bad at that time of the year; but that was not what bothered me. The "Maine" had been blown up in February, and I had found nobody to think with me about that catastrophe as I wanted them to. Naturally, I did not expect the German professors at the university to be anything but disagreeable, for they were habitually so to Americans, and I believed they were rather more disagreeable to me because I was an American naval officer. But even the American students whom I knew at the university had seemed to think that we had nothing to complain about except hard luck, and they all pooh-poohed the idea of war.

The Sunday before the last, the American preacher in the little American chapel had announced that the cause of the destruction of the Maine was perhaps the carelessness of our officers in allowing the magazine hatches to remain open at night.

I was thinking of these things and of my visit to the embassy the previous day. Having heard that our naval attaché was to arrive in Berlin from one of his numerous official flights to Spezia, to Rome, to Triest, to Copenhagen, or perhaps to Vienna, I had gone to the embassy for a little sympathy from a brother officer.

Lieutenant Niblack was up to his ears in work. An anarchistic-looking gentleman was trying to sell him the formula for a smokeless powder that we had been making at Newport for years; a gun-manufacturer from South Germany was trying to sell what Niblack described as "several hundred tons of old scrap-iron"; and the passage to his room was crowded with reporters and business men, all anxious to see him on more or less important business. Then, too, every few moments a German porter would enter and deposit a yellow cablegram upon his desk, or maybe it would be a white local telegram. These latter were deposited in a basket and sent to a confidential clerk for translation. The yellow ones were immediately locked up in a tin box.

My interview with him, under these circumstances, was naturally brief. He was somewhat dispirited himself. The Spaniards had been ahead of us in Italy. They had bought one ship, and any that we could buy would not be completed for many months. I told him that I was anxious to do something, particularly anxious for sea-duty. There were reasons why, in case I should return to the United States, I would probably be assigned to shore duty; but in Europe, there being so few naval officers, I

felt certain there should be a chance for me if we only bought some vessels, and this I knew the Navy Department was anxious to do.

I was in his office only a few moments, as I said, and the few inspiring remarks I had been able to exchange with Niblack were completely driven from my mind by the exasperating interview I had immediately after with the handsome young secretary of the embassy.

He, with his cool, confident, and very superior manner, was certain there would be no war. I would be very foolish if I left the university on the chance of getting active service. We had no quarrel with Spain; we had no right to suppose she was in any way responsible for the destruction of the Maine; and, in his opinion, the Jingoes were a very poor lot of people, and much more likely to have destroyed our ship, in order to precipitate war, than the Spaniards.

I must explain that this young man had lived so long abroad that he seemed hardly to be in sympathy with America at all. I 'm afraid that before I left him I said something rude.

These are some of the reasons why, on this particular afternoon, I was feeling so disagreeable as to be actually contemplating riding my bicycle across Unter den Linden, and getting myself arrested for my pains.

At this point in my reflections the maid handed me a telegram. Scrawled with a blue pencil, in large German script, was the following message: "Elbing 24-8-25-3-2-22-G. Come to Hotel Rausch, Elbing, to-night train, for three days. Wire me if coming; unofficial. Niblack." The maid had my telegram announcing that I would come filed at the telegraph office before the messenger had returned.

The train for Königsberg, Eydtkuhnen, and St. Petersburg left Berlin that night at half-past ten. I had on it a berth in the last compartment of the last sleeper. There were three other travelers in my compartment. Before it had been assigned to me I heard two men farther down the aisle talking in Spanish. Eventually I caught the words *linda rubia* ("pretty blonde girl"), which assured me they were not talking about me; and when I saw in my compartment three unmistakable Germans, I had no hesitation in turning in and sleeping soundly

When I awoke in the morning I found that I had the car pretty much to myself. The porter gave me an empty compartment, where he brought me a very fair breakfast, and told me many interesting things about Elbing and Königsberg. He told me that the Schichau Company, at Elbing, were the greatest torpedo-boat manufacturers in the world; that they made all of the torpedo-boats for Germany, Turkey, China, Peru, and also for the United States. This last bit of information was quite a revelation to me.

At Elbing station, the porter of the Hotel Rausch took my bag, and told me he was glad to see me back; though, as a matter of fact, I did not believe he was overjoyed to see me, and I had never been in Elbing before.

It is rather an interesting town. The streets were so very crooked that we turned and twisted in a most bewildering fashion during the drive to the hotel.

I was shown to Niblack's room, and found him dressing. He entered at once into explanation. "I think I have found here," he said, "a first-class torpedo for our use that can be bought at bed-rock prices; and provided she is fast enough, I am going to buy her. I received last night from the Secretary authority to do so. But I am not going to put Uncle Sam's good dollars into any German machine until I see it work; so I am going to take that torpedo-boat out into the Gulf of Dantzic and give her a real stiff trial, American fashion. She can make twenty-four knots, according to the owners; but if she does twenty-two under my conditions I will take her. Of course this means that I will have to be out of telegraphic communication the whole day, and I dare not leave this end of the wire unattended. Therefore I want you to receive for me all telegrams of any sort. Answer all that you think of sufficient importance to require immediate answer and about which you have enough information to reply. If you are without the information, reply to them that you cannot answer for six hours. Furthermore, as nearly all of my telegrams are in cipher, I shall trust to you the navy secret code, and shall instruct you in the method of using it. I have, also, several telegrams that I wish you to send for me to the

Secretary of the Navy, explaining recent purchases of war materials that I have made. These you will have to send in cipher; and I think it will take you all day to transcribe them properly, and send them."



"I ARRANGED THE BOOKS ON THE TABLE AS IT SEEMED TO THEM I HAD A CIPHER, AND THEN I WAS READY FOR WORK." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

He then sent for breakfast, and as we ate he explained to me the method of using this wonderful navy secret code.

After breakfast we went to the Schichau works, and I was introduced to Mr. Ceze, the superintendent, and then we all went down to the wharf and on board of the torpedo-boat. On the way we passed torpedo-boats in all conditions of completion — some in the stream, nearly completed, but many more on the stocks, lying one alongside of the other, like rowboats at a pleasure resort, pulled out of the water for winter.

"No. 420" was the boat. She was lying at the end of the wharf, and was about ready to go on her trip. She was about the size of our "Cushing." Her hull had been painted black, and her deck and upper works white; her single funnel was yellow. She was more comfortably fitted up in her tiny ward-room amidships than are our torpedo-boats, there being two state-rooms on the port side, and a pantry and bath-room on the starboard side, forward of and adjoining the ward-room. Running between these rooms and connecting the ward-room with the after conning-tower, was a small alleyway. She had but one set of engines, and was a single-screw boat. Mr. Ceze told me that she had been built as an experiment, and her hull was of iron instead of steel, and on that account only had he found difficulty in disposing of her. The experiment, so far as her lines and machinery were con-

cerned, was so successful that all of his subsequent boats had been built on her lines. She had an under-water torpedo-tube forward, and two improved torpedo launching-tubes on deck. guaranteed to make thirty-two knots an hour for two consecutive hours. They were to be the finest boats afloat of their class.

You will understand the interest that I took



"THE CREW, NOW THOROUGHLY DEMORALIZED, ABSOLUTELY REFUSED TO GO TO SEA UNLESS SHE WAS DRY-DOCKED AND INSPECTED." (SEE PAGE 421.)

Mr. Ceze assured us most emphatically that she was in every respect complete and ready for sea. This statement of his was not quite true, as subsequent events proved.

When the engineer reported steam enough, the old man who conducted all the trials for the Schichau Company told Niblack he was ready; and soon the boat had passed beyond the first bend of the river, and was out of sight on her way to the Gulf of Dantzic.

On my way back to the hotel, Mr. Ceze particularly called my attention to three torpedo-boat destroyers, of the largest size, which he was building for China. One was in the stream, and would be completed, ready for use, during the following month. Another was to be launched the next day, and would be completed in two months. These boats Mr. Ceze had in these boats when I tell you that Niblack had arranged a deal with the Chinese government and with the Schichau Company for the United States to buy all three of them at a considerable advance on the original price, provided the consent of our government could be obtained. One of the telegrams which I was expecting was to tell me whether or not this consent was given.

On my arrival at the hotel, I found three telegrams awaiting me. Proceeding with them to Niblack's room, I closed and locked the door. I unlocked the closet, and took therefrom a sole-leather case, which I unlocked. From this I took a tin box. Unlocking this, I got at the code-books. These I arranged on the table, and on the other side of them I placed a revolver. And then I was ready for work.

The process of transferring a cablegram is very complicated, and involves a certain amount of mathematical calculation, and is, above all, an inviolable secret. Therefore I can tell you no more about the process which gave me, at the end of twenty minutes, the following telegram: "If torpedo-boat is satisfactory on trial trip, close bargain, hoist flag, and take possession immediately."

This was from the naval attaché in London. It was through him that the negotiations for the purchase of the torpedo-boat were being conducted; and from what I had been led to understand by Niblack, this telegram indicated that the boat would be sold to somebody else, or that some other party was making efforts to get her, or that there was imminent danger of war being declared and so preventing the transfer of the boat to our flag; for, of course, after a declaration of war no country which remains neutral will sell warlike material to either side.

The next telegram rather tended to confirm the belief in the imminency of war: "If one Chinese torpedo-boat can be put into commission by April 1, you are authorized to buy these boats at price named; if not, these boats are of no use to us."

I had been told that the price arranged for was about $450,000 each; and this telegram from the Secretary of the Navy, authorizing us to make three times this expenditure, if we could secure one first-class torpedo-boat destroyer by April 1, assured me that the Navy Department, at least, was doing its utmost to be ready for war.

The third telegram authorized the purchase of several torpedo-tubes, torpedoes, and air-compressors.

I had just finished the translation of this last telegram when some one knocked at the door.

My orders were absolute — to allow no person to see the navy code-books under any circumstances; so I sang out, "Wait a minute." Then the books were closed and put in a tin box, which was locked; the key was put into my pocket; the tin box was put into the leather case; it was locked; the key was thrust under the covers of the bed; the case was put into the wardrobe; that was locked, and the key put into a vase on the mantel; and then I unlocked the door of the room. It was the porter of the hotel with another telegram. Before translating this I proceeded to act upon the three telegrams already translated.

With regard to the purchase of torpedoes and accessories I had a telegram ready to send in expectation of just such an order. About the Chinese torpedo-boats I could get a definite answer in a few moments from Mr. Ceze. As to taking possession of No. 420, that would have to wait until Niblack returned, and then we would hoist the flag. That reminded me, I must get a flag.

I first called upon Mr. Ceze. He informed me that it was utterly impossible to expect the completion of the most advanced of the destroyers before April 15; so I told him our government must definitely refuse the offer for the purchase of these boats. He did not know where I could get a flag. A German flag — oh, yes; all the toy-stores had them; but an American flag certainly was not to be had in Elbing. If I wished, he would telephone to Königsberg and have one made; it would probably be done in three or four days. I begged him to do so.

A short tour of the shops in Elbing assured me that what he had said about the impossibility of purchasing a flag there was true. Not trusting entirely to the maker of flags in Königsberg, I sent the following telegram to Berlin: "Send immediately, by mail, the piece of silk on wall under my sword. Buy large copy of same in bunting. Send them as soon as possible."

I returned to the hotel, locked my door and unlocked the various coverings of my code-books, and proceeded to describe, in cipher, guns, ammunition, armor-piercing projectiles, smokeless powder, fuses — giving the marks, numbers, weights, and prices of each — which had been bought by Niblack, and which purchases he wished to report to the department by cable. This was a very long and tedious message, and it was well along in the afternoon when I had finished it. It was an expensive message to send, too, and I had very little money in my pocket when I returned to the hotel.

I had dinner; then, having no more telegrams to attend to, went down to the Schichau

works. The torpedo-boat was just coming in. Niblack, the captain, and the men on deck were all quite wet and cold; but Niblack looked happy.

"She made a good twenty-three," he said, as I jumped aboard. Then, as I read him the telegram from London, he turned to Mr. Ceze, saying: "I accept this torpedo-boat in the name of the government of the United States. This vessel is now United States property. Let us go to the office, Mr. Ceze, and sign the necessary papers." While he was doing this I made arrangements for hiring watchmen and workmen to take care of and clean the boat.

On the way to the hotel he told me that they had tried to fool him; but he had kept them continuously on the course, and at every attempt at fraud the boat was put back to run the course over; yet she made twenty-three knots fairly every time. The old pirate of a captain had seemed determined, however, to make him believe in the twenty-four knots; but it was not to be done.

Cablegrams were immediately sent notifying the Navy Department and the embassy in London of the completion of the purchase; and a few hours later a telegram from London announced that Lieutenant J. J. Knapp was on his way from London to take command and bring the boat to the United States.

During the rest of this day and the morning of the next Niblack and I were busily engaged in an attempt to arrange his accounts. He had been very busy for the past two months, and had spent most of his time on sleeping-cars for the past three weeks, so he had, perforce, to allow his accounts to take care of themselves. If there is one thing in the world that I can do a little worse than anything else, it is to keep accounts; and I don't think Niblack is an expert accountant. So we toiled most unhappily, but in the end achieved something like order from his chaos of receipts and account-books.

A telegram was received from the Secretary of the Navy ordering that the torpedo-boat be named "Somers." Shortly after, our mail arrived, bringing to me the silk flag that I had telegraphed for. We both went down to the wharf and aboard the boat No. 420, and I reeved the silk flag to the flag-halyards, and hoisted the flag to the truck of the flagstaff, Niblack remarking, for the benefit of those who could understand: "I christen this boat 'Somers,' and declare her to be in commission as a man-of-war of the United States."

When we had finished this work we both felt the need of some relaxation, and we started out for a walk. This was a great day in Elbing. The launching of the Chinese torpedo-destroyer had been made the occasion for a great display on the part of the Chinese ambassador, who had come down from Berlin, bringing many of his suite, army and navy officers in full uniform, with peacock feathers and yellow jackets, and queer little square caps with round buttons on top. They were having a great banquet in honor of the successful launching, and the whole town seemed to be keeping holiday.

Then Niblack received another telegram. Its portent was deep, dire, and mysterious. I am sorry that all I can tell you about it is that it required him to leave Elbing immediately, to be gone twenty-four hours, and no time was to be lost if he would catch the afternoon train; unfortunately, he would be obliged to take his code-books with him, while still his telegrams were coming to Elbing.

My instructions now were to ask the senders of all telegrams in cipher to repeat them to me in English, if time was of sufficient importance and the case justified it; for, as Niblack said, the time for secrecy was about over, but the necessity for speed was greater than ever.

Niblack duly departed that afternoon, and I was left to "wrastle" with the situation alone. I informed the Secretary of the Navy and the embassies in London that Niblack was gone, but that I was in Elbing, ready to attend to business until he returned, which would probably be in twenty-four hours.

Nothing exciting occurred until the next morning, when I went to the railroad station and met Lieutenant Knapp, who was arriving to take command of the boat. He seemed rather surprised to see me instead of Niblack, and seemed more surprised when I explained the situation to him.

He also had Spaniards for fellow-travelers on the train from Berlin to Elbing; but, more unfortunate than I was, three of them were in the

same sleeping-compartment with him. They did not disturb him, however, and though they appeared much interested in his movements, did not leave the train at Elbing, but went on to Königsberg.

After breakfast we went on board the Somers, and Captain Knapp, as he now became, assumed command. We next had an interview with Mr. Ceze with regard to the possibility of shipping a crew to work the Somers home. We were introduced to one, a Captain Poust, whom Mr. Ceze recommended as entirely capable. The captain agreed to supply a crew and engineers from the Schichau works, with the consent of the company, to take the Somers either to England or to the United States.



"THE SHEAK TURNED TO MR. CEZE, SAYING, 'I AM LET IN THE BOAT IN THE N[AME] OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.'"

It was learned, during our conversation, that all of the inhabitants of Elbing were more or less dependent upon the Schichau factory, and that it would be impossible to obtain a single man without the consent of Mr. Ceze, and this consent could not be obtained unless we were willing to engage every man through this Captain Poust. We could not even obtain a pilot and engineer to take the boat down the river and up to Königsberg or Pillau.

Captain Poust was a very candid fellow. He was then in the German Navy marine reserves, and had for some years been making a specialty of handling torpedo-boats. Before that he had been a pirate or a slaver, or a combination of both. He told me some of his adventures stealing men in the Solomon Islands, his idea being to show me that whatever reluctance he might feel in going to sea in the Somers, to-day or to-morrow, was not due to fear.

He did not want to start for two days, and no amount in extra pay and neither promises nor threats would induce him to change his mind. The truth of the matter was that he had had his orders. He would supply the necessary crew, coal, and provisions, and work the boat to any port in England, for seven thousand marks; and this Captain Knapp, thinking of francs, translated as fifteen hundred dollars. It was really about seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. For the trip to the United States, by way of the Azores or under convoy from England, he wanted forty thousand marks, or nearly ten thousand dollars.

Promising to give him a definite answer by telegraph that evening,— for Captain Poust was going to Pillau on business,— we left him, and

by telegraph communicated the result of our interview to the Secretary of the Navy.

We then made a tour of the shopping district, for Captain Knapp had to buy a complete outfit for sea. Somewhat later we received permission from the Secretary of the Navy to engage Poust, for fifteen hundred dollars, to take the Somers to England.



"I HOISTED THE FLAG TO THE TRUCK OF THE FLAGSTAFF."

Now, it transpired that, unwittingly, I had led Captain Knapp into a considerable error. When he had said, "Seven thousand marks; that is equal to fifteen hundred dollars," I had agreed with him without having made the translation; and as I had been translating for him when the necessity arose, it was certainly my fault that I had not translated the value of marks properly into dollars. The difficulty was surmounted by telegraphing Poust that Captain Knapp had been authorized to pay him fifteen hundred dollars, or a little over six thousand marks, and requesting a reply as to whether he would accept this sum.

Poust did not reply, and when seen in Pillau at first refused to accept these terms, but finally agreed to them.

All preparations that could be made were now pushed to the utmost rapidity, and the next day, when Niblack returned, the boat herself was ready for sea. The bunting flag I had sent for had arrived, and the silk one which had been originally hoisted was returned to me, and I have kept it ever since as a memento of a most interesting experience.

There being no more work for me to do, I now returned to Berlin. I heard later that on that same afternoon Knapp and Niblack succeeded in getting four men to help them, and with this crew they took the Somers to Pillau. Here Poust met them with his crew, and being convinced that any further delay on his part would only result in his being left behind, he pitched in and worked like a Trojan; and the Somers left Pillau twelve hours after she arrived there, having the courtesy of the North Sea Canal extended to her by order of the German government. When she left Pillau she was still greatly lacking in necessary equipment, but she could navigate the seas, and that was all that was absolutely necessary.

Among the articles sought for in Königsberg,

but not obtained, was a set of international code signal-flags. When I heard this, I ordered from the imperial flag-maker in Berlin a set of code-flags, a commanding officer's pennant, and British and German naval ensigns.

As soon as these were finished, I took them to Hamburg, hoping to catch the Somers somewhere in the North Sea Canal; but on my arrival at Hamburg I found that she had passed through the canal early that morning, and was now on the North Sea on her way to England. It was not until more than a week later, when I sailed into the port of Weymouth, England, on board the U. S. S. "Topeka," that I succeeded in getting her signal-flags aboard her. Captain Knapp told me that from the mouth of the Elbe to Weymouth he had had a very rough trip, but he had made it in three days, averaging twelve knots an hour, which was as much as any torpedo-boat of her size could have made under similar circumstances.

When he arrived in Weymouth, he caused an inspection to be made, which showed that the Somers had not leaked a drop, in spite of her rough handling, and, considering the weather she was out in, he believed her to be a very comfortable boat.

At Weymouth an English crew was put aboard the Somers, and Captain Poust and the Germans were paid off and sent home.

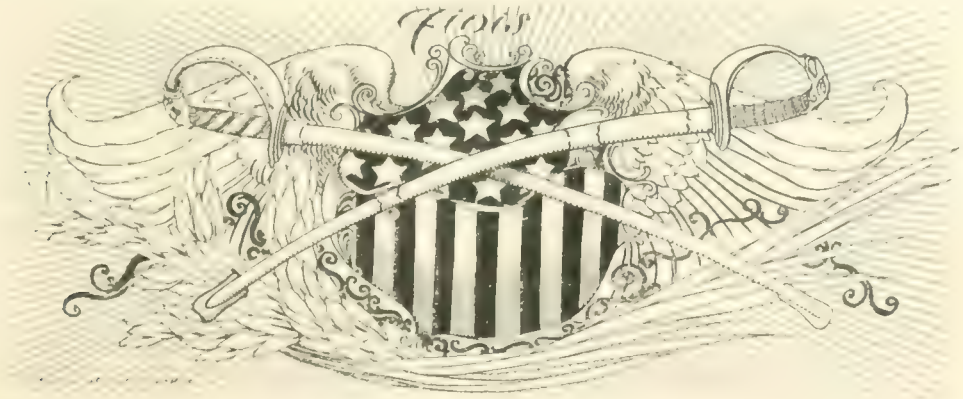
The Englishmen were evidently afraid of her, for every time they put to sea in her they declared that she was leaking. Twice she was put back into port on account of these reports, and each time little or nothing was found to be the matter. The third attempt to get her to sea, in company with the Topeka, succeeded in getting her as far as Falmouth, where we put in because the Somers had made signal that she was sinking. This report was found to be as groundless as the two previous ones. There was, however, a very slight leak about the submerged torpedo-tube; and her crew, now thoroughly demoralized, absolutely refused to go to sea unless she was dry-docked and inspected by an agent of Lloyd's.

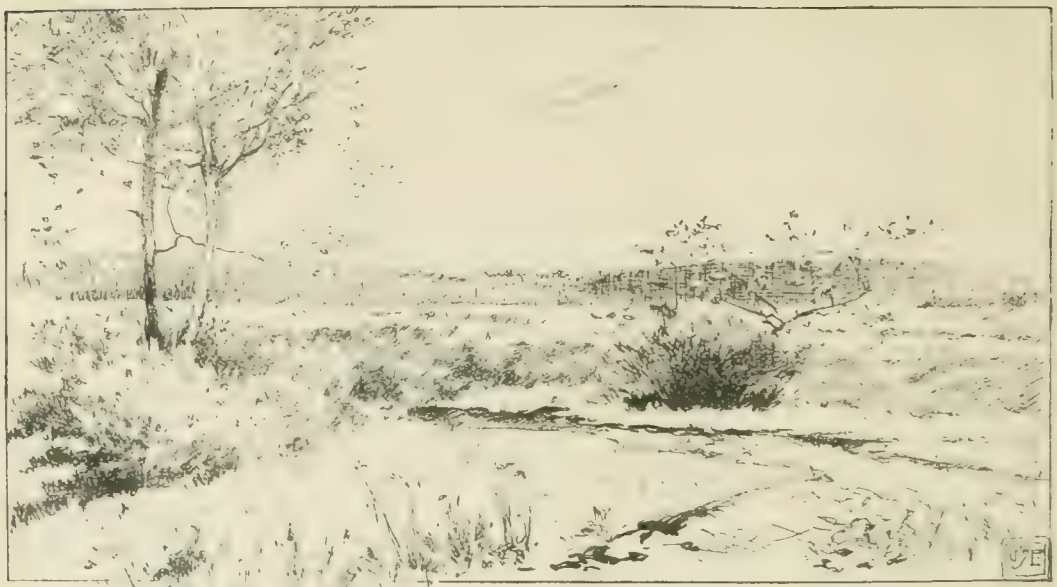
It being utterly impossible to engage a new crew for her at Falmouth, Captain Knapp was obliged to yield to their demands, and arranged to have her dry-docked.

As she was being put into the docks—whether by accident or design cannot be proved—her sailing-master ran her, head on, into a stone pier, which caused such serious damage as, without doubt, to require her to remain in dry-dock for repairs at least ten days.

This was on April 19, and as we were sure that war would be declared in a few days at the furthest, we were obliged to sail away in the Topeka without her. The day after war was declared, the English captain of the port called upon the officer in command of the Somers, and told him that Great Britain, under her proclamation of neutrality, must request him to go to sea in twenty-four hours; and if he were unable to do so, the English government would be obliged to detain the Somers in port during the continuance of the war.

And so, after all our trouble and expense, one of our torpedo-boats was left in Falmouth harbor, of no more use to us in our war with Spain than if she had remained No. 420 at the Schichau works in Elbing.





# ONE KINDLY THOUGHT.

By R. W. McAlpine.

'T was a fruitless year, for the earth was dry,
And the summer sun shone ruthless down
With scorching heat from a cloudless sky,
Till the fields athirst were parched and brown.
Then winter came, and food was scant,
And fuel was scarce as minted gold;
And darker than thought of death from want
Came now the thought of death from cold.

Far out on the Western prairie wide,
A mile or more their homes between,
Two neighbors dwelt—men sorely tried
By the grievous troubles that both had seen.
Each toiled early and late that he
His wife and babes from want might guard;
And each had heartfelt sympathy
For all who failed of fair reward.

Said one: "Our neighbor, much I fear,
Will soon be freezing with his brood
Before his hearthstone cold and drear;
Let 's share with him our store of wood."

Go," said the goodwife, "while they sleep;
Give him in secret goodly share."
And from his own scant, well-saved heap
He took what load his back could bear;
And through the stormy night he sped
(Lighter his heart for the load he bore),
Guessing the snow-hid paths that led
In devious lines to his neighbor's door.

Half-way he paused. The wind was stilled;
The storm was done and the stars shone out;
His quick and startled ear was thrilled
By a panting toiler's muffled shout.
His answering cry broke on the air;
Then face to face the neighbors stood.
Two kindly men abashed stood there,
Each bending 'neath a load of wood!

Each for another that night had planned,
Had felt for him a brother's fears;
Each grasped the other's friendly hand,
And spoke his gratitude in tears.



## THE SNOW MAN.

By Edwin Emerson, Jr.

It snowed on the last night that the goats spent in the mountains. When daylight came, all the peaks and crags of the mountain range glimmered white in the sun.

"Let 's build a snow man, before we drive the goats down," shouted Jack, the farmer's boy, "so that there 'll be somebody to see us off, and to watch the shanty after we are gone."

"Good enough!" said the others. So, while Mary and Margery tied the milking-stool and pails to the horns of the biggest goat in the herd, the two boys rolled and molded piles of soft snow, until they had heaped three big balls as large as boulders side by side on the high cliff overhanging the valley below.

Then all helped. The boys shoved and tugged at the heavy wet snow until one lump was made to stand upon the other, while the girls cut and scraped the snow with shingles, so that the arms, waist, and legs of the snow man stood out quite plain. When at last the head was set on, and an old straw hat slapped over a wig of moss, the four children laughed and frisked about; but "Old Buck," the wickedest goat of the whole herd, lowered his head and wanted to butt the snow man with his big horns, so "Flip," the collie dog, had to snap and growl to make him stop.

Yet the snow man never winked, nor did he even shift the old pipe that was stuck in his

mouth. Staring straight before him with his pebble eyes, he could see the peaks of twenty mountains, while beneath him, far below, ran the dark river, past the sawmill, through the valley, and out into the plain beyond. Amid all the noise of the children and of the barking dog, he could hear the tinkling bells of other herds of goats and sheep threading their way down the mountain-side.

The children, too, heard the bells, and bethought them of what was still to be done.

"Good-by, snow man," cried little Margery. "Don't fall off the cliff!"

"Keep good watch over the house!" shouted the farmer's boy; "and maybe we 'll fill your pipe with tobacco when we come up next spring."

"Or maybe you 'll get some of the sheep's salt to lick!" screamed another.

And with that they left the snow man standing on the cliff, while they trudged after their goats over the pasture and through the woods down into the valley.

The snow man heard their voices among the trees, and when he could no longer tell them, he listened to the tinkling of the bells sounding faint and fainter as the goats found their way to the lowlands. Long afterward, near sunset, he caught another glimpse of many little goats, followed by four children and a frisking speck of a dog, trailing along the valley, far below, like ants in a furrow.

He saw them cross the bridge near the sawmill and turn to where they were lost to sight; and then, for the first time, the snow man felt lost and helpless as he looked out upon the plain, whence darkness and night were sweeping upward over the mountains and over him.

A night-hawk darted by him with a quick, sharp look at his staring face, and a screech-owl hooted dismally in the woods behind him. Then it grew very still, and the snow man could hear nothing but the wind blowing through the bare trees, and the sound of far-away water rushing over rocks.

After it had grown quite dark, and only the stars were glittering coldly overhead, the snow man fell to dreaming. He dreamed of great quiet fields of snow, untrodden by man or beast; of icebergs sliding slowly from their mountains into the sea; of numberless snowflakes whirling in the wind; of icicles glistening from frozen waterfalls; and of long peaceful winter nights lasting for weeks and months and years.

When the gray dawn crept over the mountain-tops again, and the chill morning wind blew about his ears, the snow man tried to shake off his drowsy dreams; but, lo and behold! he had grown hard as stone; and so he remained.

Thus the days and nights passed by, with nothing to break the stillness but the snapping of frozen twigs, the yelping of the winter fox, or the occasional booming of distant fields of ice.

One day the snow man was startled out of his dreams by some mountain-sheep that came and rubbed their woolly sides against him, after making sure that he was not a hunter with a gun; but just as they were growing friendly, the sound of a falling branch in the forest frightened them, and they scurried down the side of the mountain, scattering stones and earth as they leaped from rock to rock; and he never saw them again.

Another time an eagle with powerful wings and fierce beak and claws swept over him, and perched upon the crag at his feet without so much as a glance from his sharp eyes; but before the snow man had time to get over his surprise, the eagle swooped down into the valley, and only the plaintive bleat of a lamb told the snow man where the bird of prey had struck.

At other times, however, the mountain-top was still and lonely, and the days and nights seemed so like one another that the snow man scarcely knew whether he slept or waked. So the long winter passed.

One morning the snow man was awakened from his slumbers by the loud voices of men. They were coming through the woods, striking the iron points of their sticks against the stones, and shouting to one another at the tops of their voices. Never before had the snow man heard such a noise; but perhaps that was because the wind had shifted, blowing warm over his shoulders, and carrying the sounds of what happened behind him straight past his ears.

"Oh, look at that snow man!" shouted one of the men, as they came over the pasture and

near to the shanty on the mountain-top. "I wonder who made him?"

"Let 's topple him over the cliff!" cried another.

"See me hit his head!" shouted the third, as he snatched up a snowball and flung it at the helpless snow man, who wondered what was coming next.

"We 'll have our fun with him after a while," said the leader of the gang; "but now we must chop down our tree first, or it 'll grow dark before we get back to the sawmill."

"All right," said the other men. So they went to work at a tall tree near by, first climbing up it with ropes and hand-saws to cut away some of the largest branches, and then chopping the trunk with their long axes, after they had carefully measured out a clear space of ground where the tree might have a clean fall. Soon two of the men took to sawing the trunk with a great double saw, working away on the other side of the gaping cleft that had been chopped with the axes, until the tree began to totter. They quickly dropped their tools and ran over to the other side of the clearing, where they hauled on a stout rope tied above. The tottering tree gave way with an awful crash, breaking its branches as it fell.

Then the wood-choppers stripped the trunk of all its branches, and peeled off the bark until the tree lay as a naked pole. At last they heaved each end of the pole on two wood sledges they had dragged after them all the way up from the valley.

"Now let 's build a bonfire to show the folks down in the mill where we are!" said the leader.

"How about that snow man?" asked the youngest fellow. "You said we were to have some fun with him."

"Sure enough," grunted the old man. "We don't want to forget him, or he 'll believe he owns the mountain. What do you say to roasting him in our fire just as if he was a captive Indian at the stake, so he can melt and put out the fire after we 're gone?"

"That 's just what we will do!" shouted the other fellows; and running here and there for wood, they piled up so much underbrush around the poor snow man that only his bare head stuck out — for he had lost his hat and wig long ago during the wild blasts of the winter storms.

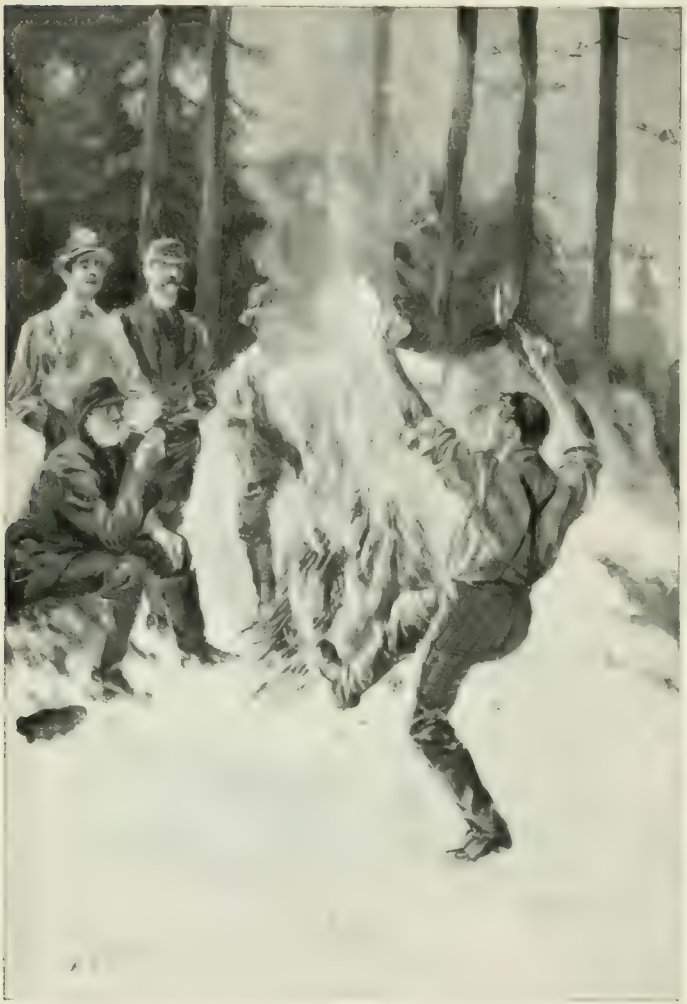
"Here goes!" said a voice behind him, as he heard a queer snapping sound; and the next minute thick smoke was curling around his face and blurring everything before his eyes. Then the smoke blew away, and his back began to feel uncomfortably warm, while the youngest of the wood-choppers danced around him, leaping over the crackling flames, brandishing a hatchet, and yelling like a savage:



"AN EAGLE WITH [illegible] AND [illegible] AT HIM."

"Why is thy face so white, pale-face?
Why are thine eyes so bright, pale-face?
What makes him draw deep breath?
Is he afraid of death?
Never a word he saith;
Dead is the pale-face!"

"Why is thy face so dark, pale-face?
Why are thy limbs so stark, pale-face?
What makes him stand so still?
Peace! He has had his fill.
That is the way we kill.
Dead is the pale-face!"



"THE YOUNGEST OF THE WOOD-CHOPPERS DANCED AROUND HIM, BRANDISHING A HATCHET"

"Whether he 's dead or alive, he certainly ain't any pale-face any more," broke in the old man, "for the smoke 's roasted him brown." But the wretched snow man was too far gone to listen to what they said; nor did he hear their noisy laughter and shouts of warning ringing through the woods as they dragged their sledges down the mountain-side and out of sight, for louder than all their din in his ears rang the roaring flames about him as they lapped fiercely up his back and licked about his sides with a sickening, sizzling sound.

When the flames at last sank down, at nightfall, the poor snow man felt faint unto death, and it was all he could do not to grovel on the ground in his weakness. Yet, when the stars rose, one by one, and went spinning on their dizzy way through the blue-black night, and the glimmering mountain peaks once more shone forth behind the dark drifting clouds, the dying snow man fell to dreaming for the last time.

While his body was sinking beneath him, his soul soared up to heights never reached before, where the great north light sheds all the colors of the rainbow over vast glistening fastnesses of ice—where all the restless waves of mighty seas are gripped tight in frozen fetters, and where slow, gliding glaciers move down from the mountains to the plain, while giant snowballs are hurled from crag to crag, crushing all that comes in their way.

The snow man awoke from his death-dream with a start, and as he tried to straighten himself up, his hot, smoke-bleared eyes fell out of their hollow sockets. But though he could no longer see, he could hear, coming up from the valley below, the far-off sounds of the wood-choppers dragging their clumsy sledges to the sawmill.

The heart of the suffering snow man was filled with wrath—with wrath at the men who had mocked his death; with wrath at those who had fashioned him from the peaceful snow of the meadow; with wrath at the whole breed of men, meddling with what was greater than

their puny life, and forever spoiling what was not theirs.

Holding himself up no longer, the helpless snow man pitched forward on his blind face. He spread his arms wide so as to gather up all the snow that overhung the steep cliff, and plunged down the abyss, carrying with him a cloud of snow.

When the heavy mass of wet slush that was the snow man struck the mountain-side below, it slid downward, catching up more snow as it went; it tumbled over other cliffs, whirling like a ball as it leaped and bounded from edge to edge, growing greater and greater with every bound. Soon it was as big as a barn; then it grew as tall as a tower, uprooting trees and rocks as it rushed headlong, until, crashing into the valley, it seemed as though the whole side of the mountain had been torn away and hurled down!

When the wood-choppers heard the thunders of the avalanche behind them, they dropped everything and fled for their lives to the sawmill.

But the giant snowball heeded them not. With one enormous bound it reached the bridge, smashing it to splinters. It struck the roof of the sawmill, and overwhelmed the four buildings, with the great lumber-yard behind them, as a great wave might overwhelm a cockle-shell. Then it spread itself out and slid into the river-bed, forcing the waters far up the banks and over the dam of the mill-race. And there it lay.

But where the sawmill had stood, its windows lighted, its wheels clattering and buzz-saw whizzing, there now was nothing to be seen but a mass of snow, with here and there a beam or broken roof-tree sticking up out of the waste.

Afterward, when spring had come, and the farmers' children once more drove the goats up the mountain, they had to wade through the creek where the bridge had been; and the goats clambered about over the disordered and abandoned ruins of what had once been a busy sawmill. Such was the snow man's work.



"IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE WHOLE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN HAD BEEN TORN AWAY"

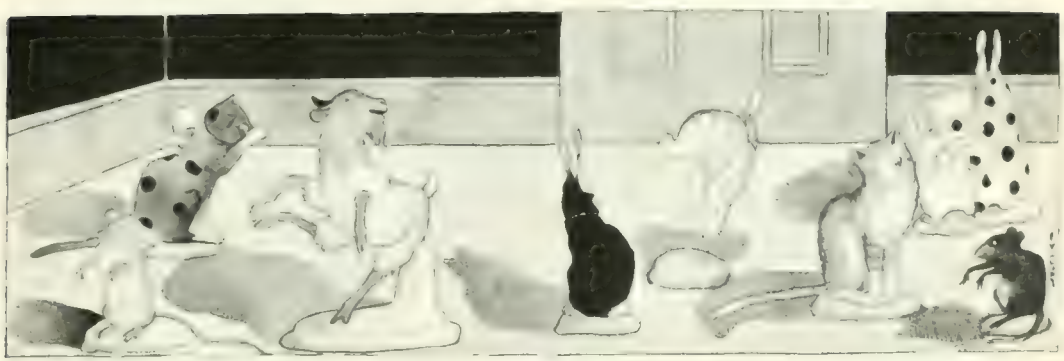
# THE OLD MOON.

By D. H. Barron.



# THE CHINA ANIMALS.

By Elizabeth Cartwright.



Oh, after Nell was asleep in bed,
  And mother had shut the door,
The china animals used to play
  All over the nursery floor.

The mice would twitter, the goats would skip,
  The kittens would purr and mew —
Till Wah, the Chinaman, gave to Nell
  A terrible Wang-go-doo.

Now the china animals quake with fear
  When mother has shut the door,
And the terrible Wang-go-doo alone
  Ramps over the nursery floor!

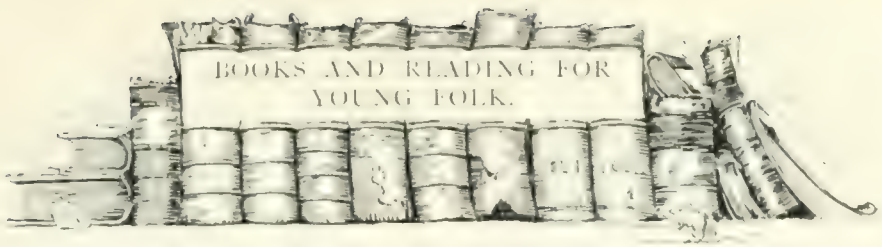




# THE TAMING OF THE MARCH HARE.

By Christopher Valentine.

One day I saw a curious sight I could not understand.
'T was twilight as I rode alone, afar in prairie land,
When suddenly a bounding hare came scurrying swiftly by,
And on his back a pygmy rode! In vain the hare did try
To shake him off: the pygmy clung in true "Rough Rider" style;
He pulled the reins, he shouted, and plied his whip the while.
So plucky was the little mite, despite myself I cheered.
"Hurrah!" I cried. And, at the word,—both creatures disappeared!




In answering the question in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS—"What was the first story-book published for children?"—it would be somewhat of a study to find in the mass of material the true foundation of juvenile literature.

In the Warner "Library of the World's Best Literature," to which the following account owes its authority, there is much information concerning folk-lore and fairy-tales.

All the popular fairy-tales have, ordinarily, been handed down orally. The first collection of European tales was made in 1550, by Straparola, who published his "Notte Piacévola" at Venice. It was afterward translated into French, and was probably the origin of the "Contes des Fées." These were all compilations, but the real story-books written for children came more than a century later.

In 1696 there appeared a story by M. Charles Perrault, called "La Belle au Bois Dormant" (our "Sleeping Beauty"). This was printed in the "Recueil," a magazine published by one Moetjens at The Hague. A year later a collection of seven more tales, under the title of "Contes du Temps Passé, avec des Moralités," was made by P. Darmancour, whose father, Perrault, wrote them down from a nurse's stories. The seven mentioned are "Little Red Riding-hood," "Bluebeard," "Puss in Boots," "The Fairy," "Cinderella," "Riquet with the Tuft," and "Hop o' my Thumb."

THE conductors of this department think that its readers must consider them to be like the conductors on the street-cars, who always manage to find room for one more. You should see the pile of letters containing our correspondents' lists of books! And these lists are all so good, too. They contain excellent suggestions, and, in general, they prove that the old favorites which have won their way to the front will remain there. In spite of the reinforcements arriving daily from modern steam-presses, the mass of new books cannot drive the Old Guard from the field. Some new favorites, of course, are welcomed, but names longer known make up most of the lists.

The number of votes for each author is not vitally important, for in matters of taste the weight of numbers cannot always prevail.

Some of the older books do seem a little neglected. "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "Robinson Crusoe" have not been often mentioned; and Thackeray is far from receiving his due, only a few mentioning his delicious "Rose and Ring," one of the most entertaining stories for children. Dickens finds hosts of friends—indeed, almost leads the list. Shakspere, Sir Walter Scott, Miss Alcott, Frank R. Stockton, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Jamison, Lewis Carroll, Susan Coolidge, Rudyard Kipling, G. A. Henty, R. L. Stevenson, Kirk Munroe, Juliana Horatia Ewing, J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Lothrop, T. B. Aldrich, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Mark Twain, and Miss Yonge seem to find the most advocates, and after these the votes scatter a little more, but still tend to group themselves about these names: Mrs. L. E. Richards, Mrs. Gaskell ("Cranford"), De Foe ("Robinson Crusoe"), Charles Kingsley, Longfellow, Thackeray, Mrs. Jackson ("Denise and Ned Toodles"), Mrs. Brush ("Colonel's Opera Cloak"), Mrs. Deland, John Bennett ("Master Skylark"), Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), Howard Pyle, E. E. Hale, "Swiss Family Robinson," Jules Verne, Molly Elliot Seawell, Ruskin, Cooper. Other authors have fewer followers among the list-makers, but these names occur at least once: Coventry

Patmore ("Child's Garland of Verse"), Jane G. Austin, R. H. Davis, George Macdonald, Anstey ("Vice Versa"), Miss Edgeworth, Edward Eggleston, Charles Dudley Warner, H. Butterworth, R. D. Blackmore ("Lorna Doone"), Mrs. Meade, Mrs. Champney, W. H. Shelton, Dr. Mitchell, W. D. Howells, Thomas Hughes, Dr. John Brown, G. W. Cable.

It may be said, in criticism, that the lists are rather unsystematic in their choices. They show little judgment as between really good books and books that are merely pleasant reading.

Cooper and Washington Irving, for instance, are, like Thackeray, foolishly neglected by young readers. Miss Alcott's books are certainly charming, but they should be read with discrimination. Most of them are rather popular than great, and in many respects must be ranked far below work such as has been done by Mrs. Ewing and Miss Yonge.

The *amount* of pleasure given by reading a book is not the chief test of its value, even from a literary point of view. The *sort* of pleasure a book gives is far more important. Books, for instance, that merely hold the interest until the plot is known, and that can be read with the greatest satisfaction only the first time, are seldom of the most worth. Books with which the reader always finds himself in agreement can do him little good.

Let us know, next, what books you have found of the most value to you — books you have enjoyed best on a second or a third reading. Let us know, also, what characters you admire in literature, what characters you would prefer to be like in some respect. And do not forget to give your reasons.

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WE print a few of the many letters received, giving the lists as their writers made them. Some, as you will see, are from young, others from older correspondents:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS the inquiry of a correspondent for a short list of books for the inmates, under fourteen years, of an orphan asylum, we inclose a list. Hoping that it will meet the requirements of the correspondent, we remain, Very truly yours,

MARGARET CARRINGTON,
S. EVELYN BAYLOR.

1. The Wide, Wide World, Wetherell.
2. Sara Crewe, Burnett.
3. Little Lord Fauntleroy, Burnett.
4. Robinson Crusoe, De Foe.
5. Parent's Assistant, Edgeworth.
6. Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan.
7. Fairy Tales, Andersen.
8. Lady Jane, Jamison.
9. Stories Told to a Child, Ingelow.
10. Little Men, Alcott.
11. Little Women, Alcott.
12. Old-fashioned Girl, Alcott.
13. Alice in Wonderland, Carroll.
14. Water Babies, Kingsley.
15. Young Marooners, Soulding.
16. Canada Settlers, Marryat.

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RICHMOND HILL, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and I think the ST. NICHOLAS is the very nicest magazine I ever saw. I am taking ST. NICHOLAS my second year. I saw in one of the numbers that some children had made a list of the twelve books they would take if they were left on a desert island, and I thought I would send a list of the books I would take.

They are the following:

1. Marjory and her Neighbors.
2. Eight Cousins.
3. Little Women.
4. Jack and Jill.
5. Five Little Peppers, and How They Grew.
6. Rudder Grange.
7. Uncle Sam's Secrets.
8. Captain January.
9. Little Lord Fauntleroy.
10. A volume of ST. NICHOLAS.
11. The Lady of the Lake.
12. The Children's Shakspere.

It was very hard for me to make out this dozen, for there are so many books I like.

Good-by.

MARY LOUISE SANDERS.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Four of our seven children can read books for themselves, and they possess several hundred books of their own; so I have carefully made a list of the books that each one has read and re-read and then read over again. A few are the special favorites of the two older children, and I hope will also be of the younger. They (the children) are equally divided in sex, and I think their list would be excellent reading for boys and girls from eight to fourteen years of age.

Hans Brinker, Dodge.
Eight Cousins, Alcott.
Rose in Bloom, Alcott.
Little Women, Alcott.
Little Men, Alcott.
Jo's Boys, Alcott.
Old-fashioned Girl, Alcott.
Helen's Babies, Habberton.
Christmas Stories, Dickens.
Tom Sawyer, Mark Twain.
Life on the Mississippi, Mark Twain.
Alice in Wonderland, Carroll.
Through the Looking-glass, Carroll.
Jack Harkaway, Hemynge.

Ting-a-ling Tales, Stockton.
The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, Stockton.
The Dusantes, Stockton.
The Story of Viteau, Stockton.
A Jolly Fellowship, Stockton.
The Floating Prince, Stockton.
[illegible]
Captains Courageous, Kipling.
Tales from Shakspere, Lamb.
[illegible]
The Battle of New York, Stoddard.
Capital Stories by American Authors, Hawthorne.
The Boys of '76, Coffin.
Greek Heroes, Kingsley.
Boy Life of Napoleon, Tod.
The Christmas Country, Safford.

And *all* bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS and the unbound late ones.

MRS. JAMES A. RICHARDSON.

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[illegible]

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reply to your request for good books for young folks, I thought that I would send you the list of books I have greatly enjoyed. I am thirteen years old. The books are:

Robinson Crusoe, De Foe.
A Boy's Town, Howells.
Story of a Bad Boy, Aldrich.
Uncle Remus, Harris.
Tales from Shakspere, Lamb.
Mark Twain's books.
G. W. Cable's books.
Kirk Munroe's books.
Gilbert Parker's books.
American Statesmen Series.
American Men of Letters Series.

Your young admirer,
WILLIAM KERNAN DART.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been thinking of what books I like best, and so has my sister, who is ten years and five months old. Here is her list:

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Carroll.
Alice Through the Looking-glass, Carroll.
The Jungle Books, Kipling.
Uncle Remus, Harris.
Cast Up by the Sea, Baker.
Tales from Shakspere, Lamb.
Birds' Christmas Carol, Wiggin.
Hiawatha, Longfellow.
A Man Without a Country, Hale.
The Swiss Family Robinson.
Two Little Pilgrims' Progress, Burnett.
Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates, Dodge.

I am eleven years and ten months old and have made this list:

Captains Courageous, Kipling.
The Jungle Books, Kipling.
Soldiers Three, and Military Tales, Kipling.
A Man Without a Country, Hale.
Ivanhoe, Scott.
Cast Up by the Sea, Baker.
A Midsummer-night's Dream, Shakspere.
Pickwick Papers, Dickens.
The Birds' Christmas Carol, Wiggin.
The Story of a Bad Boy, Aldrich.
The Fur-seal's Tooth, Munroe.
A Child's History of Rome, Bonner.

Your affectionate reader,
CHARLES LACLY HALL.

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NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl of eleven years, and simply love books. I made out a list of my favorites, and it is as follows:

1. Swiss Family Robinson.
2. Ivanhoe, Scott.
3. Pathfinder, Cooper.
4. Last of the Mohicans, Cooper.
5. Old Curiosity Shop, Dickens.
6. Old-fashioned Girl, Alcott.
7. Little Women, Alcott.
8. Little Men, Alcott.
9. Jo's Boys, Alcott.
10. [illegible], Dodge.

If I were wrecked on a desert island, "Swiss Family Robinson" would be my first book, as it is so full of valuable knowledge. The others are interesting books, I think. Can you recommend any nice books for a girl of my age? I like them a little deep, so that I can think over them. My little brother of six years likes being read to. Perhaps you know of some books he would like. He has read "The Seven Little Sisters," "Each and All," "The Story Hour," a few fairy-tales, and the "Wagner Story-book."

I am so glad you are having a department for books, as they are so interesting. Yours sincerely,

FRIDA S——.

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"THE books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading: every man that tries it finds it so. But a great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth, with beauty too. It sails the ocean, driven by the winds of heaven, breaking the level sea of life into beauty where it goes, leaving behind it a train of sparkling loveliness, widening as the ship goes on. And what treasures it brings to every land, scattering the seeds of truth, justice, love and piety, to bless the world in ages yet to come."
—*Theodore Parker.*

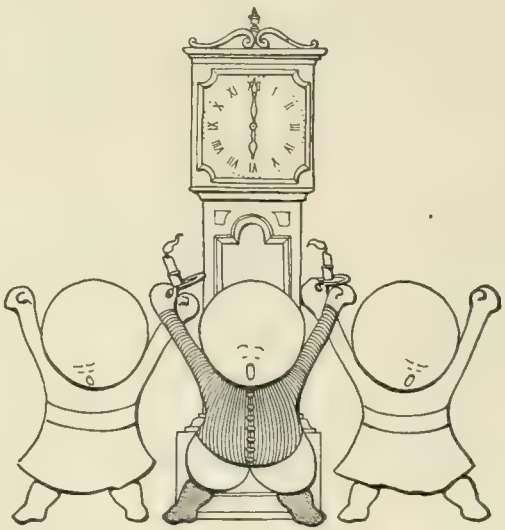
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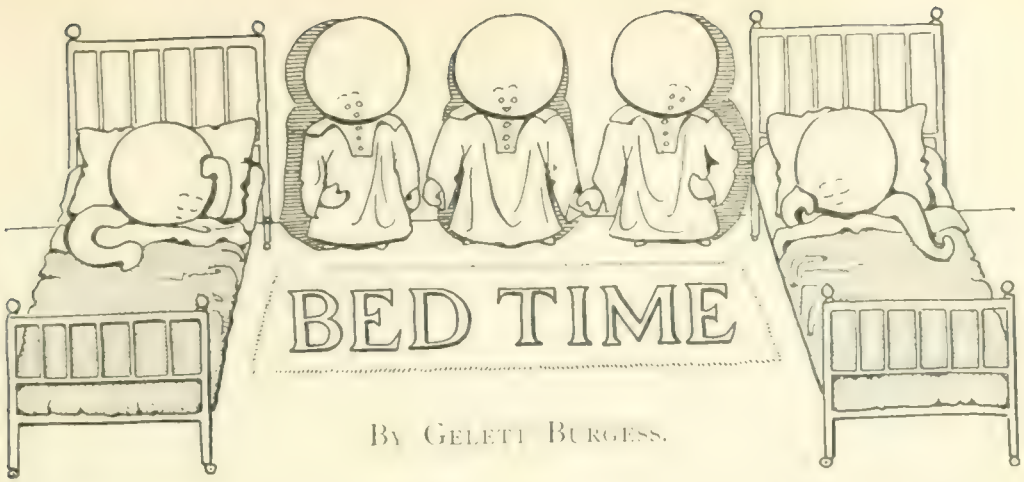
In a list of books published in this department in January "Six to Sixteen" was credited by accident to Miss Yonge. Our readers know that it is by Juliana Horatia Ewing.

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We thank the correspondents whose names follow, for their interesting letters and excellent lists of books for young folk:

G. Leslie, G. E. Jackson, Irene Warren, N. A. Westover, Bowinis Wood, G. C., E. N., Bessie Miller, Katharine Carr, Joanna Carr, Ida M., Montgomery R. Smith, I. May Bartan, Mary W. Lienau, W. S. Carter, Eleanor Bush.



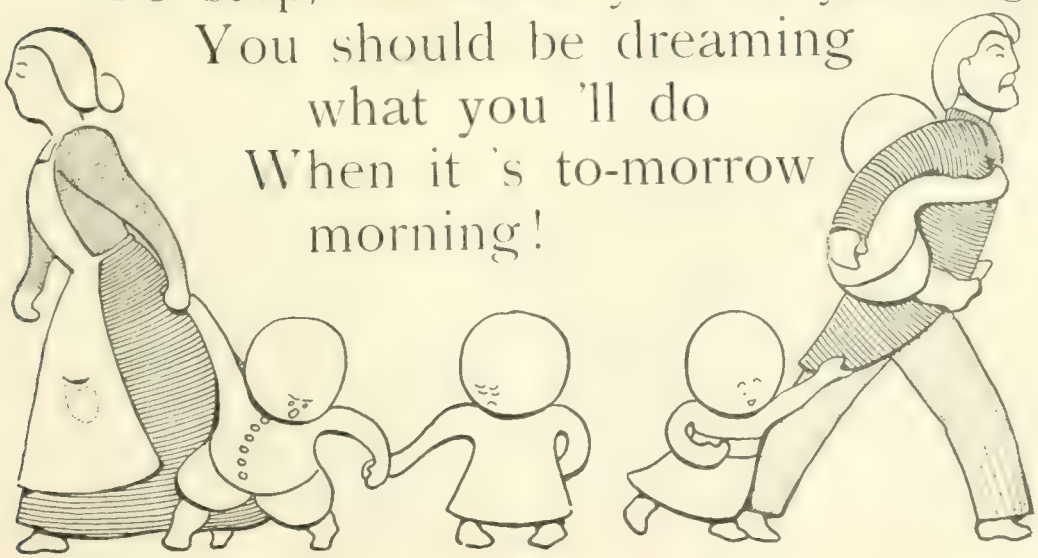


# BED TIME

By Gelett Burgess.

The night is different from the day,
It 's darker in the night.
How can you ever hope to play,
When it 's no longer light?

When bed time comes it 's time for you
To stop, for while you 're yawning,
You should be dreaming what you 'll do
When it 's to-morrow morning!



# CURRENT EVENTS.

**LEADING PROVISIONS OF THE TREATY WITH SPAIN.** Spain cedes to the United States all the islands of the West Indies under her sovereignty, the island of Guam (one of the Ladrones), and the Philippine Islands.

Her shipping is to be admitted into Philippine ports, for a period of ten years, under the same conditions as that of the United States.

Spanish soldiers are to be returned to Spain at the expense of the United States. Spain retains all flags and materials of war belonging to her in the Philippines and the island of Guam. Upon the ratification of the treaty by both governments, all prisoners of war are to be released, and Spain agrees to evacuate her former territory.

The United States agrees to settle all claims of its citizens against Spain. Inhabitants of the territory ceded to the United States by Spain are assured of religious freedom.

**THE OUTLOOK IN THE PHILIPPINES.** Whether the treaty be accepted or not, the United States and Spain will remain at peace, so far as actual fighting is concerned. A rejection of the terms may cause much diplomatic activity, but the guns will be at rest. In the Philippines, however, the future is not so smiling. The United States has been forced to send more troops and more ships to the islands, as the natives have attacked the American soldiers. Probably the mass of the Philippine Islanders know little of what they are fighting for, and, under scheming and self-seeking leaders, they may bring great troubles upon themselves and also upon the United States.

Many Americans believe that the Philippines should be free, but that is a question for the future. At present, order must be maintained by some authority. Spain, having lost all moral right in the islands because of her oppression of the people, and all legal right through the victories of the United States, is out of the argument. The Filipinos, having had no experience in government, and being a semi-savage people, cannot expect the other nations of the earth to put confidence in their management. This leaves the duty upon the shoulders of the United States.

**AMERICAN FINANCE.** One reason why Americans are anxious to see the Oriental nations adopt our ideas of civilization is that our trade with them would be largely increased thereby. If they build railroads, start factories, electric-light and power plants, and similar industries, the United States will share largely in the business of supplying the necessary materials.

We have sold to European countries, of late, so much more of our products than they have sold us of theirs that they are now greatly in our debt. In November, 1898, the balance in our favor was nearly eighty million dollars.

The report from the Treasury of the United States shows that the money supply in the country is greater than it has ever been before. All of which is very welcome news. It means the beginning of great enterprises that never could have been started in the "hard times" of several years ago.

**THE "IRON HORSE" SEEKS PASTURES NEW.** The United States is not the only progressive nation in the world, however. Russia is building a railroad over the dreary steppes of Siberia, at an enormous expense. The finished road will be nearly five thousand miles long. Great Britain is pushing the construction of another across equatorial Africa. Sweden lays ties and rails for a road in the arctic regions. And it is said that a company is about to start a line through the Andes Mountains, which will be for miles at an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea-level. That is a railroad in the clouds! The company hopes to complete its preliminary survey by the last of March, after which the actual work of construction will be pushed. H. W. P.

# THE LETTER-BOX.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

"P. B., aged 13," is the signature of an alert young critic in London, who points out that the item in "Current Events" of the January number should read, "They met the Mahdists under the Khalifa at Omdurman," instead of "at Khalifa" as there printed. We thank the young historian.

THE incidents of Rarey's life brought out by Mr. House in "Bright Sides of History" this month form an interesting supplement to the article on the great horse-tamer in the February ST. NICHOLAS.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year and a month, and I like you very much. I live in Oakland. I have one pet, a St. Bernard dog. He is large and very fat, and his name is "Dewey." Dewey has a big lot to play in, and my friend Allen Standish has a dog, and I have another friend that has a dog, and the three dogs have a lot of fun in the lot. A carpenter came here the other day, and he built us boys the frame of a little house, and we boys are going to build the rest of it. We play with our dogs and have a lot of fun. The other dogs are a Gordon setter and a little white dog, and they run all around the place — first the little white dog, and then the Gordon setter, and then old, fat Dewey. About one month ago the electric car ran over Dewey and broke his leg; but papa sent him to the hospital, and the leg got well again, and now it is as well as ever. I have one sister. She is about two weeks old, and she has light-blue eyes, and is very cunning. I go to a school that is a very nice school. It has a private teacher. My cousin has her, too. I go to school in the morning, but not in the afternoon, when I build that house I told you about, and my friends help me. I am eight years old, but Dewey is only six months old. Your affectionate reader,

CHRISTIAN A. MILLER.

FORTALEZA, CEARÁ, BRAZIL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are all so delighted with your birthday number that I could not help writing to tell you so. A cousin has been sending you to us for over nine years, and I don't know what we could do without you. I like all the stories, but my favorites are "Lady Jane," "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," "Polly Oliver's Problem," "Master Skylark," and "Miss Nina Barrow." I take especial interest now in the ST. NICHOLAS because of the stories about the war. "Chuggins" and "Margaret Clyde" won a place in all our hearts.

My sister is enlarging the pictures of the American heroes to give me at Christmas. Sampson, Dewey, and Hobson are the ones we like best.

That is a very nice plan of Lavinia De Forest's. There are only newspapers in this part of Brazil, however, so I have n't even pictures of our own great men, who are, as yet, but few. Our most famous men are Carlos Gomes, who wrote our national hymn, which Gottschalk arranged so magnificently, and José d'Alencar, a Cearense author, to whom a statue has lately been erected at Rio de Janeiro. He wrote a novel which gave to this state the name of the "Land of Iracema." Another work of his, "Guarany," is the most beautiful tale I know of. I wish some one would translate it. It furnished the theme for Carlos Gomes's most famous opera, "Guarany."

The 15th of November is the Brazilian Fourth of July, because on that day it ceased to be an empire. I can't forgive the Brazilians yet for the way they treated our dear old emperor.

My two younger sisters and I have started a little paper we call "The Three Graces." We asked our little sister Carrie to write a story for us, and she said, "Then the paper ought to be called 'The Four Graces'!" She does sums in "subscratchin," and has learned what she calls a "grammatic scale." She is learning "Table Manners" by heart, and whatever thing we do at the table that is worthy of reproof, we remind each other of the Goops!

Wishing you many, many happy birthdays, I remain

Your constant reader,

VIRGINIA R. WARDLAW.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had your magazine for about eighteen years in the family, and I always had it read to me until I could read it myself, and I enjoy it very much.

We have just returned from Europe, where we stayed nine months. During July and August we were in Switzerland. From Zermatt my brother and myself ascended the Breithorn, which is 4171 meters, or 13,685 feet, high. It is not difficult to ascend, although rather high.

We left the hotel with our guide about three in the afternoon, and arrived at the hut, where we slept that night, about six. The hut was at a height of 9800 feet. The next morning we left at four, before it was light, so as to get back before the snow had become too soft from the heat of the sun. After leaving the hut we walked for about an hour over a snow-covered glacier. We then halted, and were tied together by the guide with a rope. During the next hour and a half we first ascended a steep slope, and then crossed a large plain entirely covered with snow, and at the end of that time we were at a height of 12,000 feet. We had still a very high, steep snow-slope to climb before we reached the top. This we found very difficult to do, as the very thin air prevented us from climbing more than a hundred feet without resting, and although the slope was only about 1700 feet high, it took us more than an hour and a half to reach the top.

When we arrived there we had a wonderful view. To the west was the Mont Blanc and Matterhorn, to the north the Bernese Alps, and to the east the Monte Rosa, while in every direction were high snow-peaks; and in all we could see several hundred glaciers. We were too late to see the sunrise, which is sometimes very beautiful in the mountains. There were about fifteen travelers and guides on the top when we were there. We left the summit at half-past eight, and arrived at Zermatt about two, having stopped at the hut for some luncheon. In all we were gone less than twenty-four hours.

As we left Zermatt the same day we could not do any more climbing. I remain your reader,

KIERSTEAD HUDSON.

THIS little letter came on a postal card:

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the Cincinnati Orphan Asylum. We have about a hundred children in this institution. We have a nice front lawn. Most of the children go to school. We have two cars to play in, and have a pet cat. We have a good time playing together. We seldom have quarrels.

This is the first time a letter came from this institution. We like the stories about "The Arrival of Jimpson" and "Chuggins: A Tale of Santiago."

Yours truly, LOUIS L. JAHN.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been to the Brooklyn Navy-yard twice—the first time to call on Admiral Miller, on board the "Brooklyn," just before she sailed for the Queen's Jubilee. That day I went all over the Brooklyn, and saw the "Maine," for she was lying right beside the Brooklyn.

Last month I was invited to the Navy-yard to see the war-ships that had come back from Santiago. The lieutenant met us at the gate of the yard. He took us first to the "Oregon," which was in the dry-dock, having one of her big screws straightened, and her keel painted red. We went up ladders, and down ladders, and all over the big ship. I was very much interested in seeing Cervera's own small boat, which the men on the Oregon had captured.

Just as we were leaving the Oregon, Captain Sigsbee was introduced to us. When he found that I was interested in the war, he said: "Please shake hands with me again, then." He is much better-looking than his pictures, and very nice to talk with.

Next I went on board the "New York." She is so very big that even the sailors have plenty of room, and the officers have very handsome "quarters," as they call their rooms. The sailors were reading, writing, sewing on little machines, or sound asleep. They had a goat and a cat for pets. I saw the big torpedoes and all the big guns. One of the officers gave me a band for my sailor cap with "New York" in gold on it.

Then we went aboard the torpedo-boat "Cushing," which looks too small for grown men to live on. It was just the shape of a cigar.

They gave us a Mauser rifle from the "Vizcaya," a button off a sailor's cap from the "Maria Teresa," and a piece of the wheel that was in the conning-tower on the Maine. I had a very interesting time.

ANTOINETTE REEVE BUTLER (aged ten years).

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SEE what a traveled young contributor has to tell us:

CANTON, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always meant to write to tell you how much I like your magazine, but somehow have never done so till now. I think it is the nicest magazine I know of for children; the English ones can't compare with it. My father is an official in the employ of the Chinese government, but we are Americans, and I will be glad to go back to our home near Boston in 1899. I have lived in America for two and a half years, and find it the nicest place to live in.

I am living in Canton now with my parents and brother, who is four years younger than I. I am twelve. We live on an island in the Pearl River, near the great city of Canton, which has been lent for the English, Germans, and French to live on. It is a mile and a third round, and is just like a little green park. There is a small Episcopal church, a club for the gentlemen, where there is a good library supplied with many English and American papers, a boat club, and a tennis club, to all of which we belong.

Nevertheless I get rather dull sometimes, as there are no children of my own age to play with, and am obliged to do all my lessons by myself. It gets very hot here, as we are in the tropics, and we have a long summer of about nine months.

Although we live so near this big city we do not see much of it, as it is too hot to go in often. Awhile ago I went for a ride right through the city in a sedan-chair to a beautiful park, that used to belong to a Chinese mandarin, but now is owned by the English. I found it very interesting. The streets are so narrow it seems as if the chair could n't get through, and the houses are built so that their roofs almost touch the roofs of the houses on the other side of the street. The shops are open right on to the street, and the dwellings are back of the shops. The boat-people living in boats on the river are very interesting to watch. Most of them live in small boats called "sampans," which are about eighteen feet long. There is a curving roof over the middle of the sampan, under which is a tiny room furnished with benches, where the occupants sleep. In front and behind are small decks, and the back one is used for a kitchen. Often many people live in one little boat, and they make a little money by taking passengers across the river. They are born, live, and die in the same sampan, but seem very happy, and are quite clean in their habits.

I have traveled a good deal, having been twice around the world. I have lived in Peking and Shanghai as well as Canton, and have visited Germany and Italy, both of which countries I like very much; but I like America best, and shall be glad to get back and settle down to school.

I remain, with best wishes and many thanks for your nice magazine, Yours sincerely,

KATHLEEN DREW.

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BERLIN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every one knows that Emperor William made his famous Palestine trip. The other day the whole city was in gala attire to welcome back their Kaiser to his capital. He rode on horseback from the Bellevue Schloss to the Stadt Schloss.

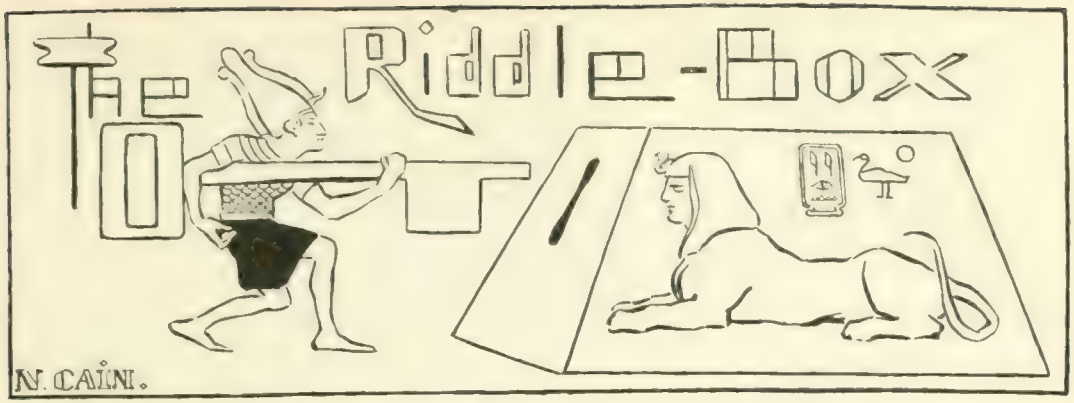
We had very good places near the Brandenburger Thor. The Emperor passed very slowly, and we had a splendid view of him, and I feel sure he gave us a special salute.

The Emperor is a great man, and his people can justly be proud of him. Your constant reader, P. R. D.

WHO will describe the Brandenburger Thor, the Bellevue Schloss, and the Stadt Schloss?

---

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Phyllis Rice, Dorothy Doyle, Walter Wolf Caffyn, George Whitney Calhoun, Elizabeth Gugenheim, D. B. and N. B., Catherine Potter, Marion C. Young, Lilian M. Waters, Addie Yager, Johnnie Blitch, Amy Hill, Anna L. L. Short, J. McIntyre McMartin, M. T. Wyatt, Harry W. Kirby, Emogen A. Forest, W. W. Brown, Tannisse Gardner, Bessie Isabel Baker, Gabrielle Elliot, Charlotte M. T., Sybil Palgrave, Elsie Kohlberg, Marion Preston Bolles, Louise Haxall, John Hyland, Helen Semple, B. B. Whittemore, John R. Pratt, Janet Elizabeth Corbin, Ruth Moorehead, Mary R. Bucknell, Dorothea Potter, Beneta Conlin, Bessie Winchester, Elizabeth Deeble, Reginald Smyth.




ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

A Word-Square.—Harvard. 1. Hat. 2. Alligator. 3. Rogation. 4. Vivid. 5. Anvil. 6. Razor. 7. Dairy.

Zigzag.—"Mad Anthony." 1. Mile. 2. Rain. 3. Bide. 4. Cease. 5. Bent. 6. Star. 7. Hoax. 8. Last. 9. Cart. 10. Buoy.

Connected Squares.—I. 1. Boys. 2. Oven. 3. Vega. 4. Sand. II. 1. Maps. 2. Omen. 3. Pens. 4. Send. III. 1. Bars. 2. Abet. 3. Rude. 4. Step. IV. 1. Mass. 2. Amen. 3. Sebs. 4. Snap. V. 1. Pine. 2. Idol. 3. Need. 4. Ills.

Word-Square.—I. 1. Urn. 2. Rose. 3. Nut. 4. Leaf. II. 1. Rose. 2. Over. 3. Near. 4. Ears. III. 1. Home. 2. Over. 3. Mend. 4. End. IV. 1. Mare. 2. Atlas. 3. Rasp. 4. Lax. V. 1. Dime. 2. Omit. 3. Mass. 4. Else.

Illustrated Diagonal.—Beanie. 1. Bison. 2. Lotus. 3. Shell. 4. Hood. 5. Sabre.

Charade.—Consolidate.

Progressive Numerical Enigmas.—1. Herbert. 2. Louis. 3. Olive. 4. Alice. 5. Martin. 6. Mildred. 7. Norman. 8. Beatrice. 9. Herman. 10. Isabelle.

Riddle.—Eve.

Diagonal.—1. C. 2. Phi. 3. Plans. 4. Chaucer. 5. Inch. 6. Sec. 7. R.

Geographical Primal Acrostic.—Primals, Santiago. 1. Sardinia. 2. Aberdeen. 3. Neuchâtel. 4. Tokio. 5. Inverness. 6. Athabasca. 7. Ganges. 8. Ormuz.

Concealed Central Acrostic.—Birthday. 1. Nabob. 2. Loins. 3. North. 4. Otter. 5. Other. 6. Adder. 7. Shame. 8. Dryad.

To our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the December Number were received, before December 15th, from Helen C. McCleary.—Bessie Thayer and Co.—Paul Reese—Nessie and Freddie—Jo and I—"Dondy Small"—Jack and George A.—Allil and Adi—"T. Lie" and "Yum"—"Bob Sawyer"—Mabel Miller Johns.

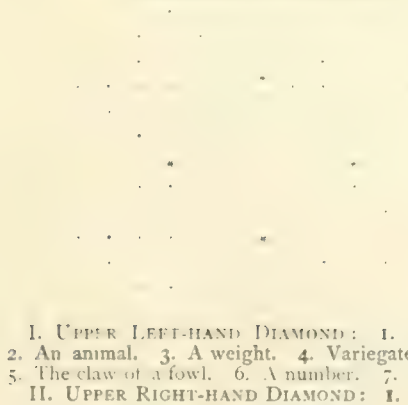
Answers to Puzzles in the December Number were received, before December 15th, from Constance Trowbridge, 11.—Elizabeth B. Lewis, 5.—George Whitney Calhoun, 1.—Eleanor N. Mott, 11.—George Spencer Mitchell, 6.—Walter B. Herendeen, 1.—Marguerite Sturdy, 1.—Mabel and Eva, 7.—Hoyt and Baker, 3.—Venie and Mama and Betty.—Clara A. Anthony, 7.—Musgrave Hyde, 2.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. Useful on an ocean steamer. 2. One of the United States. 3. Pomp, show, or festivity. 4. False.

C. ROSE TROWBRIDGE.

### CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. In smolder. 2. An animal. 3. A weight. 4. Variegated in color. 5. The claw of a fowl. 6. A number. 7. In smolder.

II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. In smolder. 2. To beat or scrape with the forefoot. 3. A Turkish title. 4. One who meanly shrinks from danger. 5. A large animal. 6. A verb. 7. In smolder.

III. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. In smolder. 2. Part of a locomotive. 3. Continues. 4. Moistened. 5. Underneath. 6. To unite with stitches. 7. In smolder.

IV. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. In smolder. 2. A body of water. 3. A humorous name for a negro. 4. Behaves. 5. Lower. 6. A number. 7. In smolder.

"Jersey Quartette."

### OMITTED MEASURES.

(Example: s-mile-s.)

s * * * * s

Find a measure that will fit
In the space that 's left for it;
Now the new-found word contains
Many little spots and stains.

s * * * * s

Change it, and the answer runs
What a baker does with buns.

E * * * E

Try another; this will say
That which means to eat away.

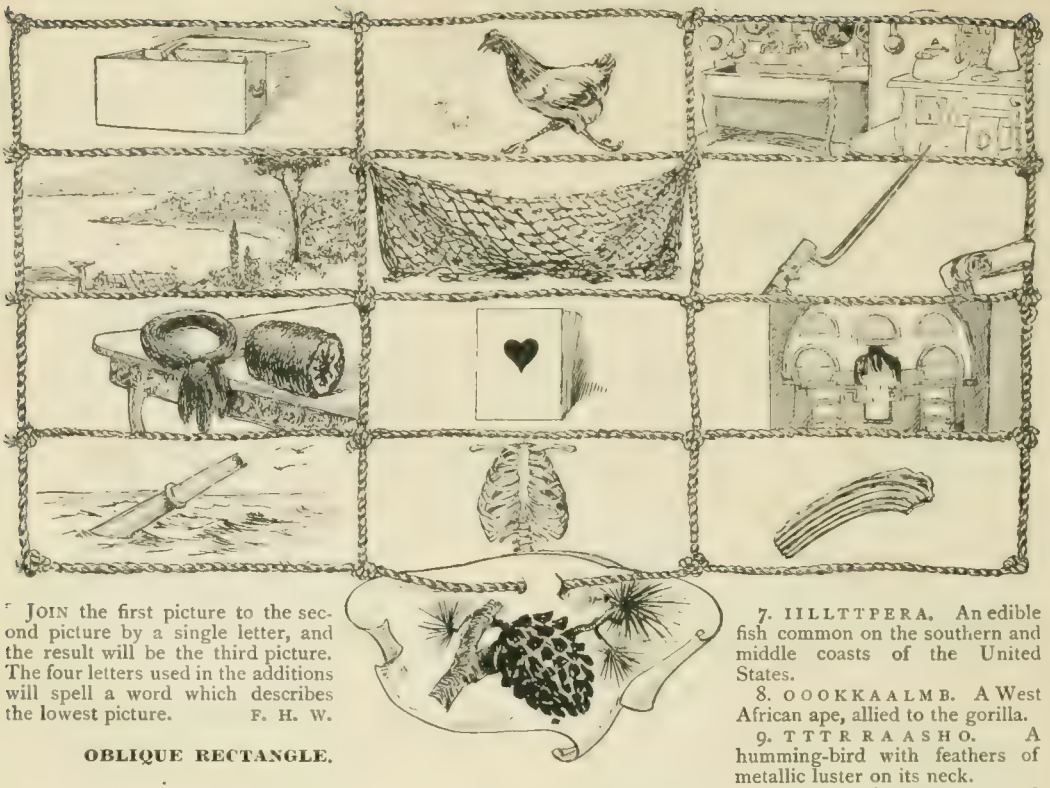
A. M. P.

### DIAMOND.

1. In declare. 2. Offered. 3. A support for pictures. 4. Tropical fruits. 5. Denial. 6. Indicated. 7. Decreed. 8. Gloomy. 9. In declare.

J. A. S.

## ILLUSTRATED ADDITIONS.



JOIN the first picture to the second picture by a single letter, and the result will be the third picture. The four letters used in the additions will spell a word which describes the lowest picture. F. H. W.

## OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. In grain. 2. Sooner than. 3. Of large size. 4. To go in. 5. An evil spirit. 6. Arrays. 7. Places of habitual resort. 8. To emit vapor. 9. Pertaining to the Salian Franks. 10. Less. 11. Approaches. 12. To repair. 13. Fascinating. 14. Character. 15. To be drowsy. 16. In grain.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

## SOME CURIOUS CREATURES.

1. AAARR. The great black cockatoo of Australia.
2. EEEETT. A small, soft-furred South American monkey.
3. OOOODK. A large South African antelope.
4. AAKKPO. The owl-parrot of New Zealand.
5. UUOOTTKK. A burrowing South American rodent.
6. TTCCAAOOER. An eight-armed marine creature.
7. IILLTTPERA. An edible fish common on the southern and middle coasts of the United States.
8. OOOKKAALMB. A West African ape, allied to the gorilla.
9. TTTRRAASHO. A humming-bird with feathers of metallic luster on its neck.
10. Y.Y E E A A. A quadruped of Madagascar, of nocturnal habits.
11. OOOOSS. The dolphin of the river Ganges.

H. M. A.

## CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN loud winds chime comes fateful time,
When up the sun begins to climb.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. How Joseph Hill, when he is ill
And baffles homeopathic skill,

2. Can gladly touch and even clutch
A bitter cup, I question much.

3. The blue cohosh (a simple wash
That Smith, our surgeon, says is bosh)

4. Could well be used if he were bruised,
For Jo in trouble gets confused.

5. No man or beast should ever feast
On drugs, or deadly drugs at least.

6. There are, 't is true, a harmless few;
Yet who can tell what one may do?

7. The man who tries to live on pies
May wax enormous in his size.

ANNA M. PRATT.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.




DRAWN BY J. M. HELYEA

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH

APRIL.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A LAST DAY AT SCHOOL.

HER dear school companions called her "Delight," but her name was Catharine Van Clyffe.

She was the daughter of Captain Jansen Van Clyffe, who during the Revolutionary War had been famous for harassing British commerce in his swift, well-armed ship, the "Retribution." But Catharine was born when the war was over, and the United States navy had, for a time, ceased to exist. Then Captain Van Clyffe had begun to sail his own ship, the "Golden Victory," on his own commercial ventures. To the east and the west he sailed, to the other side of the world, and all round the world, home again. No port was too far away, no sea too strange and dangerous; and every voyage was like a page out of a wonderful book of adventure and romance.

When Catharine was a little girl, her father had often taken her on his knee and told her strange stories of his ship and his sailor-men; and as she grew older she went with him, hand in hand, down to the wharf on the East River front, to visit the Golden Victory. The ship was almost a living creature to Catharine. She knew how it had chased its enemies, and run away from its enemies, and fought its enemies; and its white deck and its dusky cabin were places where marvelous deeds had been done. In that cabin she had eaten mysterious dainties, and been waited on by sailors who had not only a fierce but a far-off, strange look, such as men bring from unknown lands, and life-and-death fights with winds and waves, and mortal enemies more dangerous than either. And so this father, whom she saw only at long intervals, was to Catharine a great hero; and she had for him a romantic and passionate affection.

This affection in no way lessened the love which she bore to her mother; on the contrary, it was a great bond between mother and daughter, for when they were together "father" was the first and the last topic of their conversation, the one subject that was never unwelcome and

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never tiresome. It was not, however, the only bond, for Madam Van Clyffe was a wise and lovable woman, a very genius of happiness and helpfulness. Indeed, there had been far more real companionship between Madam and her daughter than was at all common in that day, when parents were accustomed to exact, and to receive, a great deal of formal respect from their children. Fortunately, Catharine found it natural and easy to respect and to love her mother. No one could doubt this who had seen her every night open her Bible and kiss the strand of her mother's bright hair which kept the place of her devotions. It was the "good-night" kiss of a girl whose heart lay close to her mother's heart, and who had no sweeter wish than to obey her and make her life truly happy.

The only other living member of Catharine's home was her brother Paul; and when she spoke of Paul it was always with a beautiful enthusiasm. She delighted in telling of the honors he had won at Trinity School, and of her mother's great wish that he should go to Columbia College, and afterward to Mr. Hamilton's office that he might learn to become a great lawyer. "But no," Catharine would add, with a bright impetuosity; "Paul will not be a lawyer. Paul will go to sea. If you only saw him walk about a ship you would instantly understand that. And, to be sure, if I was a boy I also would be a sailor. My father says 'we all have the salt drop in us.' Even my Uncle Jacob Van Clyffe, who is a tanner, dreams of the sea, and reads of the sea, and talks of the sea, and never is so happy and good-natured as when he has some newly-home captain at his fireside. Yes; it is truly so. Poor Uncle Jacob! He longs for the wide ocean, and he has only some tanning-pits in the 'Swamp.' My uncle is not always an agreeable man, but I am very sorry for him."



CATHARINE VAN CLYFFE.

This was the bright, lovely Catharine Van Clyffe who, just one hundred years ago the 18th of last September, was a pupil in the school of the Moravian Sisters at Bethlehem. That day was a spinning-day, and the girls, in their snow-white caps and ruffled Vandykes, were seated in the great paneled room at their wheels. Their small fingers twisted the yielding flax, while the pattering treadles — worked by little feet glittering with the buckles then used as shoe-latchets — kept time to their cheerful songs and merry chatter, and to the droning hum-m-m-m of their wheels. Never had Catharine been so enthusiastic, so eager, and so full of joy. Her voice set all who listened to it vibrating. It was the voice of a girl untouched by sorrow, singing for pure gladness in the happy morning of her life. No thought of change was in her mind. She expected to remain at Bethlehem for another year. But change hardly ever comes by appointment. We are not even thinking of it when suddenly round some corner of life it meets us with a smile or a sigh.

It was in this way Catharine's school life came to a close. She was thinking only of the number of cuts she would be able to spin, when Sister Anna Ungar gave her a letter.

"It is from my dear mother," she cried joyfully; and in a moment she had broken the seal and was reading the following lines:

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

I have [illegible] wish that you return home with Mr. King, who will call for you on [illegible]. I have a good [illegible] your [illegible], and though I [illegible] sible of the obligations we owe your good teachers, I feel that the time has come when I can no longer deprive myself of the comfort of your society. You have already acquired more learning than is the common rule, and I have no doubt can further improve yourself in your own home. Your brother Paul is extremely desirous to see you, and, hoping to experience this pleasure myself in a few days, I am, my dear little Katryntje,*

Your affectionate mother,

SARAH VAN CLYFFE.

For a few moments this letter left Catharine speechless; then a warm glow of anticipation superseded the shock of so sudden a removal from all that had been her life for nearly five years. She was sorry, and yet she was very much pleased; for youth is always sure that change must mean something pleasant. In a moment Catharine had concluded that her father was expected, and then in another moment her mind was busy with some confused plans for carrying on her studies at home; for it was impossible for her at once to think of days coming and going without lessons to learn.

Yet the first words that broke upon this short trance of excited feeling were the words in which Sister Ungar formally released Catharine Van Clyffe from all her school duties. There was almost a sob in the sister's voice; and the girls looked at Catharine with a startled regret, and yet with something of that wondering respect with which we are apt to regard a person on whom a great change or a great destiny has unexpectedly fallen.

The feeling in the large room at Bethlehem school was very much like this. When Catharine received her letter she was leading the favorite spinning chant and chorus:

*Catharine:* She seeks wool and flax;
She works willingly with her hands.

*Chorus:* Turn the busy wheel,
Little sisters, turn;
When the sun shines bright,
When the candles burn.

*Catharine:* Her candle goes not out by night;
She lays her hands to the spindle;
And her hands hold the distaff.

*Chorus:* Turn the busy wheel,
Little sisters, turn;
When the sun shines bright,
When the candles burn.

*Catharine:* She makes herself coverings of tapestry:
She spins fine linen and sells it.

*Chorus:* Turn the busy wheel,
Little sisters, turn;
When the sun shines bright,
When the candles burn.

The singers and spinners were in the middle of the last stanza when Catharine exclaimed, "It is from my dear mother!" and though the lines were sung to the close, there was then an unbidden and simultaneous silence. Catharine did not begin the next verse, and all eyes were turned upon her and upon the sad face of the sister watching her. The wheels ceased to hum, and in the strange silence Sister Ungar's words fell with a startling effect:

"Your dear companion, Catharine Van Clyffe, is required at her home in New York. She will leave us in the morning, and not return to us again. She is absolved from all her school duties at once, and may select three of her companions to assist in her preparations and cheer her with their presence. Miss Polly Ledoux will now lead your song."

But though Miss Polly's voice was both sweet and strong, the joyous gladness of the music was no longer there. The wheels went more slowly. The girls were more inclined to talk than to sing, and when the chant was finished it was not repeated; neither was any other commenced. Little intervals of silence, short sentences of wonder and regret, were current; and though something of the usual happy abandon of a spinning-day gradually returned to the circle, it lacked the vivacity and sprightly pleasure which ordinarily distinguished the exercise. It was as if the soft pedal had been put down on each girl's heart. Nothing that day was quite the same. They had suffered a loss.

* Pronounced *Ka-trynt-ye.*

For the very last time Catharine had led their singing; and the pathos which clings to those three words, "the last time," made them pensive and thoughtful.

But Catharine had distractions which prevented thought while the first shock of the change prevailed. Her trunk was to be packed — one of those long shallow boxes, covered with calfskin and rows of brass nail-heads, which our great-grandmothers admired; her books and exercises to be collected; little mementos of affection from her companions to be received and put in place; and there was a private interview with her teachers to go through, from which she came away with eyes full of tears and a solemnly happy aspect.

When these affairs had been completed, she was sensible only of a great pleasure. The idea of freedom is natural, and she was devotedly attached to her family. Therefore, without being ungrateful for the past, she was dreaming, with all the gladness of a loving heart, of the richer future — the return of her father, the society of her mother and brother, the release from all those beneficent rules and restrictions to which she had hitherto rendered a willing obedience, but whose authority she suddenly felt herself to have outgrown. It was this new sense of self-dependence which made her fearlessly ask that her three friends might have with her that night a little feast of the chocolate and cake and fruit in which they all delighted. Her request was readily granted, and Catharine dispensed her hospitality with that familiar affection which is permissible, and even enchanting, in school-girls who yet believe in all their enthusiasms.

One of the three friends was Lucia Dalmaine, a West Indian girl, whom Catharine had first comforted and then loved; another was Mary Beaton, from Boston; and the third was Elsie Evertsen, from New York. These girls had shared with Catharine for three years their little joys and sorrows, their likes and dislikes. They had helped one another in many ways, and they knew all the members of their different families by name, and were interested in their fortunes. In fact, the four were bound together by those numberless small ties which imitate in school life the intimacy and affection of the home life.

Catharine, however, had been the leading spirit among them, and they were at once sorry to lose her company and proud and interested in her promotion. Nor were their rather exaggerated expressions of affection at all insincere. They really believed in their undying allegiance to their school and their undying love for their companion. And Catharine was quite as profuse in her declarations. She was sure no charms of that gay society which she expected sometime to enter could ever make her forget her school friends, or the innocent, peaceful years she had spent in her beloved school. "Indeed," she said, with excusable enthusiasm, "I think Bethlehem will be my last memory on this earth."

"I would not say as much as that, dear Delight," answered Mary Beaton. "We may live many years, and during those long years have many other beautiful memories."

"To be sure! That is exactly true," added Elsie. "There are our homes, and our good fathers and mothers; and at this very time I know places where I am happier than here — at my Grandmother Van Wyck's, for instance; and on the ice, when I fly like a bird."

"For all that," interrupted Lucia, "I have heard that our last memory will always go back to our first."

"Well, then," said Catharine, "let us tell of our first memory. That is something sure. What is the very first event in your life that you remember, Lucia?"

"It was not a pleasant event, Delight. It makes me shiver yet whenever I think of it. I was on my father's plantation, some distance from Kingston. I was not four years old. It was a bright, very bright, moonlight night; and I recollect pushing open a door, and seeing in the band of moonshine a great serpent stretched out from one side of the room to the other. It moved quickly, and some one — my nurse, I suppose — caught me in her arms, and ran along the veranda, screaming. I can smell now the peculiar scent of the flowers on the vines which she brushed in her frantic flight; I can hear now the shouts and confusion of the slaves hunting and killing the creature; and I can feel now the kisses with which my mother covered my face. That is the very first event

of which I have any clear remembrance; and I would not forget it because of my precious mother's kisses."

"My first memory," said Marie Denton, "is of a snowy day. Everything was white, and still, and cold; and I stood, a little mite of a girl, upon a chair by the window, watching the falling flakes. Then I saw a man come to the house, and he carried a box in his hands. I heard mother laugh, and she lifted me from the chair and put me on a table. Then she opened the box, and I sat very still and watched her. It contained a large doll, and the doll was for me; it came from my godmother, and I think it must have been my birthday. I shall never forget the moment when I took that doll in my arms; I can feel yet how hard I tried not to go to sleep and leave her alone. I suppose I must have been four years old; I do not remember my age, but the rest is as clear as if it had happened yesterday."



"Now, Elsie," said Catharine, "it is your turn. What wonder is the very first in your memory?"

"Indeed, then, my dear Delight, it is the ice — the beautiful ice, and the great pond, and the girls and the boys upon it! Some one — I think it was my brother George — pushed me in a little sled, and then, Delight, I tell you truly, I first knew that I was alive. I shouted, I clapped my hands; I felt so happy, so happy as never was! And then I felt nothing at all till I woke up before the fire, and my mother was rubbing me with something, and crying, 'My child! My child!' and scolding George for taking me on the ice; and I began to scream and kick, and beg to go on the ice once more. And my mother took from me my red hood, and my father he laughed and held me in his arms. Many times I have been on the ice since, but no time was like that time. I am glad to have it for my first memory. And now, dear Delight, tell us what you remember first of all," continued Elsie, as she nestled closer to her friend, "for I am sure it will be something beautiful."

"Indeed, you are exactly right, Elsie. I have a beautiful 'first memory' — a moving picture of flags, and of men dressed splendidly in many colors; and above them, between heaven and earth, the most wonderful music you can imagine — the chiming of Trinity Bells! I had never consciously heard them before; for I was very young when my father went to the Madagascar coast, and my mother took me and my brother Paul to her father's house in Philadelphia. There we stayed nearly two years; and then father wrote from London, and we came back to New York to meet him. And the next morning was the Fourth of July — a hot, sunshiny day; and I was dressed in white, and stood by my mother's side at the open window; and there was music in the street, and the noise of cannon, and such a joyful feeling, just like a holiday everywhere. And very soon a great crowd passed the house, and there was

a grand-looking man on a white horse in front of it; and I know now that it was President Washington; and that the stately band who walked behind him, all dressed in black robes, were the bishop and clergy of New York; and that the men who followed in coats trimmed with gold were generals, and soldiers, and companies of many kinds. Young as I was, I clapped my hands at the New York grenadiers, in their blue-and-red coats, and their cocked hats with white feathers. And my mother made me notice the German grenadiers, in their towering caps of bearskin, and the Scotch infantry, in full Highland dress, with the bagpipes playing. Of course I did not understand all this then, but my mother often afterward talked to me about it; for it was a Fourth of July during Washington's administration, and she wished me to remember it."

"I was in New York at that time," said Elsie; "but I do not remember, because I was too young. However, I have seen my father's uniform, for he was a New York grenadier. It is kept safe in the great Nuremberg chest in my father's room; and he says he wishes to be buried in it."

"And that is your first memory, Delight?" said Lucia. "How charming! It will be something pleasant to talk about when you are an old woman."

"I am sure it is my first clear memory, Lucia. I have many wavering pictures in my mind of things happening in my grandfather's house; but they are all so similar, and so like what happened in our own house, that I cannot separate them. But that Fourth of July is set clearly against the blue sky and the sunny day. I remember, without a doubt, the splendid procession, and the flags waving above it, and, quite distinct from the shouting and the music on the street, the joyful pealing of Trinity Bells. When all had passed and gone, they made the gladdest and most triumphant music. I hear it in my heart this moment. Yes, indeed! I will without regret let all the stirring sights and sounds of that wonderful day slip, and say truly, my first memory is Trinity Bells."



CATHARINE LEAVES THE BETHLEHEM SCHOOL. "IT WAS VERY EARLY, AND NO ONE BUT SISTER KLEIST SAW HER DEPARTURE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"And I think," said Lucia, "that the bells were a happy sign of a happy life for our dear Delight. We have a very good chime of bells in Kingston church," she continued; "but when my education is finished I am going with my father to England. My mother was an Englishwoman, and she has told me that England is called the 'Ringing Island,' and that it is not possible to get very far away from the sound of bells in the whole country. Perhaps, also, I am going to Paris."

"I would not go to Paris, not if I might have the whole city for going!" cried Elsie. "They will cut off your head, Lucia! They have already cut off the heads of their king and queen, and of all the respectable people in France, and now they are trying to quarrel with the Americans. It is the truth. I know it, because my brother George said so in the

letter I got from him only one month ago. If you go to Paris you will not save your head on your shoulders, I think."

"There is not much danger now in Paris," answered Mary Beaton. "A young man called Napoleon Bonaparte is making the French behave themselves. My father tells me that he will overthrow the Directory, and will likely make himself king. He has intelligence, and he is a great soldier, and he 'abominates massacres.' He said this himself."

"That may be the truth," said Elsie; "nevertheless, I shall be very content to stay in New York."

"All your life?" asked Catharine.

"Yes, all my life long. To be sure, there is finer skating in Holland; but then, the women do not dress so becomingly as in New York. And in New York there are many amusements. They are too fond of work in Holland, also. My father and my mother are always telling us about the industry of the Dutch. Now, I do not want to be very industrious; it is no great fault, I think, to enjoy one's self a little."

"But you cannot spend your life in amusing yourself, Elsie," said Mary.

"That is a great pity. But of course I shall have to grow up, and become a woman, and be married, and keep house, and become old, as other people do. However, for all that, Elsie will find some time to enjoy herself."

"I wish to be a great teacher," said Mary Beaton. "I intend to have a famous school. I have many plans about it, even now. We ought, I think, to do something good with our lives."

"I have plans also," said Lucia. "You know that my dear mother left me many slaves. I intend to make them all *free!*"

"Oh, Lucia, what a blessed work!" cried the girls, almost with one voice.

"I think so. Sister Beroth often talks to me about it. She says that I shall find true happiness in living in the love that goes out to others, rather than in the love that comes from them. And since I have been here, and have had to obey so many little rules, and always to do what others think right and best, I have understood how hard it must be never to have your own way all your life long."

"But," said Catharine, "school is different. I once complained to Sister Kleist of this very thing, and she showed me that it was a great benefit as well as a great discipline. For instance, the bell rings, and tasks *must* be begun; and we have not to make up our minds—they are made up for us. So then we lose no time. We learn obedience also, and conquer, through habit, that *uncertainty* which spoils the character of any work it enters into."

"That may be all very proper and exceedingly true," answered Elsie. "All the same, to be rung out of bed and into bed, to be rung to lessons, and rung to meals, and rung to play, is a little tiresome, I think. And in a few minutes we shall be rung to prayers; and then our last evening together will be over. There, already, is that tiresome bell! I told you so. Oh, my dear Delight, what shall we do without you? I am afraid I shall be very naughty, and have many incorrect lessons."

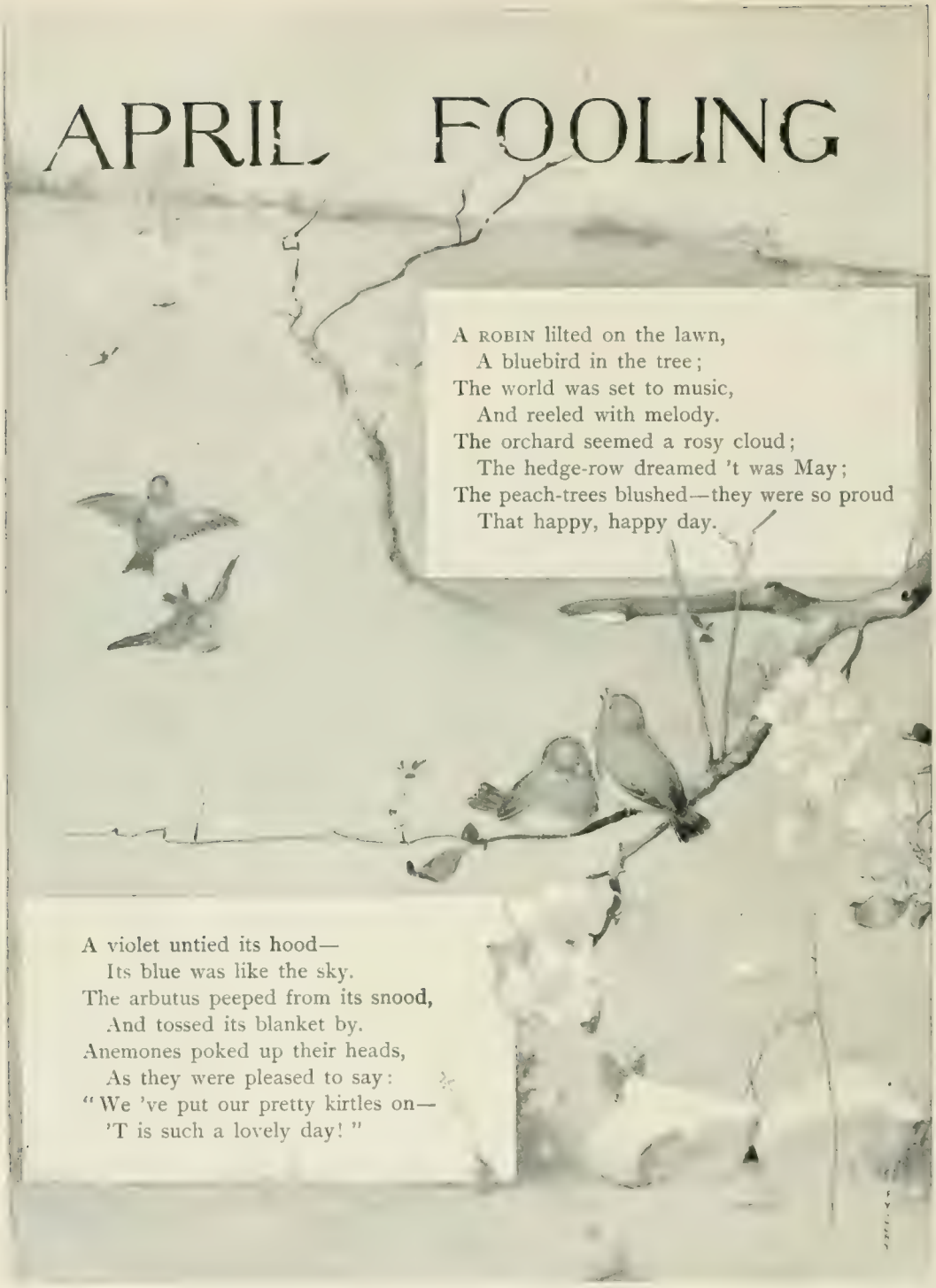
Then Catharine kissed her, and they went to the school-room together.

"You see," said Elsie, looking tearfully back at Lucia and Mary, "I have the most right to walk with Delight to-night; we are almost sisters, for we both live in New York."

This was the end of one leaf of Catharine's book of life. In the morning Mr. King came for her while it was yet very early, and no one but Sister Kleist saw her departure. But all day the Bethlehem pupils thought of her and talked of her. They praised her beauty, her grace, her cleverness, her sweet temper, her generosity; but Elsie touched the real source of her great popularity with every one when she said: "Our dear Delight was always doing somebody a kindness."

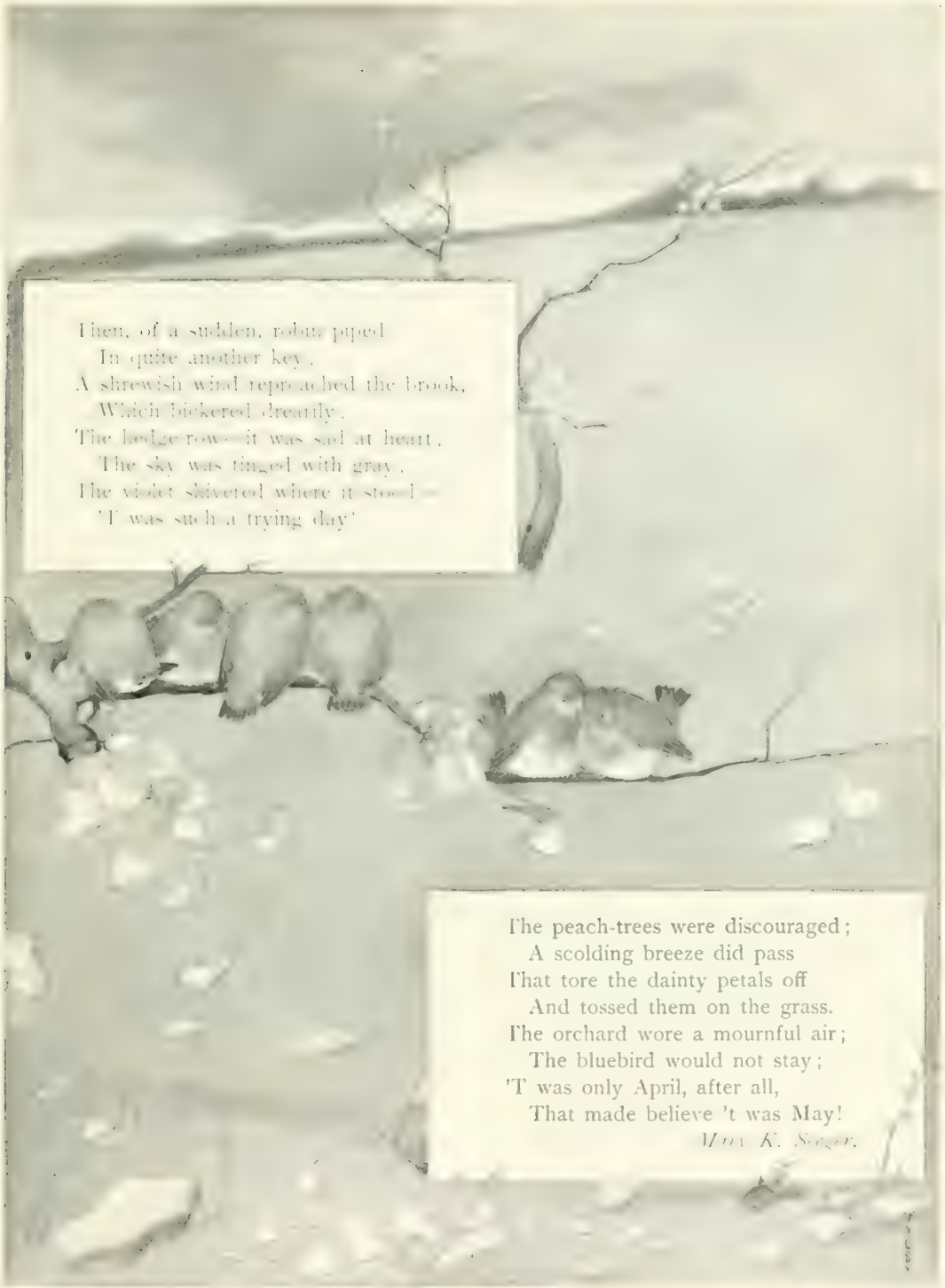
*(To be continued.)*

# APRIL FOOLING



A ROBIN lilted on the lawn,
  A bluebird in the tree;
The world was set to music,
  And reeled with melody.
The orchard seemed a rosy cloud;
  The hedge-row dreamed 't was May;
The peach-trees blushed—they were so proud
  That happy, happy day.

A violet untied its hood—
  Its blue was like the sky.
The arbutus peeped from its snood,
  And tossed its blanket by.
Anemones poked up their heads,
  As they were pleased to say:
"We 've put our pretty kirtles on—
  'T is such a lovely day!"



Then, of a sudden, robin piped
In quite another key,
A shrewish wind reproached the brook,
Which bickered drearily.
The hedge-row—it was sad at heart,
The sky was tinged with gray,
The violet shivered where it stood—
'T was such a trying day'

The peach-trees were discouraged;
A scolding breeze did pass
That tore the dainty petals off
And tossed them on the grass.
The orchard wore a mournful air;
The bluebird would not stay;
'T was only April, after all,
That made believe 't was May!

*Wm. R. Sayer.*

# "PRINCE" IN THE BATTLE OFF SANTIAGO



PICTURES BY HY. S. WATSON.

BY
COMMANDER
J. GILES EATON, U.S.N.

It was in the summer of 1897 that we made the acquaintance of "Prince," in Derbyshire, England. A dog closely related to him had just won the first prize at the London dog-show, and the reflected glory had conferred a distinction on all the blood-kin, each sharing, in a degree, the honor conferred upon the winner.

Through the kindness of an English friend I was enabled to secure Prince, whose markings and form were typical of the high-strung race of fox-terriers. I have learned that he lacks some points which would insure his winning a ribbon at a dog-show; but, be this as it may, in outward appearance he is a joy to the eye, and alternately the delight and the despair of his master and mistress.

Brought on board the "Enterprise," and established in the captain's cabin, he at once began his inspection of the ship in search of suspected rats. In the course of this inspection he ran afoul of "Blücher," a beautiful black water-spaniel, who lived with the sailors forward.

Now, dogs when on board ship usually make friends with other pets, regardless of the likes or dislikes natural when ashore. Thus it is not an uncommon thing on board men-of-war to see dogs and cats, and pet pigs, and frolicsome monkeys, sedate goats, and pugnacious parrots all eating from the same dish, or playing together about the gun-carriages; and I recall a black-bear cub who in Alaska not only chummed with our Newfoundland-dog mascot, but slept beside him, and would cry like a baby whenever the dog had shore liberty while "Bruin" was quarantined to the ship.

Contrary to all expectations, Prince and Blücher at once declared war; and clearing his small craft (weight, twelve pounds) for action, Prince opened the fight against his forty-pound adversary, Blücher. Now, there have been occasions where a small gunboat has successfully engaged a ponderous frigate; but history was not to repeat itself in this instance. Prince, like all of his race, was marvelously quick in manœuvering, and generally secured the first hold; but as Blücher was protected by a coat of hair some six inches long, Prince never succeeded in getting at Blücher himself, while Blücher's sharp teeth scored every time on his short-haired opponent.

Dog-fights are not allowed on men-of-war, so the combatants were soon forced apart, and Prince, more or less bitten, was borne to

the cabin with eyes blazing and rage quivering every tense muscle in his energetic body, and there nursed back to health. But despite the fact that in every encounter he was worsted, Prince never ceased to try conclusions with his big foe when he could get forward to his enemy's domain. In order to keep peace, an edict was issued that Prince should never go forward of the mizzenmast, while Blücher was not allowed abaft the mainmast.

Fox-terriers are not fond of the water, and Prince was miserably seasick in crossing the famous Bay of Biscay, and had not quite recovered when we dropped anchor under the shadow of the Rock of Gibraltar. On shore he distinguished himself by chasing goats far up the mountain, passing unchallenged of the sentries, and going well inside the lines closed to all other foreigners.

The next port after Gibraltar was Funchal, Madeira, and there he had to be smuggled on shore, as the Portuguese forbid the landing of foreign dogs. Once on shore, he not only took possession of the hotel, but also of such portions of the city as he could cover with his tireless legs. His curiosity and innate love of adventure led him into many wild experiences, and I recall one night when her Britannic Majesty's consul and the United States consul were out after midnight in search of his lost Highness. The sliding bullock carriages, which have no wheels, excited his anger; and whenever his mistress was being carried in one, Prince was in and out, barking at the bullocks, and protest-



ing loudly against this innovation in progression. Wheels he knew, and when one rode in a trap he would run for hours just forward of the wheel, just escaping being run over; but a miserable sledge moving along at a snail's pace he scorned.

Upon a visit to a friend's country house, high up on the mountain-side, with a sheer fall of a thousand feet to the sea beneath, Prince, in a wild chase after a garden rat, ran clear over the edge, and fell, bounding from ledge to ledge. As soon as he felt himself going, he curled up into a ball, and, fortunately for himself, brought up on a narrow bank some sixty feet down, apparently unhurt. He at once uncurled himself, and asked aid in howls of distress. Beneath him lay a precipice so nearly vertical that a jump of his agile legs would have landed him clear at the foot; above was a steep which was impassable to him. Fortunately, my friend's peons* knew of a devious path by which he could be reached, and in half an hour he was brought up and ignominiously tied. His fall did not seem to have hurt him, and for the first and only time he appeared to distrust his own sense. For several days thereafter he actually would look before he leaped.



"AN INVADING SEA WHICH PUT THE CABIN AFLOAT DISGUSTED HIM WITH 'LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.'"

At Bermuda he passed through thrilling adventures of a similar kind, and during his stay there kept one or two active men constantly on the lookout for him; but he seemed to realize that he was again on British soil, and he at once put on lordly airs and domineering ways over the colonial dogs.

A gale of wind, a rolling ship, an invading sea which put the cabin afloat and wet his dainty feet with salt-water, disgusted him with "life on the ocean wave," and he landed in Boston, happy to be again on solid land.

When war with Spain was declared, and his master had been ordered to command one of our ships in the Navy, it was decided that Prince, now an American citizen, should enlist as a mascot. So he sailed for Cuba on board the "Resolute" in May. In the crew were many of Prince's old friends from the Enterprise, and these made him regard the new ship with favor. When the naval reserves from New Jersey came on board with their yellow leggings, Prince held aloof. He knew blue-jackets, with their trousers tight at thigh and knee and flowing over the shoe; but tan-legged sailors were new to him, and until the Jerseyites had freshly togged themselves as deep-water "jackies," he would none of them.

When target practice began, Prince took a decided interest in the great guns' firing. At each discharge he would twirl round like a top, and then would spring high in the air with one loud "Wow!" In a very short time he mastered the details of the loading, and soon recognized the fact that until the cartridge was put in no report could come.

Standing beside the gun, he would watch in an interested way the various operations until the cartridge was inserted and the breech closed. As soon as the sharp click of the breech-block reached his ears, his whole bearing changed. From this instant his whole attitude was that of "attention!" Standing on three legs, with his fourth leg raised in expectancy,—his little body quivering with suppressed

* Farm-laborers.

excitement, and his short, black, rudder-like tail, tipped with white at the end, cutting the air, his ears cocked like the hammer of the gun,—his eyes fairly sparkled with excitement. The boom of the gun would be followed by his bark, and at first he would jump frantically to grab the ejected cartridge-case. The hot brass soon cured him of any desire to carry these in his mouth, and he took to running to and fro with the men who were bringing fresh ammunition. Generally he stationed himself near the after-gun at quarters; but once the firing began, he betook himself to the one which was firing the most rapidly, and each discharge he noted with a quick turn on his haunches and one resounding bark. Later, when Spanish shell fell about us, he barked defiance at every explosion, and was with difficulty kept from jumping overboard in pursuit of bursting fragments.

The Resolute was ordered to Tampa, and Prince there gravely assisted the embarkation of General Shafter's troops. Soldiers he tolerated. The horses he adored, and was each moment rescued from under their feet. But for the mules he entertained a hatred which nearly cost him his life. When not leashed he would always endeavor to nip the hind foot of some mule, and the immediate response of the mule nearly knocked out his brains.

After the soldiers were safely embarked, his excitement quieted, and he gravely superintended the loading of powder and shell on board the Resolute. The huge thirteen-inch shells were placed in the lower hold, nearly fifty feet below the upper deck; and one warm afternoon, Prince, in pursuit of an unusually large and provoking "devil's darning-needle," jumped clear over the high hatch-covering, and fell some forty feet down to one of the monster thirteen-inch shells which the "Oregon" afterward fired at the "Cristobal Colon." There was a cry of horror from the men; and when his master met him at the sick-bay, which is the hospital on board ship, Prince lay with closed eyes, apparently dying. The surgeon of the ship at once cared for him, and after two hours his eyes opened, and noting his master, his apology of a tail waved the recognition signal. From the sick-bay he was moved to a soft cushion in the cabin, and within three days was off the sick-list and ready for duty. But he had learned that holds were deep, and that swift-flying darning-needles were dangerous game, and henceforth he chased them not.

His next perilous adventure was at Guantanamo Bay, where he went on shore to visit the marine camp. He had met marines on board ship, and fraternized with them; so on shore he joyfully and carefully inspected their camp, until suddenly he ran out from the marine quarters into the camp of the Cuban forces. Many of these Cubans were black, and few of them wore enough clothing to hide the fact that bodies as well as faces were dark—



"PRINCE" GOES TOO FAR AND HAS TO TAKE REFUGE IN A TREE



"HE GRAVELY SUPERINTENDED THE LOADING OF POWDER AND SHELL ON BOARD THE RESOLUTE."

very dark. Now, Prince was well accustomed to seeing the men on board in bathing, and, generally speaking, did not object to undress; but then, those men were white, and these were not. So at once he proceeded to bark himself into a fit. As Prince never does anything by halves, he had one of the hardest fits a dog ever had. He was bathed in salt-water and brought back to the Resolute, and there nursed most carefully for days before he regained his natural looks. For a week more it was a serious question whether Prince would not be buried near the spot where lay the brave marines who had been shot at Camp McCalla. But the Anglo-Saxon blood or breeding carried him through, where a commoner dog would have undoubtedly knocked under.

By July 2 he was almost himself again, and when the Resolute reported off Santiago, Sunday morning, July 3, Prince was physically fit, mentally ready, and morally prepared for the events of that memorable day. At inspection (Sunday inspection is always made by the captain) he went through the ranks with his accustomed gravity, unbending only to acknowledge the presence of the cabin servants and the signal quartermaster who kept watch near the cabin door. Generally he was on speaking terms with the whole ship's company, but at muster and inspection he carried himself proudly

along, and would not stop to be friendly with any. After inspection, as the sun was growing warm, Prince sought the shade of the awning on the bridge, and thence lazily watched the mighty "Indiana," which lay idly rolling in the swell near by.

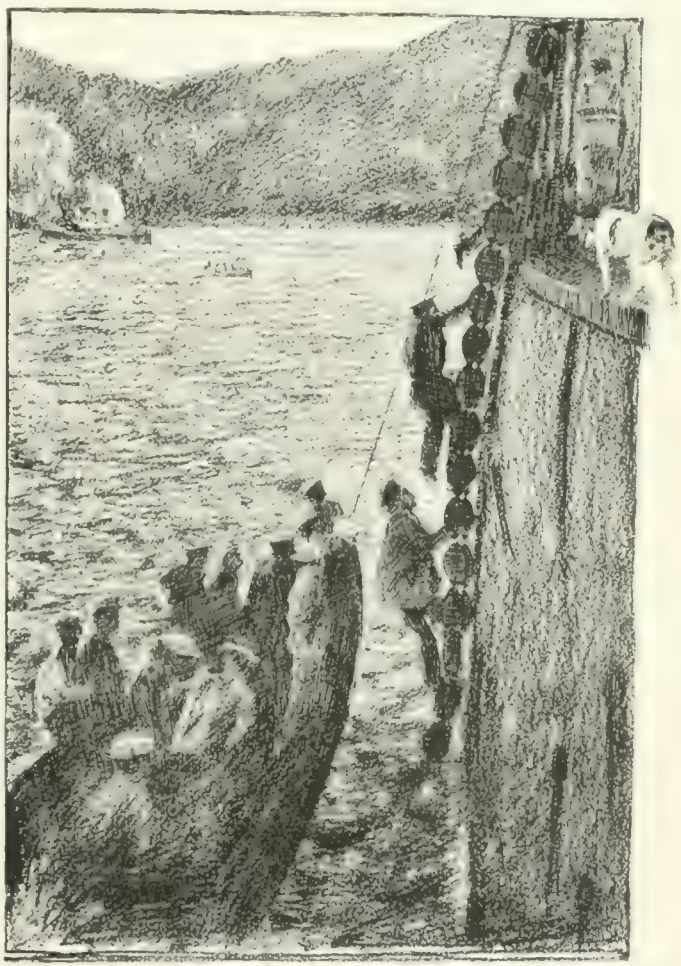
On board the Resolute the officers and crew were watching the Morro Castle, when suddenly, behind its crenelated parapets, there rose a dense cloud of smoke. In less than five minutes thereafter came a second smoke-cloud, and with the second outburst there came in sight the long black hull of the "Maria Teresa," the flagship of the Spanish squadron, flying the broad pennant of Admiral Cervera.

If you will picture to yourself a beautiful sunny morning, the waters barely rippled by the last breath of the dying land-breeze, a gentle swell rolling in from the sea; a bold coast-line, crowned by the imposing Morro Castle of Santiago, and scarred here and there by earthworks mounting heavy guns; green hills back of these rising almost to the height of mountains, and, beyond, veritable mountains topped with trees; a narrow entrance to a landlocked harbor close under the Morro's walls, and to seaward a fleet of eight American men-of-war inclosing this entrance in a semicircle; and each of these war-ships quietly drifting, you will form some idea of the scene before us on that glorious day.

The quiet of a Puritan Sabbath seemed to have settled on sea and land, and even the moaning of the surf on the rolling stones at Aguadores was hushed and softened.

With the appearance of the Maria Teresa this peaceful aspect changed in an instant. The solitary report of a six-pounder from the "Iowa" came sharp and crackling through the quiet air, and then, as if pandemonium had come, the guns of the shore batteries, the broadsides of the Maria Teresa, soon followed by the "Vizcaya," Cristobal Colon, "Oquendo," "Furor," and "Pluton," all seemed to speak at once; and round and about the Indiana and the Resolute the water was whitened by the rain of shell. The American battle-ships opened with their huge thirteen- and twelve-inch guns, while amid the deep thunder of these monsters could be heard the loud booming of the eight-inch rifles, the sharper crack of the six-inch, and an incessant tearing sound of the lighter calibers.

At the first shot Prince had jumped to his feet, and when the heavier guns opened he was



"WHEN THE SHOT AND SHELL WERE AT THEIR FIERCEST AND QUICKEST PRINCE WAS AGAIN AND AGAIN KILLED IN FRONT OF IT." (SEE PAGE 459.)
From a photograph taken on the Resolute

ready for action and barking excitedly at the roar of battle about him. The Resolute was carrying some twenty tons of guncotton for use in countermining the entrance to Santiago harbor, and as all this high explosive was above the water-line, a single shell exploding in it would mean the immediate and total destruction of the ship and crew.

The duty imposed upon her was at once to inform the admiral that Cervera's fleet was out and trying to escape to the westward. And so her bows were turned toward the eastward, and soon the "New York" was met coming at full speed to join in the fray. The admiral ordered the Resolute to warn our transports of the possible danger. Off Siboney, Altares, and Daiquiri the sea was dotted with the transports of Shafter's army, and among these the Resolute ran, firing alarm-guns and flying danger-signals.



PRINCE WATCHES THE PURSUIT.

It was a beautiful sight to see these thirty steamers gradually increase their speed and scatter in every direction as they, one by one, took fright at the intelligence.

As the signal-guns were fired, Prince barked his loudest, and as each merchant steamer showed by the whitened water under her stern that she had taken flight, Prince turned his attention to the next in view, and with excited waggings of his short tail awaited the next signal-gun, again to begin his barking.

These transports having been warned, the bow of the Resolute was turned to the west, and just after noon she was again off the Morro and steaming in hot pursuit of the fleets, Spanish and American, which had all disappeared along the coast beyond Santiago. As the Resolute was passing along the line of the batteries, she was the only vessel in front of the harbor entrance.

Presently, as she sped along, the shriek of a ten-inch shell, which barely cleared the smokestack, aroused Prince to renewed activity, and as this shell was followed by a half-score of others from the Socapa battery, it was lively for all on board.

Then, as the land shut out the batteries, the blazing hulls of the torpedo-destroyers Furor and Pluton came in view, and then, far ahead, other smokes, and dull reports, showed the wrecks of the Vizcaya and Maria Teresa, and yet more distant the blazing Oquendo, all on shore.

As the Resolute passed these flaming hulls, the explosions of guns, the thundering crash of magazines as they shot the debris high aloft, filled the air with sound; and Prince was again busy about the guns on board, asking with quick, nervous barks why our battery was silent.

But though there was more, much more, for the Resolute and crew to do on that notable day, there were no more guns to be fired. Her one duty now was to join the admiral's ships, then in full pursuit of the flying Cristobal Colon. Far ahead on the horizon, rising dark over the blue waters of the Caribbean, were the smoke-clouds of five steamers. The most distant was the Spaniard. Out to seaward was the lofty "Brooklyn"; nearer was the Oregon, almost in wake of the enemy; near her was the



"PRINCE WAS IGNOMINIOUSLY TIED." (SEE PAGE 454.)

"Texas," and away astern of the Oregon came the New York; and now the Resolute joined the hastening ships in chase.

All six of the vessels were making their best speed. Dense volumes of smoke issued from every funnel. Only the occasional boom of one of the Oregon's big thirteen-inch guns broke the silence. All were near the coast, which here is steep and bordered with lofty hills. Just ahead, the mighty mountain Tarquino ("Purple") rose, cloud-capped, from the sea.

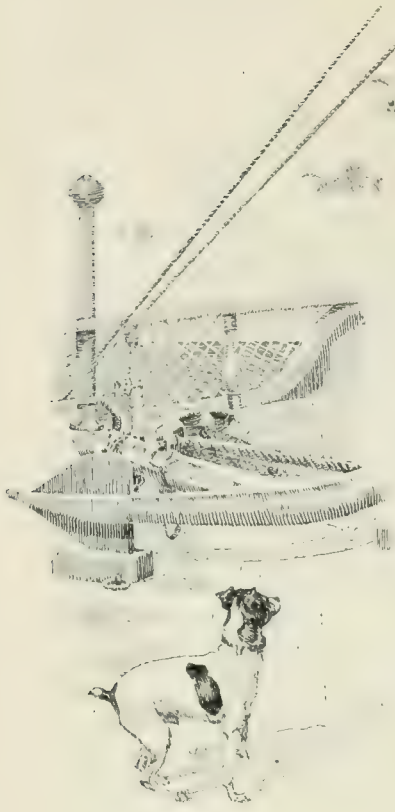


For an hour longer the chase continued, and at last, at one o'clock, the Cristobal Colon bade farewell to the ocean, and was run ashore in the mouth of the Tarquino River.

When the Resolute came on the scene, the Spanish ship was hard and fast, end on to the beach, with the surf breaking about her bows. About her, like panting dogs that had run their quarry to earth, lay the New York, Brooklyn, Oregon, and Texas, all blowing off steam, and all ready to pounce upon the prey. But the red-and-yellow flag of Spain had been lowered, and no more resistance was offered.

The Resolute was designated to receive the Spanish prisoners, and when their arrival began Prince had his hands full. To him it was incomprehensible that from just at nightfall till far into the night (for it was midnight before the last "Don" was aboard) we should convert the clean and orderly Resolute into a cartel, crowded with over five hundred begrimed and excited strangers. For a time his tired bark, which had been strained all day with over-use, was again and again raised in protest. Finding this of no avail, he then essayed a series of rushes, feinting ferocious attacks on the *marineros*. In these he grew so earnest that he was summarily placed under arrest and put in confinement in the cabin; and here, at one o'clock, I found him, worn out and tired with his long day of battle, but not content to sleep until joined by his master.

On the morrow he was awake betimes, and promptly resented the appearance on deck of the Spanish sailors, who were brought up for a bath; and for the next five days, while we held these poor fellows on board, Prince never



"HIS DELIGHT IN SEEING THE SCHOOLS OF FLYING-FISH WAS UNBOUNDED."

ceased to protest against their coming upon deck. With his dislike aroused almost to its highest pitch, he would at once growl when a Spaniard passed "between the wind and his nobility." Lest international complications should follow, Prince was deprived of his usual privilege of having the run of the whole ship, and was confined for a time to the cabin and pilot-house.

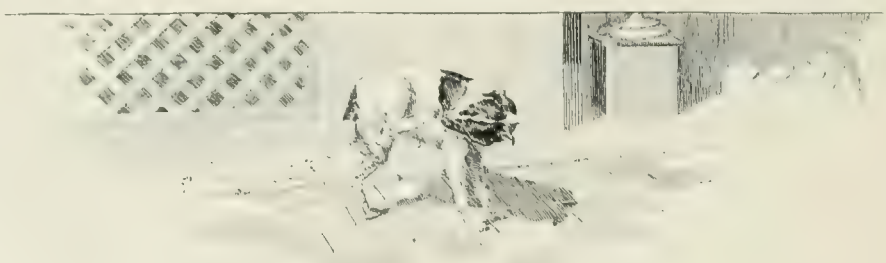
It was a relief to all when the Spaniards, who outnumbered the Resolute's crew five to one, were sent to the "Harvard"; but to Prince their going was more than a relief — it was absolute happiness; and his short tail, which had hung dejected,—half-masted, the sailors called it,—was once again held proudly upright. Still, until soap and sand and water had done their perfect work, Prince's sharp nose sniffed suspiciously when he passed the former quarters of the Spanish prisoners. To each of the regular crew he showed his delight that the Resolute was once again back to her old routine, and that no more strangers were on board.

The Resolute was ordered North hurriedly to bring nurses to Santiago; and, naturally, Prince, who had long since acquired his sea-legs, took up the sea routine as easily as an old salt. His eye would pick out a distant sail at once, and his delight in seeing the schools of flying-fish, which every now and then rose in numbers from the foam at the bow wave, was unbounded.

Later, when the Resolute passed from tropical skies and sunny days into coast fogs north of Hatteras, Prince moaned his disgust at the blasts of the fog-whistle.

But his war service was over. He had acquitted himself well in action; he had shown that his courage in defense of his adopted land was as dauntless as that of any American; and the captain's wife promptly decided that he had earned his retirement, and that to sea he should go no more.

The Resolute returned to Cuba; but though she passed through another engagement at Manzanillo, her mascot Prince remained North, and was one of the first to greet her when, after the protocol was signed, she steamed into Portsmouth with the gallant marines on board.



# THE TRUE STORY OF "CRISTOBAL COLON."

By Mrs. S. S. Robison.

Six months ago a little gray kitten played among the sailors of a Spanish cruiser. He was in no wise a remarkable cat, and if any one had told him that he was going to be, it probably would not have troubled his little head.

His ship, with three others, lay in the hill-circled harbor of Santiago for many days, while in the offing the big American men-of-war, like watch-dogs, barked grimly, and threw great bursting shells at the port and town, to show how they could bite if they should find harsher measures necessary.

At last, one bright Sunday morning, the throb of the screw-propeller on board of the kitten's ship was felt again, and the cruisers in their war-paint slid down the channel to meet the awful storm of shot and shell that awaited them outside. From that dreadful rain of steel, as we all know, three of the Spanish vessels turned to the shore, bursting into flames, while the "Cristobal Colon" fled down the coast, with the "Oregon" and "Brooklyn" following at her heels.

When the chase was ended, a party of the Oregon's men boarded the wreck of the Colon, to take away any wounded they might find, and to collect such relics as they could.

The wrecked ship lay at the mouth of one of the most beautiful little bays upon the Cuban coast. From top to bottom the hillsides were clothed with living green. A fairer resting-place could not have been chosen, but it is doubtful if the poor old Colon's bones will be allowed to lie there in peace.

When the Oregon party returned, it had, among other prizes, two trembling little captives, who, having gone through one of those experiences which make history, could never again be considered commonplace cats. They soon became accustomed to their new quarters, and showed no prejudice against their captors, evidently deciding that an American arm was as warm to lie curled against as a Spanish one, and that American food was, if anything, superior in quality and quantity to the short rations they may have had at Santiago. One kitten was given to Captain Evans of the "Iowa," and the other to the Oregon's commander.

When the Oregon reached New York, the cat belonging to Captain Clark was shipped to his brother at St. Joseph, Michigan, to be cared for until Captain Clark should have settled duty.

"Cristobal," as the kitten was called, made as much sensation upon his journey West as if he had been a high official. Tacked to his traveling-basket was a placard which read:

To Good Americans.

Treat me kindly, and give me food, as I am a prisoner of war from the Cristobal Colon, being forwarded by my captors, the crew of the Oregon, to their gallant commander, Captain Charles E. Clark, whose brave efforts forced the Colon to surrender, July 3, 1898.

People crowded to the New York express office to see the little prisoner who had played his part in one of the battles of the century. Newspapers printed paragraphs about him, and it was even stated, to give him a more distinguished rank, that he had been Admiral Cervera's pet, a statement which his name alone should have contradicted, since the Colon was not the admiral's flagship.

He arrived at St. Joseph none the worse for his journey.

In his pleasant home by the lake Cris was very happy. His master and mistress were devoted to him. Instead of running upon a hard deck, he took his daily scamper over soft green turf; meals were served on demand; and there was a snugly lined basket for frequent naps.

To be sure, reporters came to interview him occasionally, and he had to sit up and look

pleasant while his picture was taken in various positions; but these inflictions were not hard to bear, and did not sour his sweet disposition.

At last this peaceful life was broken by a call from Indianapolis. Some charitable people there were to give a "Military Tea" to raise funds for the support of a public kindergarten, and they wanted Cris to assist them. His friends were loath to send the little fellow, but the charity was such a worthy object that, with Captain Clark's permission, they acceded to the request.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. D. LACY

"'CRISTOBAL' A PRISONER OF WAR."

Thus Cris started on his travels again, and during his stay in Indianapolis he was a public character. The papers there gave full accounts of his appearance, his experiences, and his charming manners. He had become so used to admiration that, instead of cowering in a corner of his cage, he would come forward to the bars and put up his little paws to court attention.

What with the payments to see him and the sale of his photographs, Cristobal brought the sum of fifty dollars to the Indianapolis Free Kindergarten; and the poor children of that city, when they play their pretty games and handle their bright-colored toys, will have occasion to give a kind thought to the little Spanish kitten.

He seemed so glad to be at home after his Indianapolis trip that Mr. and Mrs. Clark resolved he should travel no more; but Captain Clark, while objecting to further travels for the cat, who had had so little rest in his eventful life, had stipulated that if Chicago asked for him she should not be refused, for that city was the home of many of Cristobal's brave shipmates on the Oregon. Fifty young men from Chicago belonging to the Naval Reserve were on the Oregon during the Santiago fight. A cat-show was to be held, and it was asserted that the Colon cat would be one of the principal attractions if he were present.

Of course he was sent, and no doubt some of you saw him there, reclining at ease in his flag-draped cage on cushions of yellow and red.

Poor little Cris! It was his last appearance in public. He greeted his master and mistress, on his return, with his usual affection, but seemed very, very tired, and after a day and night of illness died.

He will be missed in the St. Joseph home, for he was a most endearing little fellow, and was touchingly grateful for any care or attention. The handsome medal he won at the Chicago show, will probably be sent to the crew of the Oregon, in memory of their little shipmate.

# LOST IN RUSSIA.

By Poultney Bigelow

## I.

Tom Rodman could sail a canoe and ride a horse about as well as any boy of his age. He was only fifteen, and was living in the family of a German professor, because his father wished him to learn German thoroughly before entering upon his studies at West Point.

It was July, and Tom was seated in his graceful canoe "Dimple," floating along merrily, with both sails spread, upon the bosom of a broad, sluggish stream leading from Germany across the frontiers of Russia. His boat weighed only eighty pounds, and yet was so strong and commodious that he could carry all the provisions he needed for a three months' cruise.

In the forward compartment he carried dry kindling-wood, so that he could light his fire in any state of the weather. In the after-locker he had a tent which was spread over the boat and enabled him to sleep, during the most furious rain-storm, just as comfortably as if he were in his bunk on an ocean liner. He had a spirit-lamp and a dozen or more tins of preserved meats and soups; but he always preferred to forage off the country rather than spoil his appetite with a class of food which can never be fresh, at best.

Tom was perfectly happy watching the wild fowl start from their resting-places, trimming his neat little sails, and studying his maps, which were so detailed that he could tell just where he was at every bend of the river, and knew the name of every village long before he came to it.

Tom had often wished that he could have had such good maps as these for American rivers. He took precious good care of his maps, because without them he would be in complete ignorance of his whereabouts, and would not know how to ask a single question.

That evening he camped within three miles of the Russian frontier, for he was not anxious to cross that line in the dark, when the frontier guard might mistake him for a spy or a smuggler, and make him a target for their rifles. So he drew his canoe Dimple up on to a little spit of grassy ground where the exposure would give him freedom from mosquitos, stretched his tent between the masts, kindled a fire of driftwood, and was soon comfortably engaged with an Irish stew flavored with a sauce. He was feeling at peace with all the world, and was full of pity for the poor people who had to live in houses while he could enjoy sleeping and eating in the open air, when suddenly a figure emerged from the forest of pine-trees behind him, moving toward the camp-fire.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, taking off his cap and bowing humbly. "I am a wretched man, and I beg you will not denounce me to the police."

Tom was surprised to hear a man who was dressed like a peasant speaking good English; but his sympathy, no less than his curiosity, was aroused by the first words of this queer stranger.

"I don't know what you mean," said Tom. "Why should I denounce you to the police? I am merely making a pleasure tour in my canoe, and have nothing whatever to do with the police."

Tom offered the stranger some of his Irish stew, and also a warm drink. The stranger drank nearly all the cupful, but did not seem to care so much for the food. He asked Tom a great many questions as to where he came from and where he was going, and noted what Tom said with an eagerness quite unusual in an ordinary peasant.

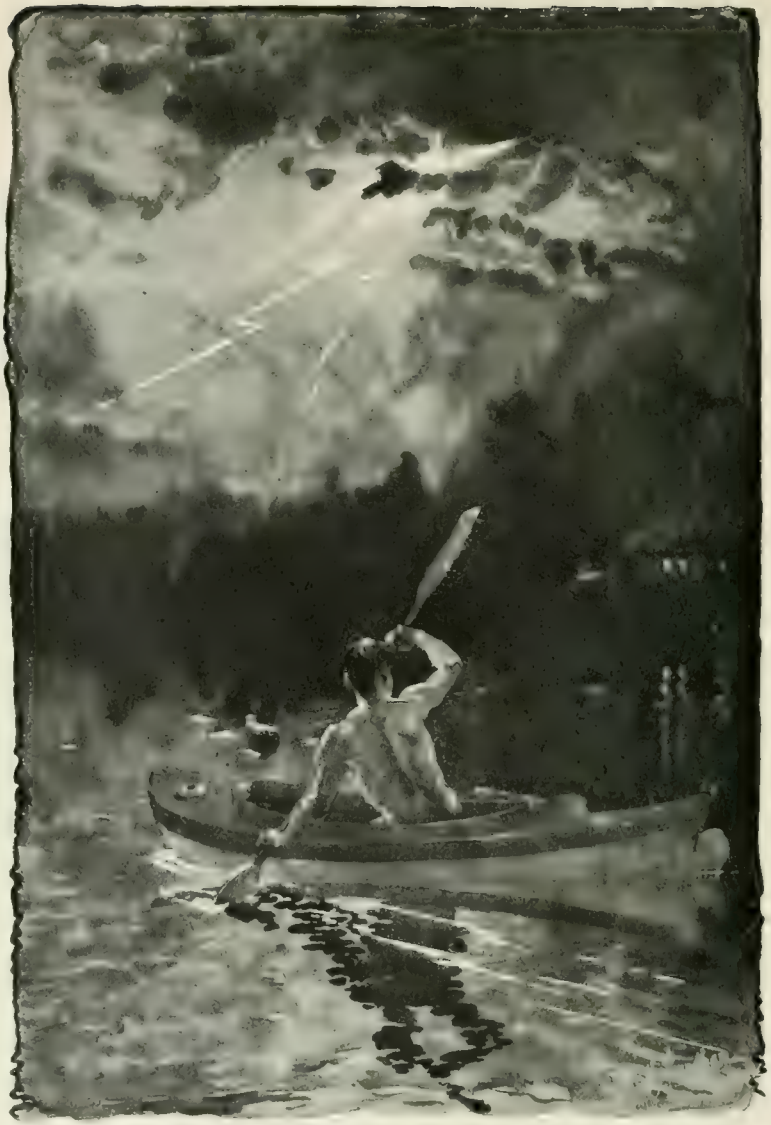
"Kikivitz is my name," said the stranger, "and I have a dear old mother living at a village that is on your path. I myself can-

not go; for I dare not trust myself in Russia, because my father was a Polish patriot. But when I heard of you coming down the river in a canoe, I ran for many, many miles to catch you, and beg you on my knees to take this letter to my mother."

"Why, of course," said Tom. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure. Surely there can be no harm in taking a letter from a son to his mother, and I don't see why you should think that I am doing you a particular favor."

So Kikivitz handed Tom a letter, took off his cap, made another deep bow, and, first looking very cautiously around to see whether he had been observed, he ran for the forest with great speed.

Tom thrust the letter into a little india-rubber case containing his passport and letter of credit, then slipped himself into the well of his canoe, and was soon sound asleep under the refreshing influence of a sweet-scented breeze that blew from the forest of pine-trees.



"SUDDENLY ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHTNING RIPPED OUT THROUGH THE NIGHT, AND HALF A DOZEN BULLETS HISSED ABOUT HIM IN THE WATER." (SEE PAGE 407.)

## II.

WITH the first ray of sunlight next morning, Tom sprang out of his canoe, and took a refreshing swim in the placid waters at his feet. Then, after a cup of strengthening cocoa, which he made in less than three minutes over his spirit-lamp, he folded his tent, slid his light Dimple into the stream, and was soon at the Russian frontier. Tom thought the custom-house officers exceedingly curious, for they not only examined every corner of the canoe, to see that no smuggling was being done, but they turned over every leaf of the few books which composed his library. But as Tom had already been warned against taking any but most inoffensive books into the Czar's empire, the frontier censors made no embarrassing discoveries — at least, Tom thought not. But they

copied out every bit of his passport, and made several marks upon it, and seemed to regard his journey as rather a dangerous thing.

At last the inspection appeared to be satisfactorily concluded, and Tom was allowed to leave the room. He had gone only a few steps when he suddenly turned and ran back, having forgotten his precious maps. As he burst into the room unexpectedly, he caught sight of a man in green uniform, who had not been there during the inspection. Tom thought this new man looked very much like Kikivitz, but of course he dismissed that idea from his head as absurd. The man in green appeared to be very busy with some papers on the table, and looked rather embarrassed; but Tom supposed that this was because of his sudden entrance. So he picked up his maps, and was once more happily afloat. The sluggish river broadened out into a beautiful lake, and the little waves commenced to dance up and down, giving Tom a lively time as he tacked from one side to the other, beating against a head wind. He would have done just as well had he lowered his sails and paddled straight in the teeth of the wind, but Tom was passionately fond of sailing, and this was an opportunity which he did not care to lose.

As he came about on his first tack he noticed a small boat push out from near the custom-house and point in his direction. Two men were rowing, the third steering. Tom would have thought nothing of this boat had it not been for the suspicious manner in which it sought to follow him when he went about from one tack to the other. The crew were too far away for him to distinguish their dress or faces, so Tom began to meditate strategy as a means of knowing the plans of the enemy. He studied his map carefully, and selected for ambush a sharp little projection of wooded land that jutted out into the lake about two miles ahead. He noticed that the rowboat did not gain upon him, but, on the contrary, that the men frequently lay upon their oars, as though they desired to keep at a distance. Tom kept beating up and down until he at last got well to windward of the spit of land which could conceal him from the suspicious followers. It had now grown to be so late in the afternoon that he could with difficulty make out the pursuing boat, and they could see of him only his sails. An American canoe had never before been in those waters, and the custom-house people believed it to be a sailing-boat, which, from their knowledge of such craft, must weigh about a ton and draw several feet of water. They supposed that Tom would have to anchor at night, never dreaming that a boat could be so light as this one.

The time was now come for Tom to dodge behind the little land-spit; so instead of putting about, as at former times, he ran straight into this little nook, lowered sails and masts, and sprang ashore like a cat, dragging the boat after him. When he had her safely stowed behind some dense bushes, he ran back to the water, and having on nothing but a flannel shirt and a short, loose pair of bicycling breeches, he struck out into the lake, and swam as hard as he could toward a point half a mile below where he had hidden Dimple.

Like all canoeists, Tom was a capital swimmer, and reached the point ahead of his pursuers. He at once gathered together some leaves, and started a fire by means of twigs and driftwood,—for Tom carried his matches in a well-corked bottle,—then he hung up his shirt and breeches to dry before the fire, while he himself once more entered the water and struck out into the darkness that had now fallen over the great lake, swimming noiselessly in the direction which he thought the pursuing crew must necessarily take.

The wind by this time had completely died out, and the surface of the lake was as smooth as glass. The sound of oars was heard, and it was so dark that Tom could distinctly hear voices in the boat, although the speakers little realized who it was that was listening to them. Oddly enough, they were speaking in German, so that Tom could understand what they said. Suddenly the rowing ceased, and so near was the boat to Tom's head that he could distinctly hear the swish of water about its bows.

"Look there," said a voice which Tom recognized at once as belonging to Kikivitz. "The young scoundrel has gone into camp for the night."

They were evidently looking at the garments

hung to dry by the camp-fire, and naturally concluded that Tom had done what they had expected.

"But are you sure he is a nihilist?" asked another voice. "He looks very young for such dangerous work."

"No doubt about it," answered Kikivitz. "He is a spy, and you will find the letter concealed about his person."

"But how do you know this?"

"Oh, that is my business," answered Kikivitz. "It is enough for you that I deliver a nihilist into your hands and furnish you at the same time the evidence of his crime."

"True," said the other. "The Russian government cannot ask more than that; and now let us run in and catch the young villain."

"Softly," said Kikivitz. "He may take the alarm and run away if he sees us. Let us wait until he is asleep. We shall then have our prize without any danger."

So they rowed softly in a long circle to within rifle-range of Tom's shirt and breeches, their owner meanwhile swimming softly in the wake of their boat in order to learn all he could of their plans.

"We must approach him from the woods," said Kikivitz, "so that he cannot possibly escape in that direction."

"Then let us do it this way. You march around to the rear, I will go along shore from up the lake, and the third man will march along shore from down the lake; then we shall have him in a trap, seize his papers, smash his boat, and take him with us."

Then Tom heard them comparing watches, so that they might all start in unison at the moment when they imagined he would be sound asleep.

According to this program the three were to make their start in about two hours, and proposed to enjoy the interval at a country tavern a short distance back of the lake. Tom was delighted to hear this, for it immediately gave him a plan of operations. Slowly and silently he swam behind them, until he heard their keel upon the sandy beach. Then he stood up to his neck in water, while the three men leaped ashore, chuckling over the prospect of an easy capture and a big reward. They coiled the painter loosely about a convenient branch, and then Tom heard their steps grow fainter and fainter amid the trees of the forest.

## III.

TOM listened until not a sound could be heard save the gurgling of a bull-frog, or the quaint cry of a far-away heron. Then he sprang to the painter, uncoiled it, pushed off, seized the oars, and rowed with all his might to the camp-fire, where his shirt and breeches had so successfully deceived the enemy. Jumping ashore there, he threw a fresh log or two upon the fire, then seized his shirt and breeches, leaped again into the heavy boat, and rowed toward the point where he had concealed Dimple. This was not so easy as he had anticipated, for the night was overcast, he had no compass, and the monotony of the forest made it almost impossible for him to distinguish one part from the other. However, he calculated the distance, counted his strokes, and finally, after landing at two points that disappointed him, grounded his keel behind the little spit where he had first dodged his pursuers.

He reckoned that at least half an hour must have elapsed since his capture of the Russian boat, and that he should be wise to lose no time in hurrying over the frontier before an alarm could be raised.

He pulled Dimple out from her hiding-place, slipped her gently into the water, lashed his sails and spars securely below the hatches, stowed everything snugly in his water-tight bulkheads, and at nine o'clock by his watch he pushed off in the direction of the German frontier, guided by his compass and the outlines of the forest.

"It won't do to let those three scoundrels find their boat again," thought Tom, "or they might catch up before I want them to."

So he towed the clumsy craft a short distance out into the lake, and anchored her there by means of a stone fastened to the long painter. Having thus rendered pursuit difficult, he bent to his double-bladed paddle noiselessly but effectively, stopping only now and then to consult his map and compass, so as to be quite sure of finding the point where the river spread

out into the lake. Tom had to be very careful in doing this, for if the frontier guard had caught sight of a flash of light on the water, they would at once have suspected danger and made his escape difficult. Before striking his match, therefore, he threw his large rug completely over his head, so that not a ray of light could pierce from the bottom of his canoe. As he was very hungry, he put a few biscuits within reach and nibbled while he worked.

It was a warm night, and occasional flashes of lightning warned Tom of a thunder-shower. As to getting more or less wet Tom was quite indifferent; for he had not any clothes on, being quite warm enough without them. But he feared lest the frontier sentinel marching up and down near the custom-house might catch sight of him during one of these flashes. His only hope of successfully running the frontier blockade lay in complete darkness; and now, after all his skilful strategy, it looked as though one flash of lightning might deliver him a prisoner into the hands of the Russian police.

Tom was conscious that he had done nothing wrong, but he knew that in Russia innocent people had been at times denounced by unscrupulous police agents. It was all very mysterious, but on one point he had no doubt whatever, namely, that he must get out of Russia that very night, no matter what the risk might be.

Tom was a skilled canoeist; he knew as much about a canoe as any member of the American Canoe Association, and that is saying a great deal for a boy of Tom's years. It was one of his pet amusements to go swimming from his Dimple; and when the sun was very hot, rather than climb into her for a rest, he would turn the boat wrong side up, and rest his head and elbows and feet beneath the coaming that ran around her deck. In this way he could float about with no physical fatigue, completely sheltered from the rays of the sun, and with plenty of head room under his queer marine umbrella.

By this time Tom could catch sight of the custom-house when the lightning flashed, and he knew that he would soon be discovered if he maintained his conspicuous upright position. Just then a sharp call from shore told him that he was discovered, and the crack of a rifle told him also that some sentinel was not over-particular in his choice of target.

Tom said nothing, but leaned out of his boat until she gently turned upside down over his head, and then he struck out to the best of his powers in a desperate effort to get beyond range of the rifle before the next flash of lightning should enable that particular sentry to take aim. He heard excited voices on shore as he struggled forward in the blackness of his boat, and was congratulating himself upon the bad shot from the sentinel's rifle, when suddenly another flash of lightning ripped out through the night, and half a dozen bullets hissed about him in the water. He ducked his head, and as he did so felt upon his shoulder something like the sting of a mosquito. But he had no time to mind trifles, and struggled on to make the most of the black interval which now spoiled any further firing. The rain came mercifully to his assistance, and in the midst of a shower that effectually concealed him even from an enemy ten feet off, his feet suddenly felt the sand beneath, and by its assistance he made such good progress that when the shower ceased, and the stars showed themselves, Tom was on land, out of range of any Russian rifle, and saw before him the lights of a house which he recognized as the custom-station of Germany.

He felt strangely weak, and concluded to announce himself at this station rather than run the risk of being, during the night, mistaken for a smuggler. So he struggled on doggedly until he was at the nearest point leading to the house. But he felt so tired after his exertions that he sat down for a moment and leaned back for a little rest before starting in search of night quarters.

## IV.

It was broad daylight when Tom woke. He did not open his eyes, but lay dozing happily as though in fairyland. He was in a warm bed, and strange voices were talking about him.

"The boy must have lost a bucketful of blood; it is most mysterious."

"Yes, Herr Doctor. I found him lying in the bottom of his boat, and I thought he had been seriously injured somehow."

"But who could have wished to murder a boy like this?"

"Oh," said the other, "the Russian guards will fire at anything they see at night, and they don't care much what it is."

"Do you know who this boy is?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," said the other; "his passport describes him as an American school-boy, the son of an army officer."

The doctor was much impressed by this, for in Germany an army officer is considered quite as important as a senator in the United States.

Tom now opened his eyes, and was going to spring out of bed, when he found, to his surprise, that he could not move.

"Where am I? What is the matter?" said Tom, addressing the good-natured doctor in German.

"You are at the custom-house station," answered he, "and you have been bleeding almost to death because of a wound in your right shoulder. We have examined your papers in order to communicate with your family, for I thought at one time that you might not come to life again."

Tom then told the story of how he had been asked by Kikivitz to carry a letter "to his dear mother," and how he had seen him at the Russian custom-station; how he had heard his voice on the lake, and managed to escape, thanks to the blackness of the night.

"But," said Tom, "I don't understand where this blood comes from."

"Did they not shoot you?" asked the doctor.

"They shot at me, and I heard the bullets whizz into the water, but I did n't feel anything, excepting a mosquito-bite."

"Well," said the doctor, with a long laugh, "this wound in your shoulder is your 'mosquito-bite.' I know these bites, for I was in the war against France, and I have seen men die without knowing that they had been hit."

## V.

TOM RODMAN grew slowly in strength under the kindly nursing of the good-hearted Germans, and soon he was able to walk about in the sunshine with his arm in a sling; and of course his first care was to see how his canoe was. There was a hole through both of her sides exactly in line with the part of his shoulder that had felt as though it had been bitten by a mosquito. The boat had been carefully strung and hung up under the rafters of a shed near the house. That evening there arrived a very important German official directly from the chief of police in Berlin. He was received with much bowing and saluting, and was especially polite to Tom. He appeared much interested in the canoe voyage, and asked particularly for a description of Kikivitz. Tom readily told all he knew. The police official read the letter which Tom had offered to carry to the mother of Kikivitz; in fact, he read it two or three times, and then uttered a long whistle.

"Do you know what is in this letter?"

"Of course not," said Tom.

"Well, then, let me tell you that you have had a stroke of most remarkable good fortune. If you had delivered this letter, you would probably now be on your way to Siberia."

"But I don't understand," answered the boy. "Is there anything wrong in a son writing to his mother?"

The police official smiled, and said: "That was not a letter from a son to a mother. Kikivitz is a notorious scoundrel—sometimes a smuggler, sometimes a spy, sometimes a nihilist, and sometimes a decoy of the secret police. He was once employed by our office; but we learned to distrust him, and since then he has been trying to ingratiate himself with the political police of Russia. Kikivitz is not his real name. He gave you this letter in order that you might have upon you the evidence of your complicity with Russian nihilism. As you see, he had denounced you, and but for your pluck and coolness, he would have sworn away your very life."

Tom blushed with happiness at this reference to his behavior, for what he had done seemed to him the most natural thing under the circumstances.

"But," said Tom, "surely they would not punish me for simply having a stranger's letter in my pocket!"

"In Russia," said the police official, "the government can do anything. To have your

boat smashed; your papers and money taken away from you; to have been lodged in jail; to have been examined by an official who would accept the evidence of Kikivitz sooner than yours,—all would have been possible if they had believed you a nihilist. It would appear to your friends that you had been accidentally drowned, and that of course the Russian government could not be responsible for the welfare of American tourists who chose to make dangerous canoe-cruises."

When Tom at last was seated in a railway carriage, comfortably rolling toward Berlin, he picked up a German newspaper, and read this:

The Russian Minister of the Interior has just made public the details of a most reckless assault upon the lives of the frontier guard stationed at X——. There were thirty nihilists in the attacking party, but they were completely routed by the six brave soldiers who were in charge of the guard-house. The conflict was very severe, and the river was stained with blood. The object of these detestable enemies was to smuggle into Russia a large quantity of dynamite to be used for revolutionary purposes. Lieutenant Kikivitz was the means of saving the country from this calamity, and he has been promoted for his patriotic conduct. Those who loyally assisted him were also rewarded.

Tom felt tremendously proud to think that he had been mistaken for a band of thirty nihilists, and he almost forgave Kikivitz for having tried to murder him. This canoe cruise has become legendary on the eastern frontier of Prussia, and whenever the German guardians there read of fights with nihilists, they wink at one another, and say: "Those are the thirty nihilists whose name is Tom Rodman."



## RAIN SONG.

By Annie Isabel Willis.

Rain, silver rain,
Twinkling on the pane.
The earth drinks softly what it needs,
The gray sky lowers like a pall,
The bare twigs string the drops like beads,
And still the silver showers fall.
Rain, rain, rain,
Silver dropping rain!

Rain, pearly rain,
Gliding down the pane.
The fence-rails have a crystal edge,
The brimming spouts pour fountains free,
The flowers on the window-ledge
Are fresh and bright as they can be.
Rain, rain, rain,
Pearly, gliding rain!

Rain, sparkling rain,
Shining on the pane.
A bit of blue in yonder sky,
Swift signs of clearing all about,
Some broken clouds drift quickly by,
And lo! the sun is shining out.
Good-by, rain,
Shining, sparkling rain!

# WHAT ROBIN SAID.

By Harriet F. Blodgett.

A LITTLE robin
came too soon
From Summer
land away:
He must have
thought that it
was June
When 't was not
even May.

"O Robin! press your scarlet vest
More closely to your throat,
Or of the song you love the best
You cannot sing a note.

"There is no other bird about,
And, in their coats of fur,
The pussy-willows are not out—
They dare not even purr.
And you will freeze!" But, as I spoke,
He hopped upon a tree,
As if the cold were but a joke,
And sang this song to me:

"O Apple-tree! the while 't is snowing,
How your pinky buds are glowing—
Growing—blowing—glowing
On everything I see!
And somewhere in your branches hiding,
One small nest is safe abiding,
Waiting—waiting—waiting
My little love and me.

"O Brook! because the ice is near you,
Do you think I cannot hear you,
Singing—singing—singing
Of daisies and the spring?
O Meadows white! with snow-drifts over,
Don't you know I smell the clover
Coming—coming—coming
While loud the bluebells ring?

"O frozen Flakes! that cling together,
You are every one a feather
Falling—falling—falling
To line the world's great nest.
O Night and Darkness! downward pressing,
You are wings spread out caressing,
Brooding—brooding—brooding,
All tired things to rest."

And then my robin spread his wings
And flew across the snow;
But somewhere, dear, he always sings
This little song, I know.



# THE STORY OF BETTY.

By Carolyn Wells.

[The story was begun in the January number.]

## Chapter VII.

### MR. DICK PLANS A PICNIC.

The law is a great blessing, and what we should do without it would be hard to tell. But it is also a complicated mechanism and very difficult to understand. So we won't go into legal details, but satisfy ourselves with some main facts. And, indeed, since Betty never knew, and could n't have understood if she had known, the processes by which her fortune became legally hers, it is certainly unnecessary to trouble ourselves about them. By the regular proceedings, then, of this wise but mysterious "law," Betty's claims were duly established, and Mr. Morris was appointed guardian of her financial affairs. Since he lived in Australia, Mr. Brewster was appointed to be his representative in this country. Both these gentlemen received salaries for their labors, and Betty was therefore under no obligation to them—except that, being true and noble-hearted men, they managed affairs with a generous interest that money could not repay. Even inexperienced Betty appreciated this, and often thanked them with all the earnestness of her ardent Irish heart.

The Van Courts, one and all, were her firm friends and allies. Though Mr. Dick teased her, and Mrs. Van Court often seemed curt and chilling, and Miss Margaret was blunt and outspoken, yet on the whole they were very good to the little stranger within their gates; and Miss Grace was angelically kind.

So the plans for the future went on rapidly, for all were interested in the novel enterprise; and Mr. Morris, who was obliged to return to Australia soon, wanted matters to progress as far as possible before he left the country.

The Stillford house was bought, and as Betty, being a minor, could not hold property, the deed was made out in Mr. Brewster's name, who held it in trust for her until she should come of age.

The house being bought, the next thing, of course, was the furniture.

"You 'll have to go to New York for it," said Mrs. Van Court. "There 's nothing worth buying in Greenborough."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed Mr. Dick, who was present at this conclave. "We 'll make a picnic to New York, and stay several days. I 'll go with you, and show you the sights. Hast been to New York, Popinjay?"

"No, sir," said Betty, shyly, for she always felt as if the young man was poking fun at her.

"Then I 'll take you. Grace, you may go too, if you 'll be good; and, Brewster, I suppose we 'll have to have you along; Mr. Morris, of course; Margaret, if she likes; and will you go, mother?"

Mrs. Van Court said she felt it her duty to go, as she would be needed to look after such a frivolous party; but Miss Margaret declined, saying she would stay at home and keep house.

So the trip was arranged, and they were to start the next day.

"And now run to bed, Betty," said Mrs. Van Court; "it is already past the hour."

During the fortnight Betty had spent with them, Mrs. Van Court had undertaken to instruct her in at least the rudiments of good manners and social customs, and the child's ready adaptability and quick wit enabled her to do credit to her teacher.

Instead of her slangy, saucy ways, Betty had acquired a polite demeanor which, being modeled very carefully after Mrs. Van Court's, was perhaps over-dignified. This majestic air, when combined with Betty's queer grammar and occasional lapses into Irish idioms, amused Mr. Richard Van Court extremely, and he liked

nothing better than to tease her until she lost her dignity and made sharp replies.

Then Mrs. Van Court would reprove them both, and send Richard away while she gave Betty a lesson in behavior. Her rules were very strict, too: Betty was not allowed at dinner when there were guests present, she was always sent to bed at eight o'clock, and in every way was treated as a well-brought-up little girl of fourteen ought to be.

She sometimes felt rebellious; but there were so many pleasures that they more than made up for the deprivations, and, too, Betty really wanted to learn the gentle and refined ways of those about her.

So, though she would have liked to stay up later, she said good night gracefully and went to her room.

There she found a good-sized box bearing the dressmaker's label, and she knew at once it was the traveling-suit she was to wear to New York, and which Miss Grace had feared might not arrive in time. Betty opened the box, and removing the tissue-paper, saw a skirt of bright red silk. She was delighted beyond measure, for the Van Court ladies rarely allowed her to have her dresses as bright as she liked. They preferred to wear neutral tints themselves, and tried to persuade Betty that pale or subdued tones were in every way preferable to the gorgeous colors in which her soul delighted.

So the red silk skirt was a surprise, and Betty tried it on at once. The hooks were on the wrong side of the belt. "But," thought Betty, "sure, that 's the new-fangled way. Every one of my frocks has some queer belongings to it."

The jacket was folded with the red silk inside; but she quickly whisked it out, turned the sleeves, and tried it on with a smile of real satisfaction.

"Miss Grace 'll say it does n't fit me," she thought, for the collar seemed a bit humpy. The jacket fastenings, which were pretty loops of black braid, were a little difficult to manage, being on the inside, but she finally conquered them. Then she took it off, and folded it neatly again in its box, and went to bed to dream of the wonderful New York trip.

Next morning Miss Grace popped her head in at Betty's door.

"Wake up," she said. "It 's a lovely day to start on our trip, and it is high time you were getting ready. Put on your new frock and hurry downstairs so that I may see if it is all right."

"Yes, Miss Grace, dear; I 'll be down in a jiffy!" And Betty hopped up and made her toilet, all the while wondering what New York would be like. She managed the red silk dress more easily this time, but still thought it queer why it felt so uncomfortable.

However, she knew Miss Grace would make it all right somehow, and she ran down to the breakfast-room, where the family was already assembled.

"Why, Betty," exclaimed Miss Margaret, "what have you done? You 'll spoil that dress!"

"Go upstairs at once," said Mrs. Van Court, sternly, "and put it on properly."

Betty looked so amazed at these speeches, and then cast such a questioning glance at Miss Grace, that that lady burst into laughter, and was unable to speak for a moment.

"Popinjay," said Mr. Dick, gravely, "I don't know much about millinery; but as you seem to know even less, I will inform you that you have put on your frock inside out."

"I 'm sure I have n't!" exclaimed Betty, indignantly. "Have I, Miss Grace?"

"You certainly have, Betty. That red silk is the lining. Your suit is of blue cloth trimmed with black braid."

Then Miss Grace took Betty's hand, and they went upstairs to right things.

Of course that explained the queer fastenings; but Betty was much disappointed to find herself wearing a dark blue dress instead of a bright red one, and in her secret heart she vowed to get a bright red dress as soon as she had an opportunity.

In great good humor the party began their journey to New York.

Mr. Morris acted the part of courier, and flew around in his spasmodic way, buying tickets, checking luggage, and making himself generally useful. He took Betty under his special protection, while Mr. Van Court looked



after his mother's comfort, and Mr. Brewster devoted himself to Miss Grace.

Betty was a little bewildered by all the noise and bustle, but enjoyed the trip thoroughly and was almost sorry when it was ended and the train rolled into the great train-shed in Jersey City.

Then they crossed the ferry, and Betty learned that the noise and confusion she had thought so great were as nothing to the clattering uproar of New York City.

They walked through a long covered bridge that spanned a street instead of a river, and then went down some steps into another street that appeared to be packed full of people.

Mr. Morris grasped Betty's arm firmly, and

together they plunged into the moving throng, and were almost carried along with it. "Bless my soul!" he said. "This won't do. This won't do. This is the day of the great parade, but I did n't suppose there 'd be such a crowd — such an immense crowd! I was aiming for the elevated road; but we can't do it, we can't do it. We must take cabs."

However, there were no cabs to be had, the surface cars were crowded to their utmost capacity, and the steps of the elevated stations were thronged with people unable to get up to the platforms. "Well, well!" said Mr. Morris, "I never saw such a crowd — never! I must consult with Brewster and Dick."

He turned back to seek them, and Betty turned too; but somehow the crowd surged between them, and the child was fairly swept off her feet and carried away, and when she touched the ground again Mr. Morris was nowhere to be seen. Betty was frightened, but she was not bewildered. She pushed along to a lamp-post near by, and clasped her arms tightly around it, thus anchoring herself as near as possible to the spot where Mr. Morris last saw her. She stood there until her arms were numb, hoping he would come; but he did not, and the crowd seemed to increase.

Then Betty set her wits to work. She knew she was lost in New York City, but she had perfect confidence that she would find her friends again in some way.

She had no money with her, as Mr. Morris had taken her purse in his pocket for safe-keeping. But she knew that while in New York they were to stay at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and though she had no idea where that was located, she felt sure that she could succeed in getting there, and that was her best chance of being found.

She glanced at the people who stood nearest her, and decided upon a newsboy as the most promising aid.

"Say, young fellow, how do you get to the Fifth Av'noo Hotel?" she said, unconsciously lapsing into Lame Jack's vernacular in consideration of the type she was addressing.

Now, a New York newsboy is not easily surprised, but to hear such a well-dressed little girl using his own lingo was rather startling.

But, though totally unaware of it, Betty had assumed something of Mrs. Van Court's aristocratic pose and expression, and observing this, the boy refrained from chaffing.

"Take the Sixt' Av'noo L up to Twenty-third Street, an' then walk acrost," he said briefly; and Betty made up her mind she would do it.

"Where do you take the Sixt' Av'noo L?" she further demanded.

"Right up there," said the boy, grinning, as he pointed to the stairs, not ten feet away, but so packed with people that it seemed vain to attempt to reach them.

But just then the music of a brass band was heard, and a company of soldiers came marching along.

As if by magic the policemen cleared the stairs, and the captain of the company started up, leading his men.

Like a flash Betty darted to the captain's side.

"Oh, please, sir, can't I go up with you?" she asked. "I 'm lost, and I must find my people."

"Can you be a soldier?" said the kind old captain, looking at her quizzically.

"I can keep step an' obey orders, sir," said she, quickly, "if that 's what it means."

"That 's all there is to it," said the captain, laughing; "walk by me."

And marching at the captain's side to the music of the band, Betty mounted the stairs and walked along the platform.

The train which was waiting seemed well filled already, but the company managed to get on somehow.

Unheeding the closed gates, they jumped over them and on to the platforms. Betty suddenly felt herself lifted into the air and swung over a gate, and the next moment the train had started, and she discovered she was on the front platform of the front car, with the captain and seven other soldiers.

The men were as deferential as if she had been the daughter of the regiment, and the ride uptown was exciting and splendid. She told her story, and the captain ordered a detachment of his troops to escort her from the station at Twenty-third Street to her hotel.

After learning at the office that none of the Greenborough party had arrived, the soldiers took Betty to the parlor.

Here she dismissed them politely, saying she was not afraid to stay alone, and she was sure her friends would soon arrive.

So with grave and respectful salutes the guard departed, and Betty sat contentedly on a huge red velvet sofa and waited.

## Chapter VIII.

### Days in New York.

After Betty had waited about an hour her expectations were realized.

Mrs. Van Court and her daughter and son appeared in the doorway and said respectively:

"Betty! how *did* you get here?"

"My dear child, are you really safe?"

"I told 'em you 'd land on your feet somehow, Popinjay!"

Explanations followed, and Betty told about her ride uptown with the soldiers; and then Richard Van Court went to telephone to Mr. Morris and Mr. Brewster, who were still downtown searching for the lost child.

"Betty," said Mr. Dick, when he returned, "you 're a 'man-of-infinite-resource-and-sagacity.' But what would you have done if you had n't met your military friends?"

"I don't know, sir, but I think I would have made my way up here somehow, for I knew it was the only chance of gettin' myself found."

"You showed good common sense," said Miss Grace; "and now let us go to our rooms and rest a little before dinner."

To Betty's great satisfaction, she was allowed to go down to dinner. Mrs. Van Court disapproved of it, and said it would be much better for her to have supper in her room, and go at once to bed, that she might be refreshed for the excitements of the next day. But Miss Grace saw the child's disappointed face, and begged that she might be permitted to dine with the rest and then go to bed directly after. So Mrs. Van Court consented, and told Betty she might wear her blue silk dress.

This dress was Betty's pride and delight. It was of blue China silk, just the color of her eyes, and had a yoke and sleeves of white embroidered muslin. Black silk stockings and slippers with shining buckles completed the costume, and Miss Grace tied a blue ribbon through the dark hair that clustered in ringlets all over the little Irish head.

"There," she said; "you look very nice, Betty, and if you behave as well as you look, no one will have any good reason to complain of you to-night. Now run to mama's room and ask her if she 's ready."

As Betty walked along the softly carpeted hall, she felt that in all her "pretendings" she had never imagined such good times as she was having now, and the thought that they were only a prelude to the best time of all, when she should have her own home, brought a radiant smile to her face.

So it was a very pretty little picture that greeted Mrs. Van Court's eyes as she opened the door to Betty's tap.

"Why, my child, how sweet you look!" said the lady, kissing her kindly.

And Betty replied seriously: "I do, ma'am; Miss Grace said so. But I 'm afraid, ma'am, I won't have my manners right, an' I 'll do little credit to your teachin'."

"Well, don't bother about it," said Mrs. Van Court, laughing. "Just do the best you can, and don't talk much when we 're in the public halls or parlors."

The party had a small dining-room to themselves; and though the formalities of a table were entirely new to the little Irish girl, yet her common sense and quick power of observation enabled her soon to master them.

"Now," said Mr. Morris, after they were seated at the table, "we must lay our plans. Yes, we must arrange for the campaign. What shall we do to-morrow?"

"Let us be systematic," said Mrs. Van Court. "Let us make lists of the furniture we have to buy, and attend to the various rooms on different days."

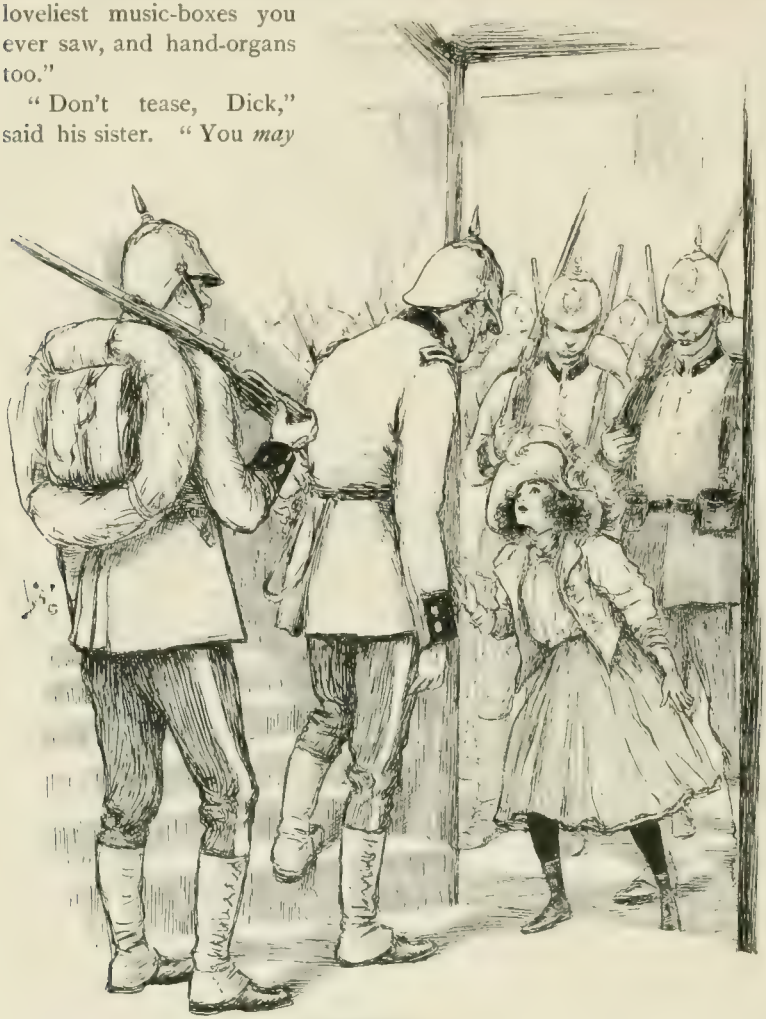
"And," said Miss Grace, "we ought not to march this whole crowd around together all the time. I propose that one or two of us accompany Betty each day, and so divide the responsibility."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Brewster.

"Capital!" cried Richard. "I 'll go with

you, Popinjay, to get the things for your music-room. I know a place where they have the loveliest music-boxes you ever saw, and hand-organs too."

"Don't tease, Dick," said his sister. "You *may* look after the musical instruments, for you know all about such things. *I* will help you, Betty, to furnish the parlors and halls and that lovely little landing on the stairs."



"'CAN'T I GO UP WITH YOU?' BETTY ASKED. 'I'M LOST, AND I MUST FIND MY PEOPLE.'"

"I want Mrs. Van Court to pick out the furniture for my own room," said Betty; "for she knows what's best for a little girl like me to have."

Mrs. Van Court smiled at her, and said she would be glad to select the furniture for all the sleeping-rooms in Betty's new house.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Morris. "What's left for me to do? Am I to be out of this thing — out of it entirely? No! I will provide for your dining-room and kitchen. Ah, yes; I will be of use there! Now, wait a minute. I have a house of my own, and I understand culinary mysteries that would floor these foolish young men — utterly floor them. With Mrs. Van Court's assistance, I will fit up your kitchen to a state of perfection, a state of perfection, my dear."

"I will select your library," said Mr. Brewster. "A library you must have — not a very large one at first, but one that shall be a foundation for the future."

So the plans were laid; and next morning all were filled with an eager interest to put them at once into execution.

Mrs. Van Court, Mr. Morris, and Betty started on their expedition as early as possible, saying they would be gone all day, and making an appointment to meet the others at dinner and report progress.

And such a day as it was! Betty began to think she had stepped into a fairy story, and pinched herself once in a while to make sure she was awake.

Every purchase was made subject to her authority; but this soon came to be merely nominal, for her kind friends had such superior knowledge and judgment that she was only too glad to agree with their decisions.

As Mr. Morris had said, he and Mrs. Van

Court knew how to furnish a kitchen, and they bought a complete outfit of cooking-utensils and kitchen furniture in a very short space of time. A few patent labor-saving contrivances were purchased, but only those that the sagacious buyers had tested and found useful.

The dining-room furniture came next. As the house had a sideboard, they bought a dining-table and chairs, a pretty glass-cupboard, and a small side-table.

"Shall you sit at the head of your own table, Betty?" inquired Mrs. Van Court.

"No, ma'am; I think my gran'mother will sit there, an' I 'd like an arm-chair for her, an' also a high chair for the baby."

These were added to the order; and then they selected dishes and glassware and table-linen and silver. It was a difficult matter to know just what style of furnishing to adopt for such unusual domestic arrangements; but Mrs. Van Court decided on a general line that should be in keeping with the house, and with the state of Betty's finances, without being in any way extravagant.

The sleeping-rooms came next. In deference to Betty's wish, Mrs. Van Court selected all the furniture for Betty's own room. A brass bedstead was chosen; then a dear little dressing-table with a wide, low mirror; for this Mrs. Van Court found a dainty white cover, and then proceeded to buy a bewildering array of trays, brushes, combs, and toilet appliances of all kinds. Of some of these Betty knew neither the names nor the uses.

Then she chose a wide, soft couch upholstered in blue, and a dozen jolly big pillows to throw on it, a dear little rocking-chair, a lovely work-table of inlaid wood, and another table to hold a pretty shaded lamp. The carpet was blue and white, and the window-curtains were of dainty, ruffled white muslin.

Although the library was yet to be furnished, Mrs. Van Court said that a small writing-desk and a rack for favorite books were always pleasant to have in one's own room, and these were added.

There were other little things needed, but they decided to leave those for the present and look at furniture for the other rooms. So a room for the prospective grandmother was furnished next, and the tastes of an imaginary old lady were carefully consulted.

"But she won't be so *very* old," said Betty. "I want her so that she can take care of me in some ways, and in some ways I can take care of her."

So the old lady was imagined several years younger than before, and her comfort was arranged for accordingly.

Then the baby sister's nursery was furnished, Betty informing them that the sister would be about two years old when first introduced.

It was great fun buying a crib, a chiffonnier, a tiny bath-tub, and all the paraphernalia of a baby's toilet. Toys were suggested, but they were left to be bought some other day, for Lame Jack's room must be attended to.

Betty had n't asked him yet to live in her home, but she felt no fear of a refusal, and furnished his room in a way which she knew would appeal to his tastes.

By this time it was growing late, and they returned to the hotel feeling that the first day's shopping had been a success.

It was a merry party at dinner that night, for each had something to tell of the day's experience, and there was much laughter and fun.

"Popinjay," said Mr. Richard, "I think I will take you shopping to-morrow, and see if we can't do as well as the committee who went to-day. We 'll buy music-boxes of all kinds, and then if there 's any time left we 'll go sight-seeing."

"Yes, sir," said Betty, her eyes shining with delight; for Mr. Dick was very kind to her, and having grown used to his teasing, she did n't mind it so much as at first.

"All aboard, Popinjay," said the young man, soon after breakfast the next morning. "Get on your smartest hat and come along with me. We 'll join the hilarious populace in search of pleasure and profit."

Betty ran to get ready, and soon appeared again, smiling and happy, though a little shy.

"It 's good of you, sir, to take so much trouble for the likes of me," she said gratefully, as they started off.

"Now, Betty," said Mr. Richard, seriously, "I will give you a bit of sound advice which your other legal and spiritual advisers seem to

have omitted. 'The likes of me' is an expression you must not use. In the first place, it is too Irish for an Americanized little girl; and secondly, the spirit of it is wrong. In this country we are all free and equal — that is, we are said to be, but in reality education and money often give their possessors a certain superiority over their less fortunate fellow-men. I don't say this is right, but I say it is true. Now, you have money, and soon, I hope, you will have a good education. The rest of your claim to respect lies entirely within yourself. If you are worthy of attention and consideration, you will get them, and if not, you won't. There 's the whole case in a nutshell; and if you remember it, it will do you more good than a year of preaching. Now, as I have told you before, little girl, I am your friend; consequently it is a pleasure to me to aid you in any way I can; and so, Jocoseria, put away that troubled look and smile again, and we 'll go and hunt that festive quadruped, the piano."

Betty felt grateful to Mr. Dick for his kind and straightforward talk, and resolved to remember and profit by it.

She smiled brightly, and said:

"Is it a wild beast, sir?"

"So some folks would say; but we will track him to his lair and make him roar for us. Then, when we find one that growls in just the right tones, we 'll buy him."

They went to piano warerooms, and Mr. Dick, who was a musician, played on a great many pianos, while Betty sat and listened with intense delight.

"Are you so fond of music, child?" asked Mr. Dick, noticing her absorbed expression.

"Oh, yes, sir; I could listen to it forever. Can you sing, too?"

"Indeed I can — I sing like a bird. But not here, not here, my child. I will wait until your music-room is in running order. Now, let us look for a banjo."

Betty could scarcely keep her feet still when Mr. Van Court played snatches of rollicking dance-music on banjos or mandolins. Then, being a versatile musician, he took up a violin, and drew from it wailing strains that made Betty's face grow solemn, and as the last note died away she caught her breath with almost a sob.

"Come, come, chick, this won't do," said Mr. Dick, gaily; "you promised to smile, you know. We will not buy this whole category of stringed things; we 'll take a violin and a banjo, and as it will be some time before you can learn to get the right noises out of them, I think we 'll invest in that fraudulent imitation, a music-box."

"Is n't it right to have a music-box?"

"Oh, yes; it 's just the thing for chickabiddies like you, and it will amuse the baby, too. By the way, Popinjay, when are you going to buy the infant orphan?"

"I don't know, sir, but I do want her most awfully. I think it would be the makin' of my home to have a cunning little baby sister to play with and to take care of."

"But have you realized the care and responsibility she will be to you? She won't stay an infant, you know; she 'll grow up; and you 'll have her to feed and clothe and educate, all her youth."

"Yes, sir; but I 've money enough for all, an' she 'll be part of my home, an' — an' I 'll love her so!"

"All right, Popinjay; have your sister," said Mr. Dick, laughing. "And now let 's get ahead of Grace and find an æolian harp for your staircase window."

This instrument was not so easy to find, but Mr. Van Court finally succeeded in getting some materials, and full instructions for using them, and he decided he could construct the harp himself.

The next day Miss Grace claimed Betty, and Mr. Brewster said he would go with them, and then they could buy the library furniture, which was his especial province, at the same time.

So they bought lovely tables and chairs for the parlors, and pretty little taborets and cabinets; and they bought a desk for the library, and leather-covered chairs, and a revolving bookcase — only one, for there were other bookcases already in the room. The books, Mr. Brewster said, he would order later, as his lists were not yet completed. And then, having a little time yet on their hands, he proposed that they visit an orphan asylum.

They soon found one, and were cordially received by the matron, who was pleased when

she learned their errand, and took them at once to the nursery.

There were so many babies to choose from that Betty gave up in despair, and began to play with them all. But after a talk with the matron, Miss Grace decided upon a chubby, brown-eyed midget named Polly. Her past history, though short, seemed satisfactory, and the baby herself was so merry and healthy that she seemed the best selection.

"We may as well decide now as any time," said Mr. Brewster, and so they told the matron they would probably take the child away in the course of a few weeks.

Polly dimpled and smiled, and seemed quite to understand that she was the gem of the collection, and with a parting kiss Betty reluctantly left her.

That night at dinner Mrs. Van Court had a little story to tell: "I called on Mrs. Rogers this afternoon, and in the course of conversation she told me of a sad case that has recently come under her notice. A friend of hers who had been living in affluence became very much reduced in fortune — in fact, her husband lost all his money; and soon after he died, leaving his wife penniless, with an infant daughter to support. Being a delicate, fragile creature, the mother became ill and died, leaving the baby without a home. I believe there are no relatives, or, if there are, they won't take the child, and it is about to be sent to an institution.

"I told her about you, Betty, and feeling sure you would like the sweet little one, I told Mrs. Rogers you would take her. She is delighted, of course, and will keep the baby herself until you are settled and ready for it."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, "what have I done? Oh, madam, what have I done?"

He alternately wrung his hands and drummed on the table; then he pounded his fists together, and indeed seemed unable to find any gesture vigorous enough to express his consternation.

"Why, I too have engaged a baby sister for Miss McGuire! Now, wait a minute. I have n't signed any papers, you know, not signed any papers; but I gave my word, yes, I certainly gave my word. I said I knew of a good home for the child, and in every way it was such a satisfactory infant that I thought there was no doubt, no doubt at all of the acceptability. Bless my soul! what shall we do? She can't adopt two children. Now, wait a minute —"

"Wait a minute yourself," broke in Mr. Brewster. "Miss Grace and I went to an orphan asylum with Betty this afternoon, and *we* engaged the baby sister. She is a dear little child named Polly, and —"

"Bless my soul!" began Mr. Morris, again. "You engaged a child, too? Three infants! Why, what shall we do? This is awful — truly awful."

He sat back in his chair, appalled at the awfulness of it. Mrs. Van Court looked worried; Miss Grace laughed, so of course Mr. Brewster did too; and Betty sat wondering what would be expected of her, when Richard Van Court said in an apologetic tone:

"I don't know what you 'll all say to me; but I ran across Barker this afternoon, and he told me of a perfect gem of a baby waiting to be adopted, and — I did n't know this wholesale purchase was going on, so — I, too, thought I 'd help along Betty's affairs — and — how many does this make?"

"Four!" exclaimed Mr. Morris. "Four! Bless my soul, what *can* we do? This is a serious matter — a very serious matter. But I think, I really think it would be best to keep the one I chose, and make arrangements to countermand the others."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Van Court; "let us keep the one that Mrs. Rogers recommended, as that is a really superior child. I have seen it and —"

"We 've seen Polly, too," said Miss Grace, "and she is a little darling; and besides, she is Betty's choice."

And then Mr. Dick spoke, with an air of settling the question, and said that after his agreement with Barker he thought it was really obligatory upon them to back him up.

(To be continued.)

# THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

By George A. Henty.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

## Chapter X.

"Thank Heaven," Guy said earnestly, as they stepped ashore on the sand-dunes, "we have now come safely through three of the dangers we had to face. First there was the escape from the plantation and the journeys on the rivers; then there was the passage through the Indian country down to the foot of the falls; and third we have got through the dangers of the swamp. Now we are free from all fear of the Indians, with a good store of provisions, water enough to last us for some time, and means of living here as long as we choose; for the channel we see running north between the sand-hills and the land is not more than two or three miles wide, and it seems to me that there are some islands in it farther up. We ought to be able to spear fish enough to keep us alive, though of course there cannot be as many here as there were in that pool in the swamp. As for water, we passed, on our way down, the mouths of at least half a dozen rivers, and we may expect to find some streams running into this channel; and, at the worst, it would not be more than a couple of hours' row from here to the last we passed. I can see there are numbers of birds flying about, and we may find eggs. Altogether, we are a thousand times better off than shipwrecked mariners would be if cast upon a shore like this."

"Shall we take things out of the canoe, Massa Guy? Him too heavy to drag up now."

"No; you can just pull the bow up on to the sand, stick one of the spears in a few feet higher, and tie the head-rope to it so as to prevent any possibility of its drifting away, and then we will explore."

They mounted the sand-hills, and on getting to the top stood looking with delight at the waves breaking in long lines of foam at their feet. Guy had never seen the sea before, or at least not to his knowledge, as he was but a year old when he had been brought out; and the sight of the great expanse of water, with the heaving waves and breaking surf, filled him with pleasure. It was not new to the negro, but he, too, felt gladness at the sight. It recalled to him the days when he, with his boy companions, had swum out on pieces of wood through the far heavier surf that beat on his native coast. He said as much to Guy.

"I can quite understand your feelings, Shanti, and doubtless you would like to be there again."

The negro shook his head. "No, sah; no. Always wars dar; kill people and make slabes of dem. Me no want to go back. Mos' of my people killed. Me bery happy here. Had two year bery good time at plantation. Massa bery good to me. Me want nothing better, stay always with Massa Guy. Help him kill de bad red men who burnt down house and kill ebery one but Massa Guy and Shanti."

"I shall be glad to take a share in punishing them when the time comes, as I have no doubt it will, Shanti. I hope, after that there will be no more trouble with the Indians. And you may be sure that as long as I live you will be my friend and companion. You know that you are already free, and though you call me 'Massa,' we have been, ever since you saved my life, real friends, and shall be closer still, now we have gone through all these dangers together. Of course I don't know what I shall do yet. When we have punished the Indians it will be difficult to get hands to till the plantation, unless by some good fortune Jamestown has escaped destruction. My father had moneys placed with Master Hopwood, the chief merchant there, who was the agent that sent his tobacco home for sale, and bought such goods

for him as he required. He is an honorable man, and will, I am sure, account to me for the moneys he has in his hands, if he escaped from the massacre. No doubt the company will none of the newcomers will be able to do so. I may be able to obtain a post with some trader and do well in that way. At any rate, whatever I may do in the future, Shanti, you may



send out many more colonists, and I shall be able to hire men for our work; but if, as I fear, all the whites have been killed, I have no idea what we shall do, and maybe we shall have to begin afresh on some small grant of land near the town, where we shall be safer from troubles than when so far off as we were before. Or perhaps, as I speak the Indian language, and rely upon my promise that you and I will always be together."

Wandering along the sand-hills, they found that clumps of bushes grew in the sheltered hollows, and that on the western side of the spit there were many logs and branches that had been brought down by the rivers into the sound and had been driven on to the sands by

winds from the hills, or had been left there in times of flood.

"We shall have no difficulty as to fires," Guy said, "and if we have to stay here through the rainy season I should think that we might manage to erect a hut. Many of these logs still have their bark on, and we could roof it with that; and even if the rain came through, we might get the canoe inside, turn it over, and sleep dry under it. However, in the first place we must go up as far as this channel behind the islands extends. I believe that it runs up almost as far as Cape Henry, the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. I know, because my father said that even the best navigators could not reckon upon striking the mouth of the bay, and that they generally preferred making the land to the south, rather than to the north, because the sand-hills ran in a straight line, and there were no dangers beyond them, whereas beyond Cape Charles, on the north side of the entrance, there were many islands upon which they might be cast; and he said that the sand-hills with their inner water extended to within some fifteen or twenty miles of Cape Henry. Therefore, from that spot we might well make out any ship arriving from England."

Having no occasion for haste, they took matters quietly. As the canoe might have been made out from the opposite shore if they rowed along by daylight, they always laid her up during that time, moving only at night. They paddled for two or three miles, spending the day in exploring the shore from their last halting-place, encamping always in hollows where the light of a fire would not be visible from the mainland. They varied their diet of dried fowl and fish by shooting or knocking down the birds that abounded in great numbers on the sand-hills. These creatures were so unaccustomed to the sight of man that they would allow the boys to approach so close that they could almost touch them with their hands.

Occasionally a nest of eggs was found, but the enormous number of broken shells which lay in every depression showed that the breeding season was over, and the eggs they found were doubtless a second lay. The flesh of the wild geese and ducks was very palatable, but that of most of the sea-fowl they found so rank as to be uneatable.

At the end of a week, making out an opening in the mainland opposite, they rowed across at night, and found, as they expected, a small stream, and from it refilled their gourds. They came upon two or three huts among the sand-hills. These had evidently been erected by fishermen, and showed signs of having been deserted in some haste, as in one they found some lines and hooks, and in another two iron pots and a coil of rope. The find of the lines was very valuable to them. They were afraid to fish by torchlight, lest the Indians, making out the light from the mainland, might come across to see who were there; but with lines they would be able to fish at night without fear of discovery, and thus obtain an ample supply for their sustenance.

They were glad to be able to keep their store of smoked food for an emergency, for the flavor of tar, not unpleasant at first, palled upon them, although they were able to minimize it to some extent by soaking the fish and birds in water for some hours before cooking them. The pots also came in useful, as they enabled them to vary their diet by boiling instead of having always to grill their food.

"I would not have believed, if I had not tried it," Guy said, one day, "that one could have done without bread; and yet, we keep in very good health, and certainly have not lost strength. However, I would give a good deal, if I had it to give, for enough bread for one day's eating, without touching fish or fowl. I know that the redskins, when hunting, live entirely upon meat; but I would not have believed that I could go two months without bread or meal of some sort."

It was three weeks after their landing on the sand-hills before they reached the northern extremity of the sound. After ascertaining that a small stream ran into it here, they went back some three miles, and established themselves in a deserted hut on the seaward face of the sand-hills. Three skeletons lay outside, and showed that the fishermen here had been taken by surprise and killed on the night of the massacre. The hut had been completely stripped of every movable.

"The Indians are hardly likely to come back again," Guy said. "They cannot dream that there are any white men here. We must be careful never to light a fire during the day, for none of this wood is dry enough to burn without smoke. We will bring the canoe across and hide it in that clump of bushes a hundred yards away. We will take out most of the food that remains, leaving always three or four gourds of water and enough dried fowl for three or four days, so that we can lift the canoe and run it down at once in case of alarm. During the day we will never cross the line of sand-hills; for the channel is but a mile wide, and they could see us easily from the other side. One of us will always keep watch night and day, and we will walk about as little as possible, so as to avoid leaving footprints."

A month passed; and then, soon after daybreak, one morning, Shanti, who had been on guard, ran into the hut.

"A ship, Massa Guy! A ship is coming along!"

Guy leaped up, and saw to the south a ship making its way up, about a mile from the shore. Seizing their arms, which were their only possessions, they ran to the canoe, launched it, and rowed out and met the vessel as she came nearly opposite to the hut. Deeply tanned with the sun as he was, and dressed in buckskin, Guy was at first taken to be a redskin, and, to his surprise, a harquebus was fired when he was a hundred yards from the ship, and the ball struck the water close alongside. He stood up in the canoe.

"What are you doing?" he shouted. "I am an Englishman."

Then he sat down again, and they paddled to the ship's side. It was crowded with men, and a babel of questions rose as he stepped on to the deck:

"What is your news?" "Have the Indians attacked again?" "Is all well?"

"I can tell you nothing," he said, when he at last obtained a hearing. "I escaped three months ago from my father's plantation, which was attacked by the Indians. After many dangers we arrived here, and have been hiding, hoping that some ship would come along. I know nothing of what has happened in the colony. I know that the Indians intended to massacre all the whites that night, but whether they succeeded I know not."

"We have heard of that bad business," a man who was evidently the captain of the ship said. "The news came that all the outlying settlements had been destroyed and the people murdered — four or five hundred of them; but the governor got news a few hours before, and at Jamestown, and other places where they had time to receive warning, the Indians were beaten off. A vessel sailed the next day for England with the news, and the company at once prepared to send a strong force over to the assistance of the colonists. We are the first ship that sailed, but three or four others are to follow us."

"That is joyful news, indeed!" Guy exclaimed. "I feared that their treachery had everywhere been successful, and that I and this faithful companion alone had escaped with our lives. My name is Neville; my father and all the others with him perished after a desperate defense of his house."

"I have heard of Master Neville," the captain said, "having taken over many bales of tobacco raised by him. I have been trading across the seas for the last ten years. I heard of him as a most honorable gentleman, and as one who lived on excellent terms with the natives."

"It was so," Guy replied; "and little did we think that those who had always been so well treated by him would so treacherously fall upon us!"

Guy found that there were upward of a hundred and fifty men, all well armed, on board the ship. He was hospitably entertained in the cabin allotted to those of good position, and presently gave them a sketch of his adventures, and of the defense of their house.

"It was," he said, "the largest plantation in the colony, for there were nigh sixty souls living there, the wives and children of the fifteen men who came out with my father when the colony was first established. He had selected the land as being the most fertile that he could find, and as it was on a river, the expense of carriage was but small, and the natives all appeared so friendly that he did not consider

that there was any danger to be feared from them, though he took the precaution of building a house that could, he thought, resist any attack that might be made upon it."

Four hours later the ship rounded Cape Henry, and the next day dropped anchor off Jamestown. The reinforcement was most joyfully received, although all fear of attack by the Indians had subsided. Several expeditions had been sent against them, every man in the colony being for the time converted into a soldier. Several battles had taken place, in which the Indians had been signally defeated, being unable to stand against the firearms of the whites. Their principal villages had been burned, and great numbers of the redskins killed.

On landing, Guy went at once to the house of Master Hopwood, who received him as one from the dead.

"I have been troubling greatly," he said, "as to what to do with the moneys in my hands, and resolved that I would write home, asking if any relations of Master Neville could be found. I knew that he came from Cumberland, and thought it likely that some of his kin might still be living there. I have six hundred pounds of his money in my hands."

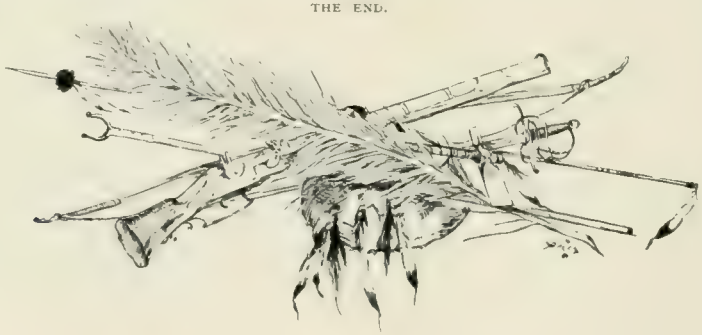
Six hundred pounds in those days was a large sum, and Guy felt that he should be able with it to work the plantation as before, as soon as hands could be obtained. He at once enrolled himself and Shanti among the list of those capable of bearing arms, and, from his knowledge of the Indian language and Indian mode of warfare, was at once appointed an officer in one of the companies. In three weeks the other ships arrived, and having now a force sufficient to cope with any number of redskins, the war began in earnest, and in six months the Indians in Virginia were either exterminated or forced to leave the colony and take refuge among other tribes.

Emigrants poured in apace, and when hostilities were concluded Guy was able to hire fifteen men to work on the plantation. A new house was built, a quarter of a mile from the ruins of the old one. No remains of any of the defenders were found; for the logs of which the house was composed had burned for days, forming a funeral pyre for their brave defenders. The skeletons of those who had fallen in the village were carefully collected and buried. Soon after he had established himself, a message arrived from his friend Ponta, saying that he had not taken part in the massacre, being, indeed, held prisoner until the rest of the Indians had set out, and that he had since then been living among the Tuscaroras, where he now was.

Guy had already related to the governor how he had been warned by the young chief, and that it was his message that had been sent by his father a week before the massacre. He had, therefore, no difficulty in obtaining from him a paper testifying that the young chief had throughout been a friend of the whites, and was to be allowed to return and dwell in the colony in peace. Of this, however, Ponta did not avail himself, being adopted into the Tuscarora tribe; but he paid occasional visits to the plantation, being always warmly welcomed.

Six years later Guy married the daughter of one of the chief officers in the colony. The plantation flourished. Many ships had arrived with negroes, and some fifty of these were from time to time purchased by Guy, and they had reason to congratulate themselves on having fallen into the hands of the kindest and best master in the colony.

THE END.



# BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY.

By E. H. House.

## Chapter XI.

### APPETITES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Fearing that some of his young visitors would climb too rashly if allowed to follow their own adventurous course, Uncle Claxton ordered that the operations of the entire party be confined to a single tree, in order that he might keep a careful watch upon their movements. The tree selected was large enough to accommodate three times their number, and was plentifully laden with the finest fruit; and for many minutes the children devoted themselves to stripping the stems in comparative silence, their voices being heard only now and then in exclamations of merriment and high delight.

"Uncle Claxton," cried Harry from a lofty bough, after his eagerness had somewhat abated, "I can't deny that those old Romans and Greeks had more ways of amusing themselves than I used to suppose; but I would n't give up such fun as this for any of their old sports — leaving out the fishing-parties, of course; I admit that they were good enough picnics for anybody."

"Indeed, Master Harry," his uncle answered, "then you think that in ancient times they had no idea of what pleasure is to be found in ransacking cherry-trees?"

"Why, did they, uncle? I never heard of it," Harry said, in some surprise.

"Oh, my boy, if all the things you never heard of were to be put aside as not having existed, the world would have been a pretty dull place up to this time! But so far as cherries are concerned, I admit that the Romans knew very little about them until they were taught by one of their great men who had a particular taste for luxurious dainties."

"Who was that, uncle?" "How did he teach them?" "And when did it happen?" "Please tell us," the children clamored from their various branches.

"Come, I think you ought to guess," replied Uncle Claxton. "Can't you recall any great man who was fond of nice things to eat, and whose position enabled him to direct the taste of the Romans in such matters?"

After a short pause, a timid voice was heard saying, "Perhaps it was Lucullus, uncle."

"Right you are, Louise," exclaimed her uncle, cordially. "This is the first time we have heard from you, and you hit the mark at once. Lucullus it was, and nobody else."

"It might have been so many," said Percy, rather discontentedly. "I thought of several in that line."

"But there was only one who did it," rejoined Uncle Claxton, "and Louise has given us his name. Good for Louise!"

Sister Louise was a little girl of ten years, always gentle and shy, and accustomed to take a very humble view of her own merits. It confused her to find herself unexpectedly prominent, and she looked as if she wished she had not spoken; but Uncle Claxton would not allow her to shrink back into retirement.

"I am very glad, my dear," he said, "that you kept in mind what I told you about Lucullus, and I hope you will never hesitate to answer any question I may ask, if you are able. Now you shall hear how our distinguished friend made his countrymen acquainted with cherries. The others may listen if they like, but the story is for you, Louise, this time."

The business of the afternoon was suspended by general consent, and the young people scrambled to new positions, from which they could be sure of catching every word.

"You know already," Uncle Claxton began, "that Lucullus was a great general at one

period, and that he led his armies victoriously through many parts of Asia Minor. The kingdom of Pontus was completely subjugated by him; and the spoils collected from its principal cities formed the basis of the enormous fortune with which he afterward enjoyed himself and entertained his companions in Rome. But gold and jewels were not the only things that attracted the attention of this man of varied tastes. The city of Cerasus,* on the shore of the Euxine Sea, was celebrated for its cherries, specimens of which were offered to him as the choicest delicacies of the region. He was so delighted with them that he ordered the fruit to be cultivated on his estates at home, and from that time cherries began to be known in Italy. I dare say that in later years the young guests of Lucullus at his Campanian and Tusculan villas had many a climb in the trees, and enjoyed themselves quite as heartily as Boston boys and girls of the nineteenth century do when they come to Dorchester."

"Well, uncle," remarked Harry, in a tone of resignation, "after this I am not going to be surprised, whatever you tell us. All the things we think so much of seem to have been perfectly well known two thousand years ago."



A COMIC MASK.

"Of course Lucullus could n't help liking cherries," said Amy; "but it is strange that such a man could take pleasure in hunting about for things that tasted good. Have there been many of that kind, uncle — many who were really great, and who nevertheless thought so much about what they ate and drank?"

"I suppose, my dear, you mean men who did really great things. No one, I should say, could long indulge his appetite immoderately and still be capable of high achievements. Gross excesses would impair the strongest intellect, and if the brains were sacrificed to the stomach there would soon be an end to mental



AN ACTOR OF ANCIENT TIMES, WEARING THE TRAGIC MASK, AND THE THICK SANDALS TO GIVE HEIGHT TO THE FIGURE

energy and activity. More than one of the great men of ancient times have proved how quickly luxury in eating and drinking may lead to a degeneration in character and achievement, as, indeed, we might expect to be the case. You may be sure that Lucullus the soldier was a different being from Lucullus the Sybarite. It needs a clear head to win battles and govern kingdoms, and while he was busy with those pursuits he could not have wasted many hours in revelry. He had

* Pronounced Kerasus.

before him as a warning the fate of Alexander, who threw away his life in follies while he was yet young, in almost exactly the same part of the world. It is true that the ancient writers mention a very few potentates who divided their time between glory and gluttony, and who feasted as recklessly as they fought, — such as Amasis of Egypt, commemorated by Herodotus, and the Grecian warriors Alcibiades and Demetrius, — but these were always spoken of as prodigies and rare exceptions to the common rule of mankind. Their names, too, would have been better worth preserving if they had cultivated only what was honorable and decent in their nature."

"You were telling us, the other day," said Percy, "that Napoleon Bonaparte had no time to think about what he ate."

"That was often the case," Uncle Claxton replied, "when he was out campaigning. He had very little time, and not much inclination. Even in the peaceful intervals of his reign he was extremely abstemious. But he had his fancies in the way of food, and it has been said that he was punished terribly for indulging one of these at the wrong time. Boiled mutton with onion sauce was a dish of which he was often tempted to eat too much, and on the day of the battle of Leipsic, when he should have been especially careful of his diet, he chose it for his principal meal, and dined so heavily that within a few hours a violent colic seized him, and he was compelled to leave the field at a moment when all his skill was needed to avert disaster. Other causes have been assigned for his defeat, but the story which I give you was believed at the time, and I do not know that it ever has been proved false."

"It was an accident, after all," said Amy, "and not a case of real greediness."

"No doubt; and the harm may have come from his habit of eating too fast, for which Napoleon was notorious. He did not ordinarily allow himself leisure enough to enjoy the few dishes he liked best. His famous rival, Wellington, was just as careless, and even more indifferent. When the duke took up his residence in London, after his wars were over, he thought it necessary to pay society the compliment of employing the finest cooks of Europe. But the most renowned of these heroes of the kitchen would not remain in his service. They did all they could to educate his taste, but his views of cookery were fatally defective, and they resigned one after another, in despair."

"So Napoleon and Wellington were alike in one thing," said Percy.

"In that particular and in one other: neither of them could bear to smoke tobacco. Both tried it once in their lives, and that was more than enough. Wellington's experiment was at a hotel in Portsmouth, just after his return from the Spanish campaign. He was induced by a party of hardened smokers to try a pipe, but it gave him a horrible sickness before the first bowl was finished, and he never made a second attempt. Napoleon's ordeal was still more quickly over. His curiosity was excited by a superb Asiatic pipe which an ambassador from Persia had brought him, and with the blind confidence of ignorance he announced his determination to test its quality. Having been sufficiently instructed, as he thought, he set himself bravely at work. One puff settled the business. He drew the smoke into his mouth, but did not know how to let it out again; and a part went down his throat, while the rest escaped through his nose. As soon as he could stop coughing he began to scold furiously, and ordered the servant to carry the 'abomination' out of his sight. This was his only experience with tobacco in that form, though he took snuff profusely in his later years."

"I can't help thinking it strange," said Percy, again, "that the emperor of a country which leads all others in cookery should take so common a dish as boiled mutton for his favorite, when he had his choice of the best fare in the world."

"No accounting for tastes, Percy. It is odd, though, that the sovereigns of the two countries most hostile to each other at that time should be of the same mind with regard to their food. George III. would have been delighted to eat boiled mutton every day in the year. Nothing else satisfied his appetite so well. But for vegetables he preferred turnips to onions."

"Boiled mutton seems more natural for a



THE CONQUEROR OF EUROPE CONQUERED BY TOBACCO SMOKE.

King of England," Percy replied, "because mutton is particularly an English dish, and solid joints are served there oftener than in France. Is n't it so, uncle?"

"Quite right; but you will hardly find that kings are governed in their tastes by what their countries most abundantly produce. Some English monarchs have been as coarse as plowboys in their appetites, others as refined as the most fastidious Frenchmen. Queen Elizabeth made her regular breakfasts and suppers of salt beef with potent ale, and for her dinner fresh beef was most commonly served, though she was partial, on occasion, to roast goose. The plainness of Elizabeth's diet was in strong contrast to the luxurious habits of the Scottish queen, Mary, who had been reared in France, and who not only kept a dainty table, but allowed herself such extravagances as bathing in wine, even after she was held a prisoner in England. Mary's son James, who succeeded Elizabeth on the British throne, but who grew up in Scotland, found the concoctions of his native land best suited to his fancy, 'cockie-leekie' being the preparation which tickled his palate above all others. Charles I., his son, brought an entirely new and advanced regimen into fashion. He was a reformer on the grandest scale possible at that period. His desire was to make his court a reflection of all that was brilliant and sumptuous in Continental sovereignties, and his artistic instincts could be traced in every detail of his domestic management. He did nothing that could be compared with the monstrous extravagance of ancient Rome, but the munificent entertainments given by him and the wealthiest of his nobles certainly eclipsed the displays of all contemporary rulers and their satellites. Probably that was the only period in history when the royal splendor of France was outshone by that of sober Britain. The Duke of Buckingham, whose lavish outlays were encouraged and stimulated by his master, astonished society by festivals upon which not less than thirty thousand dollars were squandered in a single night. As to the king, his style of living may be imagined from the number of palaces which he kept continually open, fully appointed and ready for immediate occupation. There were twenty-four of these, in various parts of the country, and wherever it pleased him to reside, it was his custom to entertain hundreds of guests each day at dinner. Five hundred dishes were regularly served, with costly beverages in proportion, and everything was prepared with a degree of delicacy unsurpassed in the household of the French monarch. It was not until the reign of Louis XIV. that France resumed the first place in palatial cookery, and even this king was more distinguished for voracity than for elegance. He would begin a dinner with four different kinds of soup, and continue on the same ravenous scale to the end. In England, Charles II. kept up the epicurean traditions of his father as well as he could; but the rule of the Stuarts was not satisfactory to the people, and after they were driven out, the prestige of the royal kitchen speedily declined. The methods of their German successors were not calculated to keep its reputation very high."

"Only," suggested Percy, "to the level of boiled mutton and turnips."

"That was King George's pinnacle of excellence, and the majority of his subjects aimed at no loftier standard. It is amusing to remember that Dr. Johnson, who ruled the literary realm of England during that period, considered himself better qualified than any other man alive to lay down the universal laws of cookery. He proposed to write a book on the subject, following what he called 'philosophic principles,' and promised that it should be the best work of the kind ever produced. Yet the learned doctor was well known to have the coarsest possible taste in food, the dishes which he most esteemed being boiled pork, overdone, veal-pie stuffed with raisins and sugar, and plum-pudding enriched with lobster sauce."

"I would rather," remarked Harry, with an air of deep reflection, "have dined with Lucullus than with Dr. Johnson."

"To be sure, Harry; and picked his cherries afterward—or *kerries*, to get nearer his way of calling them."

"Why 'kerries,' uncle?" demanded Harry; and the inquiry was echoed by his older brother and sister.

"That is easy to tell," said Uncle Claxton; "but if I begin now, you will not be able to

fill the baskets to carry home. To work, youngsters, and if you ask for the reason when we go back to the house, you shall hear it then."

## Chapter XII.

### some words and their histories.

Half an hour later the young people were within doors again, busily engaged in selecting the ripest of the fruit they had gathered, to be carried to Boston as tribute to the heads of the Carey family. While this work was in progress, Uncle Claxton was called upon to explain why he had given a new pronunciation to so familiar a word as "cherries."

"It was not exactly a new pronunciation," he said, in answer. "The hard sound at the beginning was used by the Romans, for a very simple reason. I ought to make you guess what it was, but that might take too much of our time just now."

"Maybe I can guess, uncle," murmured Louise, almost in a whisper; "but I 'm not sure."

"Try, my dear; no harm if you are wrong."

"You said, uncle, that Lucullus found the cherries in a city called 'Cerasus,' and I think they may have been named from that place."

"You are as right as you were before, Louise. You are a credit to the family. But what a sly girl you are to know so much and hide it from us all!"

"Oh, uncle, I did n't know," said Louise, much abashed. "I only guessed, because I have heard that a great many things are called after the places where they were discovered, and 'Cerasus' does sound something like 'kerries.'"

"Well, I am very much pleased that you thought of it. You will be surprised, by and by, to find what numbers of things do owe their names to towns or countries. It may interest you a great deal to trace these connections of words and localities, when you begin to study hard — all of you, I mean."

"Three keers for Louise!" suddenly shouted Percy, at the top of his voice.

"Three *what?*" cried Harry, in astonishment.

"Three keers; that 's what I propose. If 'cherries' are 'kerries,' 'cheers' should be 'keers.' Is n't that fair?"

"True enough," Harry agreed; and the hurrahs were given with a vigor that half scared little Louise, though she laughed at the same time. Then, encouraged by the applause, she went on to ask how it was that the hard sound of the Latin word had been changed to *ch* in English.

"Ah," said Uncle Claxton, "that is not so easily explained. The question is one of a class which greatly attracts people who study the growth of languages, but which would be very dry to you, I 'm afraid. However, we might go into it just a little way, if only to show you how puzzling it is. The word 'Cerasus' began with a *c*, but the pronunciation of that letter was always hard in Latin, like that of our *k*, or nearly like it. We have evidence that the Romans began to cultivate cherries in Britain about one hundred years after they were first known in Italy, and it is natural to suppose that the name remained the same in the new country. I think I have told you that the Saxons adopted the Roman alphabet in place of their own, and for a long time they kept the sound of *c* unchanged, making it hard in all cases, and even using it in such words as 'king,' instead of *k*. So it would seem that the cherry might still have been called as it was in the first century, up to the time of William the Conqueror. But when the Normans took possession of England, they brought with them the French habit of softening *c* before the vowels *e* and *i;* and it would not have been surprising if something resembling their name for the fruit, *cerise*, had become common in the conquered land. We could thus have accounted for 'serries,' but not for 'cherries.' There is no such sound in French as that of our *ch*. The Italians have it, however, and it is a curious circumstance that their word for cherry, though spelled *ciriegia*, is pronounced as we should pronounce it if written 'chiriegia.' In English and Italian the beginning is the same. It is also curious that while none of the languages of Latin origin — neither Italian nor French nor Spanish — preserves the true Latin sound, the German word *Kirsche* reproduces it exactly as in 'Cerasus,' although German belongs

to a different family of tongues. You see, children, into what tangled paths we are led when we start upon these inquiries, and how difficult it is to make ourselves sure about a single word — or even a single letter, for that matter. Learned scholars protest with all their might against the false pronunciation of *c* in many famous names of history, yet they cannot break up a practice that has lasted for centuries. I am well aware that the correct name of the great Roman orator and philosopher was 'Kikero,' yet I have never called him so, and probably never shall."

"Cicero sounds more natural," said Amy; "but the man was the same, no matter what we call him."

"Not the least doubt of that," exclaimed Harry. "And so it must be with the delicious fruit of Cerasus. Now, here is a cherry,"—and he picked a fine one from Percy's basket and swallowed it. "This," he continued, taking another from Amy's collection and disposing of it likewise, "is a kerry. And here, in Louise's lot, is a serry. Dear me, they all taste exactly alike! Is n't it wonderful?"

"Let them alone, you imp!" cried Percy. "They are for mother and father." But he laughed, as the others did, at Harry's piece of mischief.

"What is an imp, uncle?" asked little Dick.

"Harry is," replied Percy, promptly.

"Something," said Amy, "that Percy ought not to call his brother. I 'm surprised at you, Percy."

"Oh, it 's all right," Harry chuckled. "I don't mind. If a fellow steals his neighbor's cherries he deserves a hard name."

"Is Harry an imp, uncle?" persisted Master Dick.

"Well," replied Uncle Claxton, "I agree with Amy that it is n't a pretty habit to call names; but if Harry had happened to live four hundred years ago, anybody might have told him he was an imp without meaning the slightest harm."

"There, you see," said Percy. "You 'll please to understand, Harry, that I called you an imp of the middle ages. You would n't mind a little compliment like that, I am sure."

"I don't know yet," answered Harry. "I must wait and hear what else Uncle Claxton has to say."

"Only this, lads: that the early meaning of 'imp' was simply a child — a son. You will find it in that sense in Shakspere and plenty of other old writers. The objectionable idea attached to it is of later growth; though I believe it was recognized by Milton."

"How odd!" said Amy. "Then the *imp* of Milton was a very naughty creature, while the *imp* of Shakspere was a respectable person. Do many words get twisted about like that, uncle?"

"So many, I fancy, that you cannot keep them out of your ordinary speech, if you try. You have just this moment used one, Amy."

"Why, uncle, I did n't say anything peculiar," said Amy, in surprise.

"And there 's another to keep the first one company. You see, they are as plentiful as blackberries."

"This is very mysterious," said Amy. "Of course you will tell us which they were."

"Of course; one was 'person,' the other was 'peculiar.' No mystery about them, except that you might turn them over in your minds from now till Christmas without getting a notion of where they came from, or how they grew into their present meanings. There are ever so many books that would show you, but you would n't care to find out from books; at least, Harry would n't."

"Well, uncle," said Harry, "I begin to think that I would if I could n't learn any other way. But not this time, please."

"Very good; I 'll be your book once more; and I think it will surprise you to learn that the word 'person,' which signifies, in its most familiar use, a human being, was in the first instance the name of a piece of theatrical property — part of the costume of an actor. It expressed no idea but that when originally spoken by the Romans. The *persona* was simply a headdress, or mask, worn by all performers on the ancient stage. They were obliged to wear it, together with various other artificial disguises, on account of the vast size of their theaters, which often contained more thousands of spectators than our playhouses can accommodate hundreds. The actors were so far away from

the majority of the audience that it was thought necessary to increase their height and bulk considerably, and also to employ means for making their voices heard at a distance. They walked in buskins which had soles several inches thick, stuffed themselves out prodigiously, and added half a foot or more to their stature by tall canvas helmets, or masks. Inside the mouth of each of these masks a sort of speaking-trumpet was fitted, to strengthen the sounds that went through. From this came the name, compounded of the Latin preposition *per* ('through' or 'by') and the noun *sonus* ('sound'). This was the beginning of the word. Presently it became customary to speak of the fictitious character represented as this or that 'persona'; and before long the term was more widely applied, and used for real individuals.

"So far its growth is easily followed; but in course of time it took to itself meanings so remote from the earliest sense that the connection can be discovered only by careful study. I suppose there are no two classes of men that stand further apart than clergymen and actors; yet the title 'parson' is a direct descendant from the same persona of the Latin drama."

"So all words have their histories," Amy remarked.

"Every one of them, my dear; and through these histories we often arrive at interesting facts in the larger annals of races or nations. Your second example, 'peculiar,' gives a good illustration of this. The Latin noun *peculium* signified wealth, or private property; and the English adjective derived from that source indicates some object or quality belonging especially to a person or thing, just as a man's wealth belongs exclusively to him. The word helps us historically, by showing how property was measured among the ancient Romans five hundred years before Christ, when metallic money was yet unknown. The root of 'peculium' was *pecus*, or 'cattle'; and from this we know that a Roman of Tarquin's time was rich in proportion to the number of oxen, sheep, or other valuable animals that he owned. He counted his fortune in live stock. When coins were introduced many of the earliest were marked with figures of domestic beasts, in token of what they then represented."

"The most curious thing," said Percy, "is that a word that was harmless in the first place should now have an unpleasant meaning."

"You are thinking of 'imp,'" his uncle replied. "There are ever so many of that sort, and in some cases we can see a reason for the change, while in others it is quite unaccountable. The older the word, as a rule, the less chance we have of learning why it was turned to a disagreeable use. Our modern idea of a *sycophant*, for instance, is altogether different from that of the ancient Greeks. With them it signified a species of detective, who searched for persons who broke the law against exporting figs. Literally, sycophant means one who shows figs. When we speak of a *parasite* we have in mind a despicable character; but a Greek parasite, in the earliest days, was not an unworthy dependent, but an official who gathered corn for public sacrifices. But we need not go back to past ages for examples. The English language contains an abundance of them. If you hear the epithet *hussy* nowadays, you know it is intended as a term of reproach; yet it is merely a corruption of the innocent and respectable compound, 'housewife.' The *scavengers* of old times did not clear away refuse, but were the collectors of a special tax. Buccaneers, who are now thought of only as blood-curdling pirates, were originally harmless hunters of wild cattle. In the middle ages a *villain* was nothing worse than a feudal bond-servant belonging to a country estate or villa. A boor was not so called because he was stupid or ignorant; he was just a peasant, or rustic. The Dutch word *boer* has still a similar meaning, and is certainly not used in a contemptuous sense. A knave was a boy-servant, and in Germany every boy is a *knabe*, even now. If any of you can play euchre,— I dare say you can,— you know that the trump knaves in that game are called bowers; and you might perhaps see a connection between the English knave and the German *Bauer*, or boor. It is pretty evident that the last few words I have mentioned have gradually become offensive because they were formerly applied to people of low station. When certain classes have been

looked down upon for centuries, the names by which they are designated will surely, sooner or later, grow to be synonyms of abasement. A *caitiff*, now a term of reproach, was once simply a victim of misfortune — a captive, strictly speaking. But the most extraordinary of all these transformations is that associated with the word *slave*. To us it conveys no impression but one of utter degradation, whereas in the language to which it rightly belongs it represents the loftiest conception of dignity and honor. The Slaves, or Sclaves, were the people of eastern Europe,—Russians, Poles, Bohemians, and others,— and the name they bore proclaimed them the 'Race of Glory.' During their fierce wars with the armies of central Europe, hundreds of years ago, great numbers of them were captured and held in bondage, and thus the title which had been the pride of a brave nation, or family of nations, was made to stand for the basest form of human servitude."

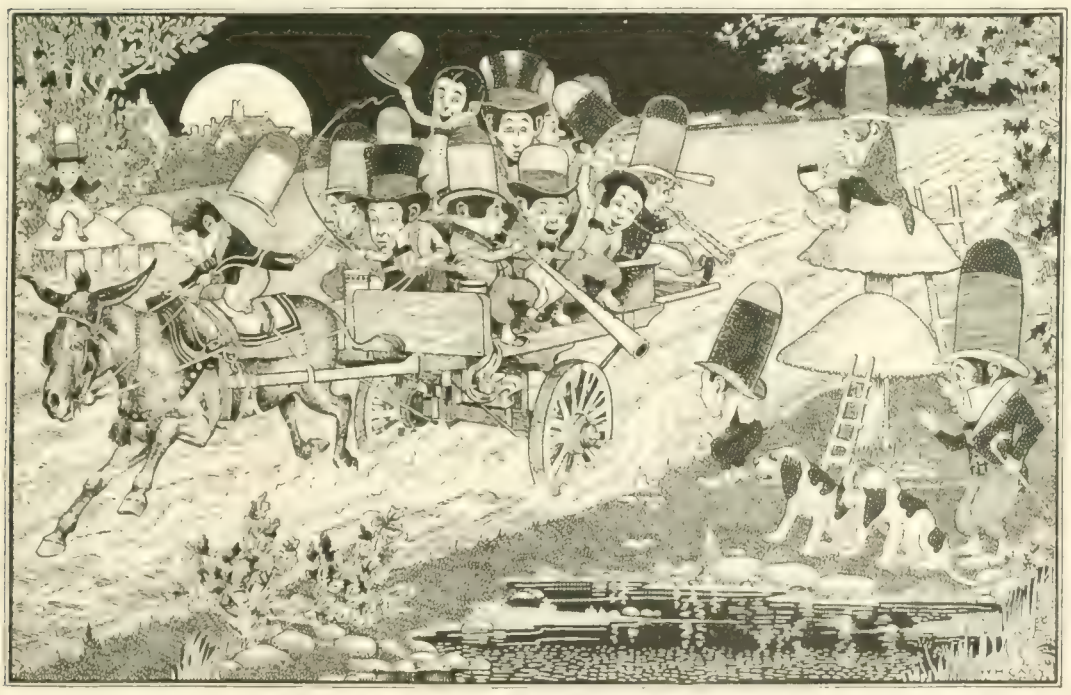
"There, Harry," said Percy, when his uncle had finished; "you see, it does n't matter what anybody calls you. All you have to do is to imagine yourself living at some other time, or in some other place, and there 's no offense."

Harry did not answer. Ever since Uncle Claxton had spoken of his disinclination to learn directly from books, that usually vivacious young gentleman had worn a thoughtful and subdued aspect by no means in keeping with his habitual demeanor. Giving no heed to Percy's sally, he turned and addressed his uncle with an earnestness that made his brothers and sisters wonder.

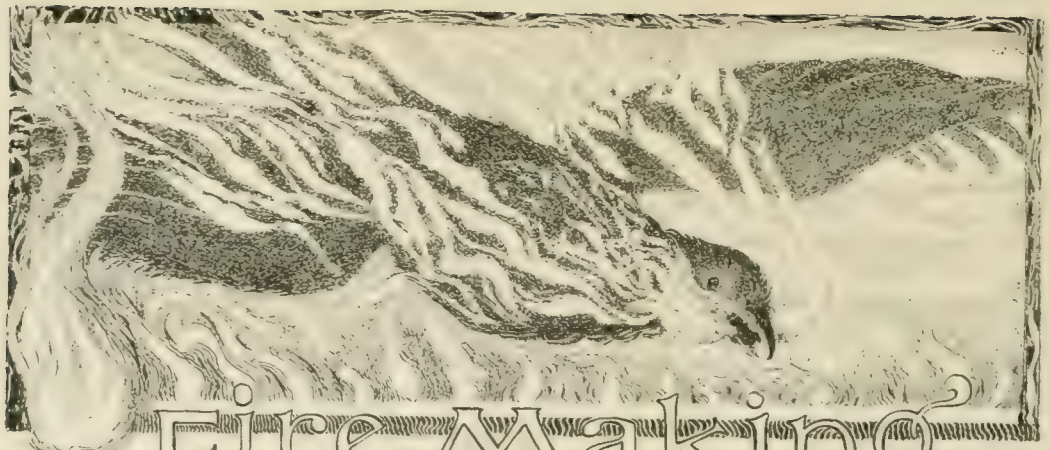
"Don't send us away yet, uncle," he begged. "It is n't very late, and I want to ask you something seriously, if I may. You can let us stay a little longer, can't you?"

"Certainly, my boy. You and Percy will ride into town, and I shall drive the others myself, so we need not hurry. Go on and speak your mind. We are all attention."

*(To be concluded.)*



THE WUMBITY-BUMP BOYS TAKE THEIR ANNUAL TURKEY-SET-UP



# Fire-Making.

By H. L. Jerome. Drawings by Otto Bacher.

*Should you find yourself in the wilderness without a match, how could you obtain fire?*

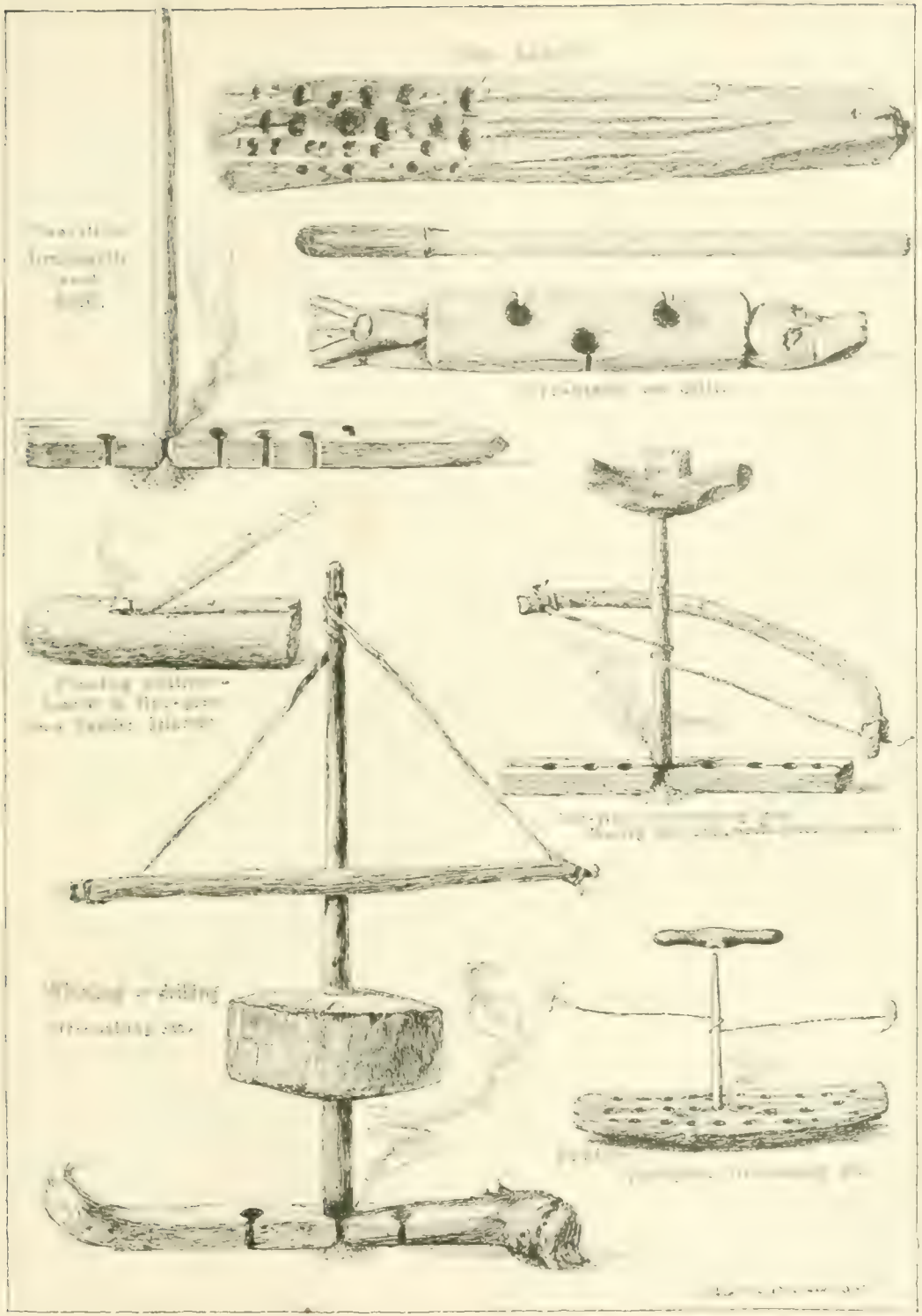
THE devices that are in use among uncivilized men for getting fire are interesting. It is a curious fact that the African, in lighting the fire in which to smelt the iron from which he makes his remarkable steel weapons, uses neither stone nor metal in obtaining the first spark. It is interesting to observe the fire-making tools that have been used. They may be divided by the sort of motion required into four classes. Indians, Australians, Eskimos, Hindus, and others use the whirling or drilling motion. Malays, Burmese, and others use a sawing movement. Polynesians, Papuans, and others use a plowing motion, while the custom of obtaining fire by striking a light seems now as common among barbarous as civilized men. In nearly all tribes several methods are used, according to circumstances and the means at hand. A very fine collection of fire-making implements may be seen in the National Museum in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.* Nearly every method is represented there.

The simplest and probably the oldest and most widely used device is called the two-stick apparatus. It has been used everywhere and at all times. It consists of a rough plank or large stick, which rests on the ground, as a hearth, and a smooth, round stick, from one and a half to two feet long, which we will call the drill. In the gradual improvement of this simple but necessary tool the different tribes show their mental development — their ingenuity or power of thinking.

The wood chosen for the hearth is dry, worm-riddled pieces of the juniper, white maple, or cedar. Drills are also chosen of dry inflammable wood. Many tribes prefer the starchy stem of some flowering plant.

The hearth has one or more — usually many — holes or shallow sockets drilled in its upper face, and narrow slots leading from these sockets or fire-holes to the tinder beneath. The tinder is made of shredded bark, or fungus,

* The illustrations of fire-making tools for this article were made from the real objects in the Museum of Natural History, New York.





Soft, corky wood.

which will catch fire quickly and burn slowly, like a slow-match.

An Indian kneels with one knee on each end of the hearth, which is of a convenient length, and placing an end of the fire-stick upright in one of the sockets, or fire-holes, twirls it rapidly between his open palms by rubbing them back and forth past each other almost to the finger-tips. At the same time he presses the drill firmly into the fire-hole, letting his hands move down the drill until they nearly reach the bottom, when they are brought back to the top with a quick, deft motion, and move swiftly down again.

Soon you will see that the wood is being ground off the end of the fire-stick in a fine powder that collects in the narrow slot leading from the fire-hole to the tinder beneath. As the amount of powder increases, it grows darker and darker, until it is almost black. You will notice the odor of burning wood, and after the stick has been twirled from fifteen to forty-five seconds, a little curl of queer-colored smoke will begin to arise. Combustion has begun. The Indian will then tap his wooden hearth, and the smoking pellet will drop out of the slot to the tinder below, where it can easily be blown into a blaze.

It is necessary to keep the fine, friction-heated dust in a close heap if fire is to be generated from wooden tools.

The Quinaielt Indians of Washington Territory used a drill which tapers at each end. This makes the downward pressure more firm, and does not allow the hands to slip down too rapidly. They used a slow-match of frayed and braided cedar bark, which could be lighted at one end and carried for many days under the blanket if carefully protected from wind and rain. The slots in their hearth are broader, which allows the dust to collect in larger quantities before dropping below.

Some tribes make their fire-making tools more inflammable and more easily ground away into combustible powder by charring the drill in the fire. Sand is often used to increase the friction. This method of making fire was sufficient for its time, for it was seldom necessary to make a new fire except as a religious ceremony. The art of fire preservation was at its height. Mr. James Mooney reports that "the Cherokees kept fire buried in the mounds upon which the council-houses were built, so that if the house was destroyed by enemies the fire would remain for a year or so."

Some tribes use a hearth rounded and tapering at each end. The fire-slot widens toward the bottom, so that the pellet in dropping may have draft. The hearth is made of soft wood, while the fire-stick is made of the hardest wood obtainable, and is pointed with resin.

The Hupa Indians of California use a hearth-block of hard wood, and a drill of soft wood which has been charred on the grinding end. It is much easier to start a fire with a fire-set which has been for some time in use than with a new one; and therefore the set is usually in the care of the most skilful fire-maker, who wraps the parts carefully with long, narrow strips of buckskin, and keeps them beneath his blanket where they will not become damp.

An Indian takes great pride in being a quick fire-maker. Captain J. G. Bourke, U. S. A., reports having seen the Apaches secure fire with this simple apparatus in eight seconds. Under the most favorable conditions the Apaches claim to be able to make fire with a series of motions that occupy exactly two seconds. If this can be done, the Apache is the most skilful fire-maker on record. One can scarcely strike a match in less time.



Deer-skin tinder-bag.

Many tribes can produce fire in less than forty-five seconds; and nearly all tribes resort to many devices, using flint and steel at one time, the fire-drill at another, or, if unable to obtain either of these, they can produce a spark by rubbing one dry branch up and down another. In some tribes the fire-making is considered women's work, beneath the dignity of a warrior, and left wholly to the squaws; but Mr. H. H. Johnson, the well-known explorer, reports that in some parts of equatorial Africa, where the usual methods of fire-making are much the same as in those tribes where this is the peculiar task of the women, the art "is the exclusive privilege of the men. The secret is handed down from father to son, and it is never, under any conditions (or so they say), revealed to women." When asked the reason of this, the natives replied: "If women knew how to make fire they would become our masters." In southern Africa the hearth is a log; and the Africans are so much less expert with the fire-drill that the whole strength of two men is often exhausted in producing fire. One man whirls the stick until both hands have descended almost to the lower end, then the other man begins at the top and continues the movement while his companion waits to relieve him in the same way. The second man also keeps the dust close to the point of the whirling stick, and gently blows it into a flame at the proper time. The African's clumsiness in fire-making, and the fact, before referred to, that he does not use the products of his forge to strike a fire for its lighting, is one of the interesting and curious anomalies of savage life.

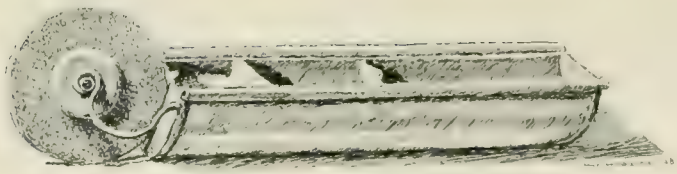
The Eskimo has added a curious feature to his fire-drill. The drill and hearth are in most ways very similar to those already described, but he whirls the drill, instead of between his palms, by the aid of a cord which



AFRICANS MAKING FIRE BY THE DRILL.

makes one turn around the drill at about the middle of the stick. This cord is usually made of the rawhide of a seal or other animal, and it is tied at each end to a handle cut from a hollow bone, or fashioned out of a bear's tooth or a bit of wood. In order to keep the stick in place in the shallow fire-hole it must be held at the top; therefore there is a fourth piece of apparatus necessary. This fourth piece is usually a flat, straight bit of bone or ivory, in which a socket is made to admit the upper end of the drill, as will be explained.

When one man is to make the fire this top-



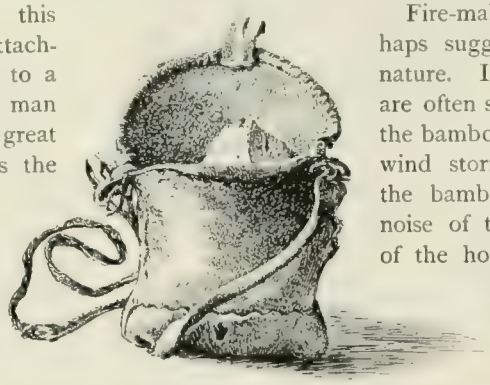
Wheel tinder-box.

piece is held between the teeth. A civilized man can scarcely endure the jar on the jaws and head produced by whirling a stick thus steadied by a block held between the teeth. Among the Eskimos it is seldom necessary for a man to make fire alone. It is a matter in which all have an interest, and two men usually make it together, each pressing the top-piece with one hand and each holding one end of the whirling cord with the other.

The top-piece is sometimes merely a block of wood, ivory, or bone, but is more often elaborately carved to resemble a seal, bear, whale, or walrus. The upper part is raised to form a good grip for the teeth, and many of the specimens in our National Museum are chewed in a way that shows the power of the Eskimo jaw. When the piece is intended for an assistant to hold in his hand, it is larger and has no teeth-grip. In the under part of the top-piece there is a cup-shaped hollow set with some stone having antifriction qualities. These stones seem to be chosen for their beauty. They are mottled, striped, or beautifully ringed. Against this inlaid stone in the hollow the top of the fire-drill rests and revolves easily.

An improvement on this four-part fire-drill is the attaching of the whirling cord to a bow. This enables one man to whirl the stick with great rapidity, and if he holds the top-piece between his teeth or against his breast (when it is made broad and of convenient shape), he can start a fire or drill a hole easily alone. The bow is evidently an improvement on the handled cord, and is an ingenious idea. These bows cannot easily be carved, as are the top-pieces; but, true to his passion for elaborate decoration, the Eskimo makes the bow of the gracefully curved ivory tusks of the walrus, and, after working them down, covers the surface with the most lively and graphic engravings of the reindeer, whales, seals, and bears he has killed, or with a picture-history of his hunting and fishing expeditions.

The hearth is especially adapted to the snowy home of the Eskimo. Should the heated pellets of powder fall through the slot to the ice-covered ground they would never ignite. The Eskimo, therefore, cuts steps in his hearth so that the pellet will fall to the lower step. Some hearths have a central hole to which the slots from the other fire-holes lead. At times the central-hole hearth and the slot-and-step hearth are both used in the same tribe. The Eskimos also have "fire-bags" made of sealskin, and often embroidered with excellent needlework, in which to carry the drill and the tinder so that they may be kept very dry. The down of the arctic willow is used as tinder. The use of these sets for fire-making is probably secondary. They were undoubtedly used primarily for boring holes in wood and bone. When used for boring, the drill is tipped with flint or bone. The mouthpiece usually has a hole in one end through which a cord can be tied to secure it to the other pieces, so that in moving it may not be lost in the snow.

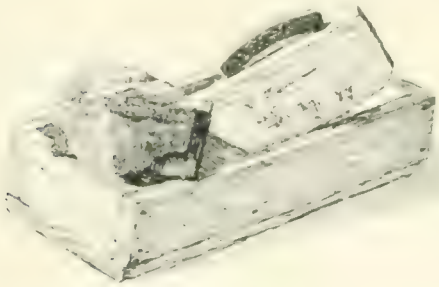


Leather fire-bag.

Fire-making by sawing was perhaps suggested to the Malays by nature. It is said that jungle fires are often started by the rubbing of the bamboo stocks together in high-wind storms. "The creaking of the bamboo is indescribable; the noise of the rasping and grinding of the horny stems is almost unendurable" during these storms, say travelers.

However the method may have been suggested to them, it is a very simple one. A piece

of bamboo having a sharp edge is rubbed across a rounded piece in which a notch has been cut. The Malay saws across until the hollow convex piece is pierced. The heated



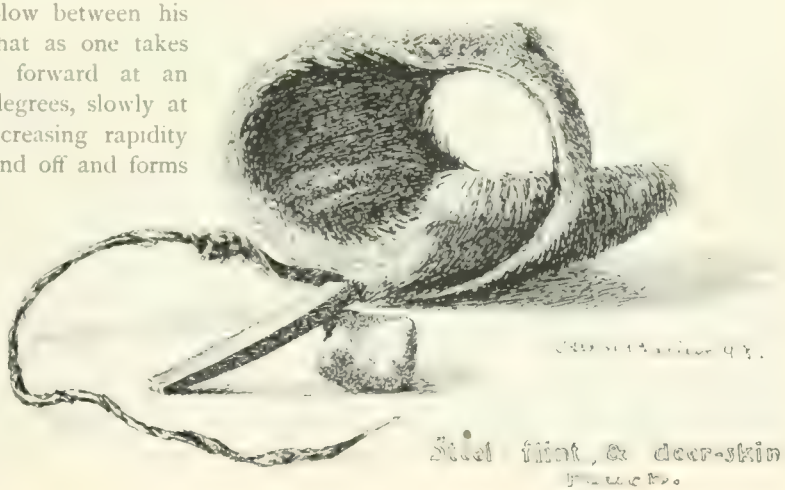
particles fall below and ignite. Some Malays "have improved on this by striking a piece of china, tinder being held with it, against the outside of a piece of bamboo, the silicious coating of the latter yielding a spark, like flint"; but the sawing knife is more commonly used. Sand is sometimes added to increase the friction. In some places, when the particles fall they are gathered in a dry leaf and swung around the head until the leaf blazes.

The plowing method seems to have sprung wholly from the Pacific Islanders. It is closely connected with the sawing method. A soft, corky bit of wood is picked up near by, and a small, pointed stick of hard wood is found. Kneeling on the hearth or soft stick, the man holds the pencil-like plow between his clasped hands, somewhat as one takes a pen, and forces it forward at an angle of about forty degrees, slowly at first and then with increasing rapidity until the wood is ground off and forms in a small heap at the end of the groove he has so made. The groove is about six inches long. Mr. Darwin found it difficult to make fire in this way, but at last succeeded. The Samoan can get fire in forty seconds, and some can make the wood burst into flame by this method.

The fourth method of obtaining fire — that of "striking" a light — is one familiar, in a degree, to all. Before steel was obtainable, flint and pyrites were used. Eskimos of the Mackenzie River district use a fire-set composed of a tinder-pocket, which contains tinder made of down from the willow catkins mixed with charcoal, or soaked in gunpowder and water, a rough bar of flint, and a half-sphere of pyrites, evidently a round stone broken in two for greater convenience.

The tinder-bag is made of reindeer skin. A little bag hanging from the larger one contains tinder to use in case that in the larger one becomes accidentally useless; but the little bag also acts as a toggle. It is passed under the belt when the tinder-bag is carried by the squaw, much as our women wear their chatelaine-bags. The cover of the bag is an oblong pad stuffed with deer hair. This pad is held on the fore-finger under the pyrites to protect the hand when a spark is being struck off into the tinder in the bag.

With the Iron Age came the use of the flint and steel, and the most ancient specimens of these fire-making tools are so nearly like those found in many an old garret to-day that description seems unnecessary. Various devices were invented to improve the common strike-a-light. One of these was the wheel tinder-box. The wheel was spun by sharply pulling a cord which had been wound around its pro-



Steel, flint, & deer-skin pouch.

jecting axle, much as one spins a top. The flint was pressed against the whirling wheel, and a shower of sparks fell into the tinder within the box. The pocket strike-a-light is still used by the peasants of France for lighting their pipes.

The Chinese strike-a-lights show a very ingenious way of combining the steel with a pouch in which to carry the flint and tinder. In Tibet the pouches are often elaborately trimmed with incrusted silver set with costly jewels.

The Ainos of Japan have a particularly convenient fire-set. The shoe-shaped steel is fastened with a piece of sinew to the cork of a wooden bottle containing the soft charcoal used as tinder. Besides the small piece of flint, there is also a curious fire-stick which burns like a slow-match for a long time, and a pouch of twined and woven rush in which to keep these articles. "The Aino takes out the cork with the steel attached, and stirs up the tinder with the sharp point. He then holds up the flint in his hand over the box, and strikes a spark down into it. He transfers the coal to his pipe, or material for fire, or fire-stick, with the point of the steel."

The Japanese still use flint and steel. Their tinder-boxes have two compartments. The smaller one is for the tinder and has a damper. The larger one is for the flint and steel. They mount the steel in wood. The picture on page 499, will show that until matches were invented the most convenient fire-making tools in the world were those used in Japan.

Our North American Indians were slow to acknowledge civilized arts and methods as superior to their own; but fire-making with flint and steel appealed to them at once, and was promptly adopted. Buckskin pouches were made in which to carry the flint and steel, and hung from the belt beside the tomahawk. They have many curious beliefs concerning fire and its origin. The Alaskan Indians will tell you that "Yetl," the Great Raven, who created man and gave him all blessings, after obtaining light and fresh water, stole a burning brand from a fire island (volcano) in the sea, and started back to earth holding it in his beak. But the journey was so long that the brand burned shorter and shorter. Swiftly and more swiftly Yetl plied his magic wings; but the brand burned his bill, and then dropped to the ground and scattered in all directions. And because the divine fire, dropped from Yetl's beak, entered into every rock and every dry bit of wood lying on the surface of the earth, they say one can always call fire out of the rocks by striking them with steel, or out of wood by rubbing it with other wood.

This is the Alaskan explanation of the mystery known to us as fire-making.

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GOING TO THE WADDLETOWN RACES.

# THE CHANGELING.

## A Flower and Fairy Masque.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Little Jo. | The Little Men in Green (three). | Fairies: | Quaker-Ladies. |
| The Rose-Sprite. | The Maidens of the Mist (three or more). | Jack-o'-Lantern. | Mourning-Bride. |
| The Night-Moth. | The Lost Toys (three). | Cockscomb. | Snapdragon. |
| Bees'-Wings. | The Broken Dolls (three). | Merry's Hood. | Sweet William. |
| White Owlet. | The Lady Lady. | Wake-Robin. | Sweet Peas. |
| Flitter-Flutter. | | Marigold. | Little Mignonette. |
| The Day-Dream. | | Prince's-Feather. | The Fairy Herald. |
| Honor, the Maid. | | | The Voice of Chanticleer. |

Place. A garden terrace.

Time. Between sunset and twilight.

Music. Cornet and clarinet. If a piano, then an accompanist who can modulate from one key to another for the various songs and choruses. The clarinet will always support the solo.

Colored Lights. Toward the last. Pale rose for the dances; pale blue for the Fairy Lady's apparition.

Dresses. Cheese-cloth, tarlatan, and other inexpensive material, arranged according to the part. The Little Men in Green entirely in green, with pointed caps, and spears representing grass. The Maidens of the Mist wrapped in white tarlatan, a long piece loosely folding one and passing to the next, folding her and passing to the other. If there are but few to take parts, those who have already appeared may represent the Maidens of the Mist by winding the long piece of white tarlatan round their other costumes, and afterward hanging it on bushes in the background. The Fairy Lady in any dress shrouded with flowing white, transparent stuff. Flitter-Flutter in a long, clinging, primrose-colored gown, with very large wings. Little Mignonette with a waist looking like one bunch of mignonette, from which her head and shoulders rise. Day-Dream in skirts like the scarlet poppy-petals, black bodice, and scarlet silk scarf to wave. The Night-Moth in black, thin material, the rather long skirts spangled in rows of gold and silver, stomacher all spangles, angel sleeves, long, narrow wings, black ostrich feathers over the head. The Rose-Sprite in very full and rather long pink skirts, cut in large scallops and unhemmed, to be lifted and held out at one side in dancing; wreath of roses round the top of the half-high green corsage; hat like the petals of a huge wild rose, on one side of the head; tan-colored stockings and boots. These dresses may be varied according to individual taste. All the lesser Fairies are not indispensable. The Broken Dolls, if unable to sing, may make jerky motions, the chorus giving the words. The Lost Toys may represent a Jumping-Jack, a Ninepin, a Kite. The dancing is to be done like Queen Elizabeth's — "high and disposedly," but with abandon.

*A band of* Fairies *come dancing on the green in opposite directions, each keeping to the right after passing, thus circling in a ring, led by the* Night-Moth *and the* Rose-Sprite, *who presently withdraw inside the ring, still singing while the others dance.*

Chorus.

(No. 1.) Air: "We are dainty little fairies."—*Iolanthe*, No. 1, Act I. (Repeat the first part of the tune for the last verse.)

Are we flowers or fairy people, always springing, always singing?
When the sun forsakes the steeple, when the evening breezes fan,
Look across the last ray slanting, purple mist your eyes enchanting;
Are we flowers or fairy people? You may answer, if you can!



The Rose-Sprite.



FLITTER-FLUTTER.

Many a night-moth flits before us; gayest laughter follows after.

(*Laughter behind the scenes.*)

Bees belated blunder o'er us; whippoorwills send warning cries.

When you hear our airy whistles, down that 's blowing off from thistles,

(*Whistles behind the scenes.*)

You may deem us, you may dream us — but the sunset 's in your eyes!

From the roses faint and heavy, softly stooping, swiftly trooping,

From the brambles in a bevy, from the blossoms, from the bells,

Whether it is pansies springing, whether it is bluebirds winging,

Or canary-bird flowers singing, is a thing white magic tells!

(*The* Fairies *are still dancing when the* Rose-Sprite *separates from them, comes forward, and sings.*)

Rose-Sprite.

(No. 2.) Air: "She wore a rose in her hair."

— *George Osgood.*

All day I slept in the rose,
And I hardly know myself —
So sweet is the breath that blows —
If I be flower or elf.

(*The* Rose-Sprite *whirls back among the others, and the* Night-Moth *steals forward, and sings to the same air.*)

Night-Moth.

(No. 3.)

I curled in the lily's cup
The livelong summer day,
Till she folded her petals up,
And I slipped like the dew away.

(*As the* Night-Moth *slides back,* Bees'-Wings *comes swiftly zigzagging across, pauses, and sings.*)

Bees'-Wings.

(No. 4.) Air: "If I were king."— *Adolphe Adam.*

(Beginning at second bar, singing nine bars, omitting the next twenty-five, singing four, omitting all the rest.)



THE FAIRY-LADY.

I was just a big brown bee,
Buzzing home, hey, nonny, nonny!
When the fairies captured me,
Stole my sting, and kept my honey!
(*Runs off.*)

CHORUS OF FAIRIES (*With mischievous glee*).
He was just a bim-bome-bim,
Buzzing home, hey, nonny, nonny!
When the fairies captured him,
Stole his sting, and kept his honey!
(*The dance continues, the* FAIRIES *swinging one another, moving in and out, and* FLITTER-FLUTTER *floats forward, singing.*)



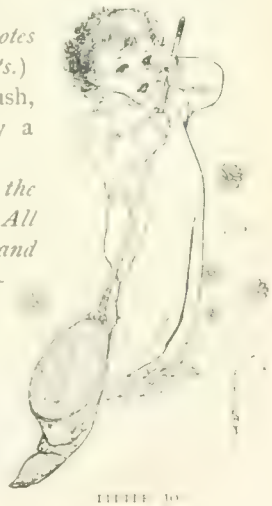
FLITTER-FLUTTER.
(No. 5.) Air: Trio, "Every journey has an end." — *Iolanthe*, No. 8, Act II.
Flittering, fluttering out of the sky,
Primrose-petal or butterfly,
Flittering off on the wind I go,
Wherever its soft breath cares to blow.
(*Floats back.*)

FAIRY CHORUS (*Blowing kisses into the air*).
Flittering, fluttering, off she goes,
Wherever the fragrant south wind blows.
(*The* FAIRIES *join hands, and run in a ring, leaving out* DAY-DREAM, *who sings to the same air.*)

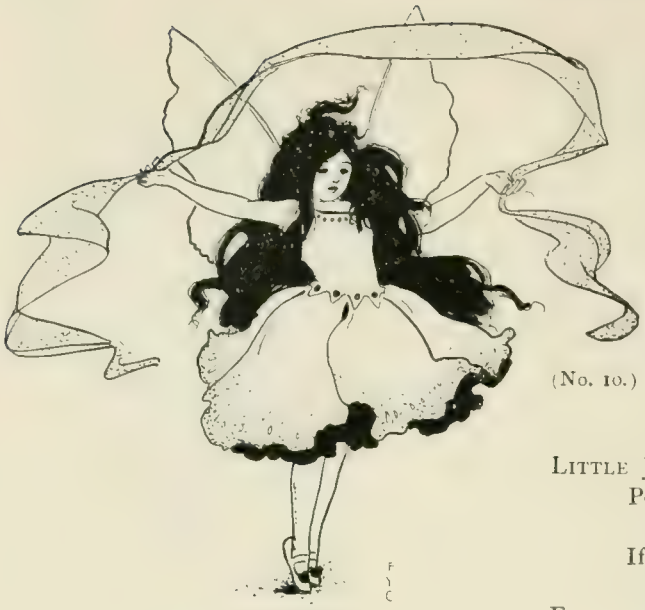


DAY-DREAM.
(No. 6.)
The splendid poppy, to make my tent,
His scarlet silken curtains lent:
There all day long did I drowse and sleep,
And my dreams were soft, and my dreams were deep. (*Bugle in the distance.*)

FAIRY HERALD (*Running on*).
Recitative.
Hark! Sound retreat! Beat quick, ye fairy drums!
(*Trills on bass notes of instruments.*)
Haste, haste! Hush, hush! This way a mortal comes!
(*Mingles with the* FAIRIES. *All show fear, and huddle together.*)



*Enter* LITTLE JO, *in his nightgown, waving a butterfly-net, hurrying on, and stopping suddenly in surprise.*



THE DAY-DREAM.

LITTLE JO (*Speaks*).

Why, I was sure I saw them!
I actually thought
That if I had been down here
A butterfly I 'd caught!

FAIRIES (*In chorus, softly, all stooping toward him from the background in the right*).

(No. 7.) Air: "Yet Britain won," chorus to Lord Mountararat's song. — *Iolanthe*, No. 3, Act II. (Changed to 4 time.)

Ha, ha, ha! he really thought
That he a butterfly had caught!
(JO *listens, startled, but resumes as if mistaken in supposing he had heard anything.*)

LITTLE JO.

Now, could it be a fairy
That I saw flitting by,
As I leaned from the window —
Or just a butterfly?

FAIRIES (*In chorus, turning to one another, amused*).

(No. 8.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha! went flitting by,
Nothing but a butterfly!

LITTLE JO.

I did n't wait to dress me,
For I 've been sent to bed.
I hurried just like wild-fire,
And 'most forgot my head!

FAIRIES (*In chorus, quite uproariously*).

(No. 9.) Air: Same as No. 5.

Ha, ha, ha! Fairies, hear!
He *quite* forgot his head, we fear!

LITTLE JO.

I wish I had some fern-seed —
They say it never fails;
Or the salt that catches birdies,
If you put it on their tails.

FAIRIES (*In chorus, very affirmatively*).

(No. 10.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha! it never fails
*If* you put it on their tails!

LITTLE JO.

Perhaps I had been dreaming —
I guess I was; but then,
If I should wait a moment
They may come back again.

FAIRIES (*In chorus, more boldly*).

(No. 11.) Air: Same as No. 7.

Ha, ha, ha! just wait, and then
Surely they 'll come back again!

LITTLE JO.

I wonder whether fairies —
You really don't believe,



PRINCE'S-FEATHER.

When Honor talks of fairies,
That she 's laughing in her sleeve?

FAIRIES (*Indignantly*).

(No. 12.) Air: Same as No. 5.

Oh, oh, oh! you don't believe
Honor 's laughing in her sleeve!

LITTLE JO (*Looking about, peevish, tired and vexed*).

There 's no such thing as fairies!
It 's all a story! So!
(*Amazed looks among the* FAIRIES.)
I wish — I am so sleepy —
(*Yawns.*)
I don't believe — I — O — o — oh!
(*Yawns again, stretches, sinks down and sleeps.*)

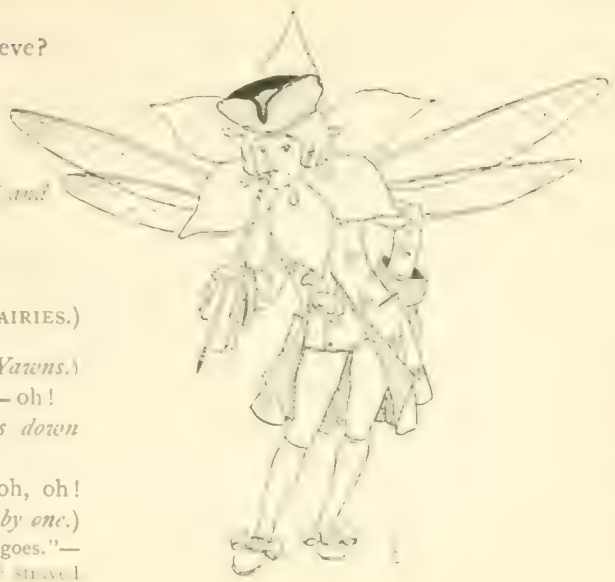
FAIRIES (*Crowding round*). Oh, oh, oh, oh!
(*Tiptoeing, and singing one by one.*)

(No. 13.) Air: "Down the shadowed lanes he goes."— (*Omitted.* "Beginning at "As he strayed and as she sang.")

Is n't he a little dear?
Just the sweetest ever seen
Let us take him for a Changeling!
Take him to the Fairy Queen!



'T is a shame he should be mortal!
Turn him, turn him to a Fay!
Wave your charms, and weave your dances,
Sing your spells — away, away!



(*All together, in a ring, dancing round him and concealing him while he slips off his nightgown to show costume beneath, repeat to the same air.*)

Is n't he a little dear? Just the sweetest ever seen!

Let us take him for a Changeling! Take him to the Fairy Queen!

'T is a shame he should be mortal! Turn him, turn him to a Fay!

Wave your charms, and weave your dances, sing your spells — away, away!

(*The* FAIRIES *break the ring, and* LITTLE JO *is seen in tights, trunks, peacock wings, and antennæ. He looks himself over, gazes about him, flutters his wings, looks over his shoulder at them, springs to his feet, and sings.*)

LITTLE JO.

(No. 14.) Air: "Little Bo-Peep."
*Mother Goose's Melodies, Elliott.*

Why, there are such things as fairies!
And if any one says there are not,
Take the dart of a bumblebee,
And shoot him on the spot!
(*Meanwhile the* FAIRIES *are mustering into ranks.*)

FAIRY CHORUS (LITTLE JO *listens to the singing with more and more pleasure*).



WHITE OWLET.

(No. 15.) Air: "Henceforth Strephon."—*Iolanthe.*

Where the summer reigns serene,
Where the winds are always low,
Spicy dells are always green,
Into Fairyland he must go!
Into Fairyland he must go!
Into Fairyland, etc.

(FAIRIES *withdraw to the sides, still singing.*)

LITTLE JO (*Bending over and slapping his knees with delighted emphasis, sings*).

Into Fairyland I *will* go!

(*The* FAIRIES *now return, coming on from opposite sides with the steps of "Dancing in the Barn," as they sing.*)

FAIRY CHORUS.

(No. 16.) Air: "Dancing in the Barn," adapted. (The first sixteen bars.)

Who is half so happy now, half so gay, as we are?
Riding on the rainbow, flashing in the foam,
Sunbeams are our coursers, east to-day, and west to-morrow.
Hear our bridles jingle as we lead the fireflies home!
Just a tear would drown us, just a sigh would slay.
We think of nothing, dream of nothing, to annoy.
Mortals, we believe it, are only made of sorrow;
We are made of perfume, of music, and of joy!

(*During this chorus* LITTLE JO *has caught sight of* LITTLE MIGNONETTE, *a tiny fairy, and has been following her in and out among the groups, the shrubs, and vases, followed by* WHITE OWLET *and* BEES'-WINGS, *exclaiming, and buzzing in his face at every meeting. He pauses as he darts across the scene, as if to take breath, and sings.*)

LITTLE JO.

(No. 17.) Same air as No. 15 (but without the refrain), "Henceforth Strephon."

If there is a flower that blows
Sweeter than the budding rose,
'T is when dew is sparkling yet
On darling Little Mignonette!

BEES'-WINGS (*At one side*). Buzz!

WHITE OWLET (*On the other side*). Tu-whoo!

(LITTLE JO *continues the pursuit. As he runs, the* LITTLE MEN IN GREEN *start up from the grass.*)



A QUAKER-LADY.

THE LITTLE MEN IN GREEN.

(No. 18.) Air: "When darkly looms the day." (Ten bars.)

When moonlight floods the fields,
And mighty shadow shields
The glades and glens and wealds,
If you 're awake,

The Little Men in Green
Perhaps you may have seen
Haunting the silver sheen
Of bog and brake.

O'er dale and dingle far
Our hunting knows no bar,
By defile and by scar,
O'er briers and thorns;
Through midnight far and near,
If you 're awake you 'll hear
In what wild tunes and clear
We wind our horns.

(*Music to represent horns behind the scenes. They disappear with their horns at their mouths as the* MAIDENS OF THE MIST *pass slowly and sing.*)

THE MAIDENS OF THE MIST.

(No. 19.) Air: "Sounds from the Ball."—*Gilbert.*
(Transposed into the key of D.)

The lonely Maidens of the Mist,
Year in and out our threads we twist,
And, moving o'er the meadow-side,
Rose-leaves to blushes for the bride
We twirl, or distaffs drop and weave
Moonbeams to satin for her sleeve,
Or scatter jewels as we sail
Where the gossamer spider spins her veil.

(*As they pass, the* FAIRIES *muster into ranks again, having been frolicking in and out the place, and sing, the* NIGHT-MOTH *and the* ROSE-SPRITE, *at the right and left of the scene, marshaling them. As each fairy's name is called, he or she appears and does obeisance.*)

FAIRIES (*In chorus*).

(No. 20.) Air: Duet of Phyllis and Strephon. "If we 're weak enough to tarry."—*Iolanthe*, No. 10, Act II. (Sixteen bars.)

Why the hours do we waste?
Homeward, Fairies, homeward haste!
Jack-o'-Lantern, lead the way;
Cockscomb, follow quick, we pray!
Come, Wake-Robin, play no pranks
With the Monk's-Hood in our ranks;
Marigold and Prince's-Feather,
Fondly wander off together!

Quaker-Ladies, Mourning-Bride,
Throw your modest mask aside;



A SWEET PEA.

Give Snapdragon his adieu,
For Sweet-William goes with you.
Sweet-Peas, spread your wings for flight.
Hurry! it is almost night!
Come, dark Night-Moth, don't forget
Darling Little Mignonette!

LITTLE JO. (*Catching* LITTLE MIGNONETTE *at last, sings*).

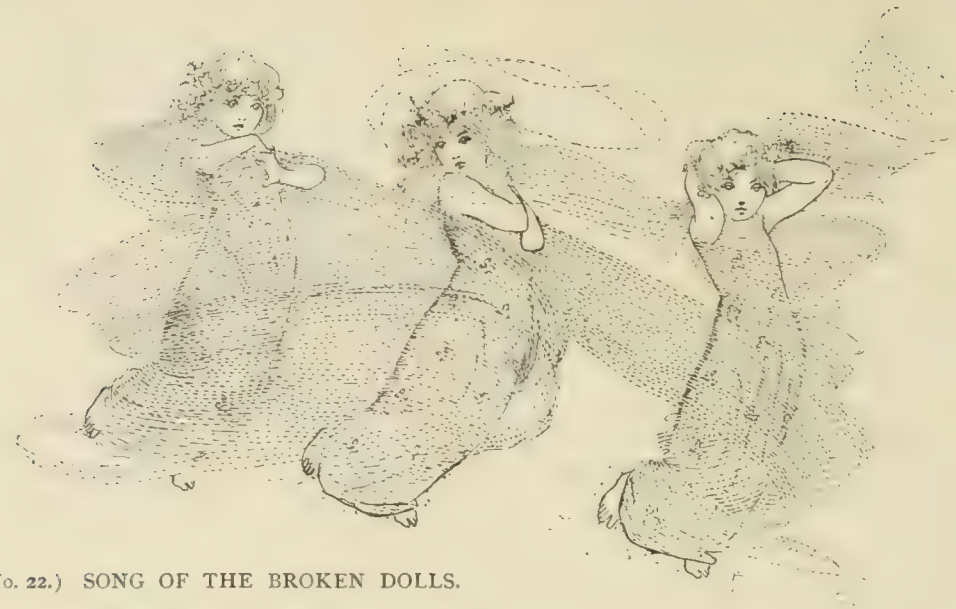
(No. 21.) Air: "The Mistletoe Bough," sung in quick time.

I 've followed you far, and I 've followed you long;
I 've caught you at last — I will sing you my song.
For you 're bright as a drop that the sun sparkles through,
And you 're only an atom of sweet honey-dew!

BEES'-WINGS. Buzz!

WHITE OWLET. Tu-whoo!

FAIRIES (*In chorus, dancing with a long swing, first on one foot and then on the other, facing the front, and supporting the* BROKEN DOLLS, *who come staggering on and sing jerkily*).



THE MAIDENS OF THE MIST.

## (No. 22.) SONG OF THE BROKEN DOLLS.

Oh, the lone - ly, long and lone-ly way
to Fair - y - land, we 've found it!
Dust - y, must - y cob - webs on - ly,
wea - ry, drear - y gar - rets bound it!
When our lit - tle moth - ers lost us,
in the cor - ners where they tost us,

All our hearts were broken, and our heads were, too!
Oh, had they kissed us, had they missed us,
't would as - sist us in our trav - el!
Queer - ly, cheer - ly we would twist us
as the cu - rious paths un - rav - el.



THE BROKEN DOLLS.

Fair - y ways are hard and hol - low
when you have no nose to fol - low,—
One foot gone, and gone the eyes that were so blue.

(*As they withdraw, the* LOST TOYS *come limping on, singing.*)

[No. 23.] Air: "Virginia Reel."

When the days are quite canicular,
And the sunshine perpendicular,
If you are at all particular,
You should go to Fairyland.
There 's moonlight there to tease you, and
There 's strawberry-ice to freeze you, and
You think of what would please you, and
It 's yours, in Fairyland!

For no one cares a scapple there
With any task to grapple there;
In your mouth the very apple there
Drops, when in Fairyland.
You never need articulate
A wish, but just gesticulate,
When once you do matriculate
Inside of Fairyland!

(*They stagger off, and the music changes, and soon in the distance is heard "Annie Rooney." LITTLE JO, who has been sitting, whispering to* LITTLE MIGNONETTE, *in the center of the scene, turns and listens, presently hums, and at the right point sings.*)



LITTLE JO.

[No. 24.] Air: The chorus of "Annie Rooney."

She 's my airy, fairy, oh,
She 's my darling, I 'm her Jo;
Soon we 'll vanish, won't we, pet?
Little — little —

(*Speaks*)

Little —



THE LITTLE MEN IN GREEN.



SWEET-WILLIAM.

(*Looks about wonderingly, and exclaims*)
Dear me! that sounds familiar;
I 've heard that strain before—
In some other star, perhaps,
On some other shore.

It seems to me that really—
(*With recognition.*)
Oh, they play it on the square,
They play it in the parlor,
They play it everywhere!
(LITTLE MIGNONETTE *turns entirely round, still sitting, and stares amazed at him.*)

But whatever has become of me?
(*With surprise.*)
They 've changed me! I 've got wings!
(*With fear.*)
What in the world these waggles are—
(*With anger.*)
There they go, the horrid things!
(*Tears off his antennæ.*)
(LITTLE MIGNONETTE *makes off in terror.*)

I *can't* be some one else, you know—
(*Bewildered.*)
I 've dreamed some dream or other—
Why—don't you see—I 'm all outdoors—
(*With alarm.*)
Oh, I want to see my mother!
(*The* FAIRIES, *who have been in the background, moving about restlessly, and then creeping forward, now sing mockingly.*)

FAIRIES (*In chorus*).

(No. 25.) Air: Same as No. 7.
Ha, ha, some dream or other!
Oh, he wants to see his mother!

LITTLE JO (*Crying loudly and beseechingly*).
Oh, you voices! Oh, you people!
Oh, how cruel is your joy!
I don't want to be a fairy!
(*With exasperation.*)
I would rather be a boy!

FAIRIES (*Angrily*).

(No. 26.) Air: Same as No. 5.
He 'll destroy all our joy—
He would rather be a boy!

LITTLE JO.
Mother, help me! Help me, Honor!
What in the world am I to do?



MOURNING-BRIDE.

Oh, you know I love you so—
Come unfairy me! Boohoo!

FAIRIES (*Wringing their hands*).

(No. 27. Air: Same as No. 7.)

What in the world are we to do?
We *can't* unfairy him! Boohoo!

BEES'-WINGS. Buzz!

WHITE OWLET. Tu-whoo!

(*Melancholy music in the distance.*)

CHORUS OF FAIRIES (*Dejectedly*).

(No. 28.) Air: "The Lorelei."—*Friedrich Silcher.*

(Repeat the first nine bars for the second stanza, and then continue for the third.)

We cannot stay where tears are;
They melt us quite away



JACK-O'-LANTERN.

Into the bubble's breaking wreath
And the water-gleam's pale ray.

Oh, call, oh, call our lady!
Call with your weirdest rune.
Call to the star-swale on the sea,
And the halo round the moon.

(*All kneel, having softly surrounded* LITTLE JO *in a ring as they sang. A grown-up and beautiful figure, the* FAIRY-LADY, *appears, pauses, extends her arms a moment toward the imploring* FAIRIES, *and passes while they continue singing.*)



COCKSCOMB.

O Sovereign of the World of Dreams,
Reverse the spell, and then,
Great Fairy, make this Changeling
Only a boy again!

(*As they separate, on arising,* LITTLE JO, *in his nightgown, is seen lying asleep in the foreground. The* NIGHT-MOTH *comes stealing across the scene, singing as she moves.*)



MARIGOLD.

NIGHT-MOTH.

(No. 29.) Air: "I can not tell what this love may be."—*Patience.* (Nine and a half bars.)

Vanishing into the sunset bars,
Sister of mystical wings and of stars,
When twilight kindles a silver spark
I must go — vanishing into the dark.

(*As she disappears, the* ROSE-SPRITE *enters from the other side droopingly, and passes, singing to the same air.*)

ROSE-SPIRTE. (No. 30.)

Soon I shall fail, I shall faint, I shall die,
As the color fades from the evening sky;
Life were too lovely ever to close
If never, if never, one lost the rose.

FAIRIES' CHORUS (*Led by the* ROSE-SPRITE *and the* NIGHT-MOTH, *who reappear*).

(No. 31.) Air: Same as No. 15.

Where the Will-o'-the-Wisp takes flight,
And the Firefly skims with the Shooting-Star,
Where the light of other days burns bright,
And the yesterdays and to-morrows are,
Where the Elfin Knight rides, always young,
Over the fields where the wild oats grow,
To the tune of the songs that never were sung,
Into Fairyland we must go!



LITTLE MIGNONETTE.

Into Fairyland we must go!
Into Fairyland, etc.

BEES'-WINGS. Buzz!

WHITE OWLET. Tu-whoo!

(*Exit* FAIRIES.)



HONOR, THE MAID.

HONOR (*Running on, picking up* LITTLE JO, *speaks*).

Oh, Master Jo, I am that quaking!
For when I found ye gone, me heart was breaking!
Sure, it 's the lad's own luck that Honor found ye
Before the little fairy people bound ye!

LITTLE JO (*Half looking up, as if talking in his sleep, speaks*).

I thought I saw them, Honor, did n't you?

(*Exit in* HONOR'S *arms.*)

VOICE OF CHANTICLEER (*In the distance*).

Cock-a-doodle-do!

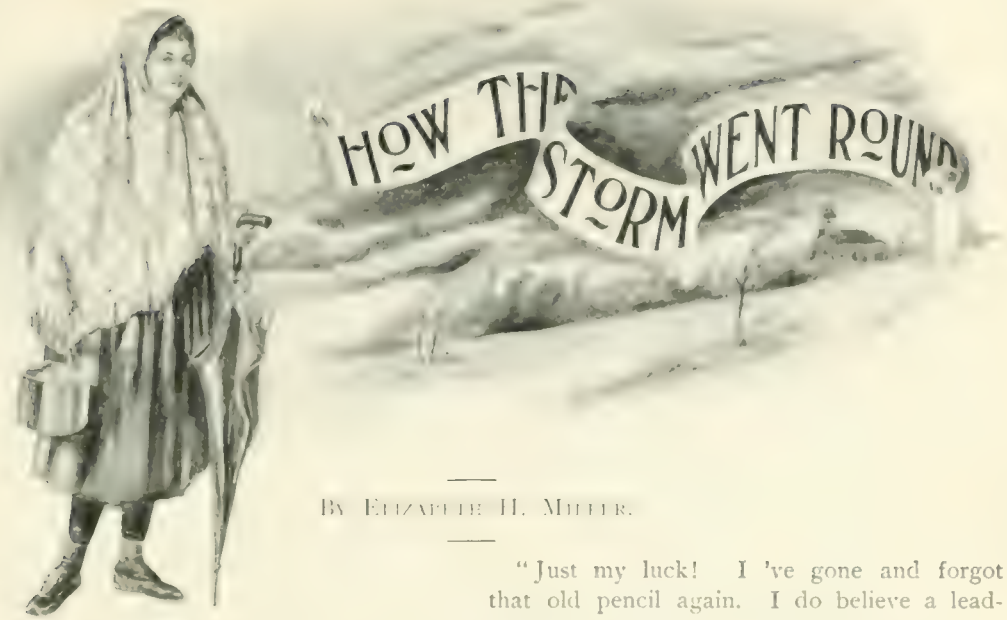
(*Curtain.*)







HOME FROM SCHOOL THROUGH AN APRIL SHOWER.




By Elizabeth H. Miller.

The big school-room clock said ten minutes to nine, one Monday morning. It was a dark day; a heavy gray fog blotted all the window-panes, and really seemed to have crept indoors and settled down on the spirits of the scholars who were gathering thick and fast.

Two small girls, standing below the row of pegs where hats and wraps were hung, were arguing with growing temper over the possession of one particular knob. Finally one of them snatched the other's jacket and flung it fiercely down on the floor.

"I was here first!" she stormed, "so you can just take your coat away. You sha'n't have my place!"

"Very well, Miss Katie Brown," answered the second little maid, marching off with her chin in the air. "When you get ready you may hang my coat up to suit yourself; I 'm not going to touch it. I don't suppose Miss Wright will want it lying there all day, and you know what she always says about flinging things around."

Meantime, at the other end of the room, Herbert Decker, after rummaging two or three times through his desk and book-bag in a vain search, broke out fretfully:

"Just my luck! I 've gone and forgot that old pencil again. I do believe a lead-pencil is the sneakingest thing on this earth; it 's forever getting away from a fellow!"

"I guess your luck won't turn," said his brother Charley, "till you shorten your last morning-nap a little, and quit rushing everything through at the end at about ten times the proper speed."

"I did n't ask your opinion, thank you," said Herbert. "When I wish to engage a private chaplain I 'll let you know. Say, Al Jones, will you lend me a pencil?"

"Can't do it," said Al. "I don't keep supplies for the whole school."

"Not even of manners, do you?" retorted Herbert, snappishly.

Half-way toward the door, two smaller boys were scuffling over an atlas; and across the aisle a little lame lad had just shaken his fist in the face of a neighbor whom he suspected of laughing at his deformity.

Miss Wright, the young teacher, had been trying hard to shut her eyes to the brewing storm about her. She felt dull and out of sorts herself, and now, as she looked at the overcast faces in her school-room, and remembered the long hours that stretched ahead, she heaved a long, deep, discouraged sigh.

Midway in the sigh, the door once more



"'LARRY,' SHE SAID, SMILING AND DIMPLING IN IRRESISTIBLE FRIENDLINESS, 'HERE 'S A PRESENT FOR YOU.'"

opened and shut, to let in a little rosy-cheeked girl wearing a plaid shawl over a much-darned frock. This was Minty Morris. None of the other girls wore a shawl, and none of them had quite so many patches as she: but I doubt whether anybody had ever thought about that; certainly nobody minded.

Minty was smiling and breathless.

"I ran all the way," she said cheerfully. "Our clock never is just exactly right. It 's horrid hurrying so, but then it makes a nice relief for you when you find out you 're in time, after all."

Here she stumbled over the jacket that Katie Brown had thrown on the floor.

"Somebody's coat will get mussed," she said, hanging it up in place, and straightening two or three hats on their pegs as she passed. Then she began to fumble in her dinner-pail, and presently drew out a splendid crimson apple. She looked at it admiringly while she polished it off on the end of her shawl until its smooth surface shone again. When she was fully satisfied that she had done her best to heighten its perfections, she started across to the corner where Larry Miles, the crippled boy, was still frowning tremendously over his grievance.

Since Minty came in there had been a lull in the angry talking, and the shuffling of feet on the school-room floor had stopped, so that now when she spoke, quiet as her voice was, everybody heard.

"Larry," she said, smiling and dimpling in irresistible friendliness, "here 's a present for you. Grandpa brought us some of these on Saturday, and I saved a nice one out just for you. Don't you like this kind?"

As if Larry did n't like all kinds! And as if Grandpa Morris had brought so many apples that "one," more or less, did not count!

I think that every mind in the listening school-room traveled to the little tin pail on Minty's desk, and remembered how seldom it was that anything like a luxury was brought to light from under its cover.

Suddenly one of the small boys took his hand away from the disputed atlas.

"You can have it," he said; "I don't care."

And Al Jones took out his knife, and cutting his pencil in two, offered half to Herbert.

"I guess this was too long for comfort; and anyhow, it 's a pity if there is n't some way to get the best of circumstances."

The boy who had roused Larry's wrath leaned over a seat or two to speak to him.

"What are you mad at me about, old man?" he demanded. "I was just laughing at the face Katie Brown was making. If you want to fight me for that, all right. But I think we 'd better shake hands and be friends."

Katie Brown squirmed uneasily for a time; then she peeped over her shoulder at the neighbor whose coat she had maltreated, and finally she turned around and said shyly:

"My Aunt Mary is going to Europe; did you know it?"

And so it seemed as though the fog and gloom that had threatened crept off under the door and through the cracks of the windows to join the gray March storm outside.

"Dear little Minty!" said Miss Wright, looking over at the desk where Minty, with her tongue thrust into her cheek and a studious frown on her face, was "doing examples" with all her might. "Dear little girl! She does n't know how much she has helped us all; and just by being sweet and kind and contented."



"— THE FAIR MAID,
THOU [illegible] MADE OF HEART."
*Thomas Hood*

# THE "RABBIT WOMAN."

By George A. Williams.




Frau Zehner, better known in New York City as the "Rabbit Woman," is a native of Saxony. She is of good family, her father having been a physician in Leipsic. She came to this country in 1882, and having met with reverses in fortune, was obliged to earn her living. Renting a place on Twenty-third Street, she sold, for a number of years, small trinkets and toys for the children.

Frau Zehner has a happy disposition, and readily makes friends among the children, always having a bright smile and a pleasant word for her little customers.

But she was not destined always to deal in toys. One of her street neighbors, an aged woman who sold small live rabbits, one morning did not come, as usual, to her stand. The farmer that supplied her with bunnies was on hand with a basketful. When he saw the old woman was not there, he looked around to find some one to sell the load for him, not wishing to take them back home again. At last he asked Frau Zehner to sell the rabbits. At first she hesitated, but finally consented to try; and when noon-hour came she found that the bunnies were indeed salable articles, for she had disposed of all the farmer had brought. He went home promising to bring her more the next day, and was on hand early in the morning with another supply, which, like the first, Frau Zehner sold very quickly.

From the time of taking up the business she has been known as the "Rabbit Woman."

She finally drew such a crowd with her strange but attractive wares that the authori-

ties ordered her to move her stand to a less conspicuous place than Twenty-third Street.

For a time she sold her rabbits in front of one of the best known candy-stores of New York; but upon making a second move, she found a new place between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets on the west side of Broadway, where she has been on every pleasant day for the past few years.

The busiest season of the year for the Rabbit Woman is at Easter-time, when her sales are doubled. The idea of the hare in connection with Easter, says Frau Zehner, first found expression in Germany. The children are up early Easter morning to hunt for the "hare's nest." It may be either inside or outside the house. When the hare is found—it may be either of sugar or papier-mâché, but usually it is a real, live bunny—it is in the nest surrounded with eggs, which the old people tell the children were left there for them during the night.

The little bunnies that the Rabbit Woman sells are of many colors. Some are tan-colored, while others are pure white or spotted with black.

She sells guinea-pigs also, which she claims are good to have around where the children are, as they take away sickness; and she says that they are also good for the rheumatism of the older people. The pretty little guinea-pigs need no such recommendation, however.

She has strung up, back of her baskets and boxes, small fur boas and muffs for dolls, together with rabbits' paws, which she sells to people for "mascots."

Sometimes she adds kittens to her stock in trade. During the week of the cat show she offered her customers nothing else.

The apron she wears while carrying on her trade has rabbits embroidered along the bottom of it, and one on each of the pockets; when cats are her wares, the pattern of her apron also shows the change, and a long row of graceful and decorative kittens take the place of the embroidered rabbits.

Frau Zehner does not raise the rabbits, but obtains her supply from the farmers of the surrounding country. She will try to find a bunny of almost any color for you, if you wish it.

She is a great favorite with the artists who wish to paint or draw from rabbits about the time of the holidays or Easter.

When the weather is stormy, so that it is impossible for her to be at her usual stand, she receives at her home many distinguished customers who come to buy rabbits for their children.

She lives in a cozy little tenement on the East Side. Her parlor is very tastefully arranged, and although the furniture is not of the most expensive and the carpet is not of the latest design, her apartment has a very cheerful and homelike look.

It is in this room she keeps the bunnies, in a large dry-goods box with a piece of wire netting over the top to keep them in the box and out of mischief.

She says that one evening she went out, and upon her return she found the cover partly pushed off the box, and all the rabbits—a dozen or more in number—sat in a row on the top.

"It struck me as so comical," said Frau Zehner, "that I sat down and laughed and laughed, wishing my little customers who buy my bunnies could have seen them there, like a lot of well-drilled soldiers all drawn up in a row."



# BOOKS AND READING FOR YOUNG FOLK.

## A PRIZE COMPETITION.

### A LIST OF TWENTY-FIVE BOOKS FOR A YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY.

THE requests made in this department for lists of books suitable for young readers have brought in so many replies that it has been practicable to print only a small proportion of them. A general summary of a few more has been offered to our readers; but letters upon the subject continue to arrive.

It has been decided, in view of the interest shown in preparing such lists, to offer prizes for certain lists, as follows:

Three prizes will be given to the three persons who shall send to the ST. NICHOLAS office before April 15, 1899, the best list of twenty-five books for young readers of from ten to sixteen years of age. The books are to be works of fiction or general literature (excluding periodicals, religious works, reference-books, or books purely of information), and such as may be considered of permanent value in a young folks' library — books to be read and re-read. These regulations are to be understood and construed in a liberal spirit, the object being to secure a thoroughly good collection of twenty-five volumes for children's reading. By volume is meant single book; but a set of stories, poems, or other works commonly bound in one volume may be counted as a single book. It would not do, for instance, to write: "14. Hannah More's works," or to give an author's name only, as "19. Sir Philip Sidney." A book must be named. Ten substitutes will be allowed in addition to the twenty-five books first named; that is, after the names of any ten on the first list, a second choice may be given on the same list. For instance, if upon the list of twenty-five was written: "18. Boyhood of Old King Cole, by his Son," there may be added, "or 18. Life of Old Dog Tray, by O. Grimes," and so with nine others.

Lists must be in black ink, on one side of letter-size paper; the books must be numbered, and the competitor's name must be on each sheet. A few words of comment upon each book will be welcomed where they are useful in identifying or explaining about a title; but books that are well known will need no comment. Lists should be entitled, "Books for Young Folks' Library."

For the best lists the following prizes will be awarded:

One First Prize: Fifteen Dollars in gold.

Two Second Prizes: Each Ten Dollars in gold.

Three Third Prizes: Each Five Dollars in gold.

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Competitors may send not more than one list. The competition will be closed by April 15, 1899. Brevity, correctness, neatness, and legibility will be preferred to decorative work. The object is to secure a list of the best books in each class, whether those books be well known or not. The books should be chosen for their worth to young readers generally, rather than for their fitness to a particular class. Every list will be carefully considered; but unsuccessful lists will not be returned, nor can the conductors of this department enter upon any correspondence about them.

Any one of any age may compete, whether a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS or not. There is no restriction as to the amount of advice or help to be obtained by competitors, except that a list must be something more than a copy of another list. A *selection*, made by the competitor and his helpers after full consideration and discussion, is what is desired. The awards will be made as promptly as possible after the lists are received.

Lists should be mailed so as to reach the ST. NICHOLAS office before April 15, 1899. The envelopes should be addressed:

Books and Reading Department,
ST. NICHOLAS Magazine,
Union Square,
New York, N. Y.

In view of this competition we shall not print any lists of books this month, though several excellent selections have been received, and some of these may be printed later. We wish especially to thank Iola M. Gilbert, Laura C. G., Ralph Wilder Brown, Mrs. Sara Hale Delaney, Mrs. J. P. Dashiell, and Jane McCoy for their interesting letters.

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An older reader recommends that young folk should form the habit of acquainting themselves with the life-history of authors whose books attract them. Even the brief notes given in a biographical dictionary will lend fresh interest to an author's work, and it will often be found that new light is thrown upon a favorite book when the reader has learned why and how it was written. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" is a well-known example, and Gray's "Elegy" is another.

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If you must mark a book,—and the practice has its uses as well as its abuses,—mark it lightly in pencil, so that the mark may be taken out. A note of any part to which one may wish to refer may be made faintly on a fly-leaf.

A neat book-plate, no matter how unpretentious, is a better sign of ownership than a scrawled signature.

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It makes a difference where and when a book is read, and often it is well worth while to wait for the fitting season. The effect of reading a book through in a hurry and at one sitting is far different from the result of reading the same book slowly and considerately. When at leisure for long spaces of time, the great writings will be found most satisfying; less serious works may be taken up when recreation is the chief purpose.

Many a good book suffers from being read out of its right surroundings. For instance, who could fairly judge "Hiawatha," reading it in a street-car?

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An enthusiastic admirer of Shakspere once boasted that any general thought found in the works of another writer could be found better expressed by Shakspere.

This seems overstated, certainly. Yet in these days of many, many books, it is well to remember that a few great books contain nearly all that human wisdom, wit, and knowledge have brought forth. It may not all be in Shakspere, but a very small shelf of well-selected books can hold very nearly the whole treasure of literature; or, if not the whole treasure, all that one reader can truly possess.

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When we are beginning our Latin, and have struggled through the declensions, it may interest us to know that Julius Cæsar was the inventor of the term "ablative," as well as the writer of the "Commentaries."

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Among all our great writers, there are few who could, with equal truth, have used such words as these of Sir Walter Scott, when near the close of his life:

> I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted.

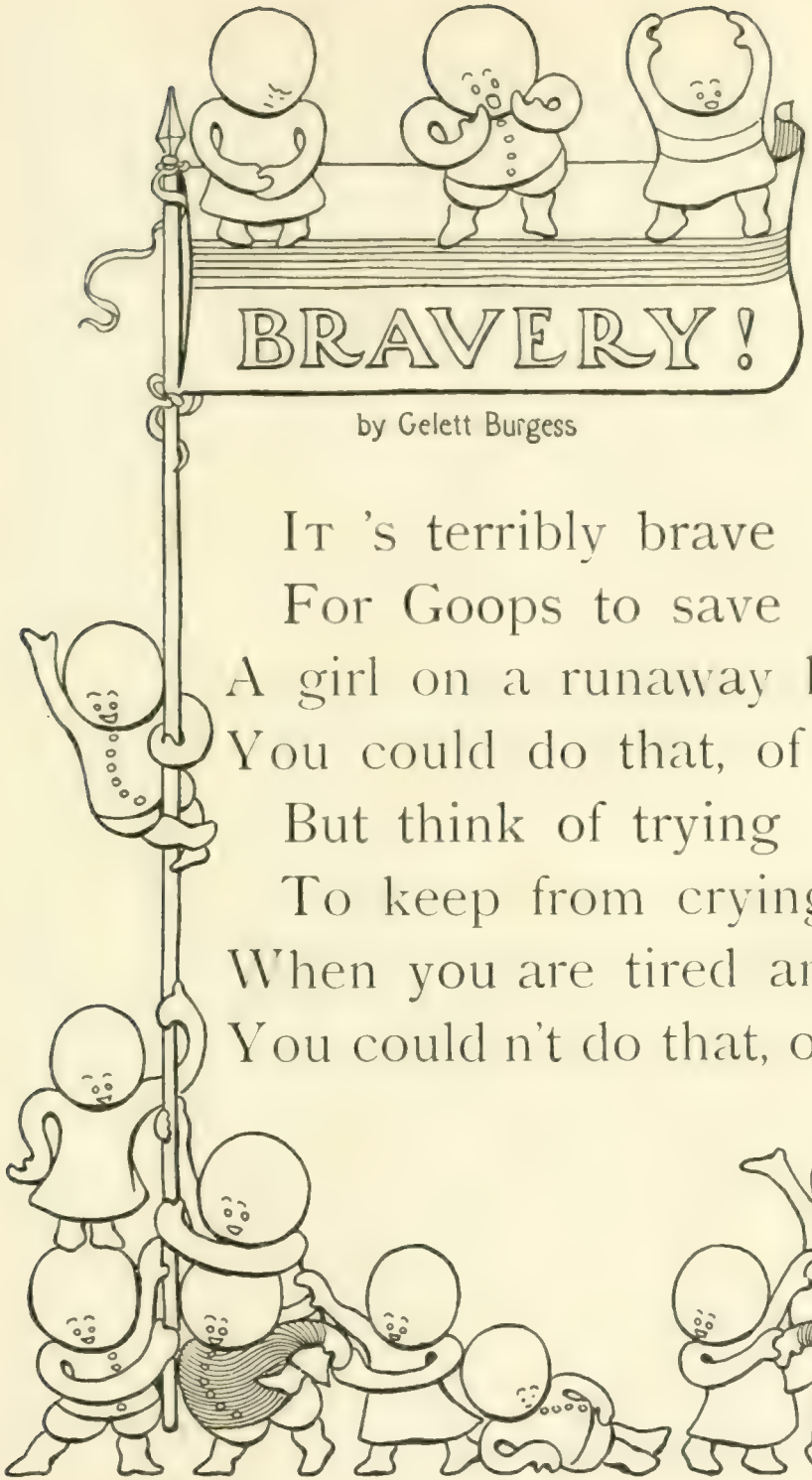
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Probably all the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls have read and enjoyed "Westward Ho!" and know about Charles Kingsley, and what a good as well as gifted man he was. Advice from such a man is worth one's attention, and here is a short extract from a lecture of his. You will perhaps like to read the whole lecture some day.

> In an age like this,—an age of popular literature, and lectures and self-culture, too often random and capricious, however earnest,—we cannot be too careful in asking ourselves, in asking others, the meaning of every word which they use, of every word which they read; in assuring them that the moral as well as the intellectual culture acquired by translating accurately one thing, by making out thoroughly the sense of one chapter of a standard author, is greater than they will get from skimming whole folios, or attending seven lectures a week till their lives' end. *It is better to* KNOW *one thing than to know* ABOUT *ten thousand things.*

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by Gelett Burgess

It 's terribly brave
For Goops to save
A girl on a runaway horse!
You could do that, of course!
But think of trying
To keep from crying
When you are tired and cross!
You could n't do that, of course!

# CURRENT EVENTS.

THE CUBAN ARMY. The disbanding of the insurgent army in Cuba should take place before long. Their fighting days are over, and the sooner they turn to the arts of peace the better for themselves and their country. President McKinley has three million dollars in his hands to pay these troops. It is estimated that this will give each private one hundred dollars — not a large sum in this country, yet probably more money than most of the insurgents ever have seen at one time.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE IN CUBA. American energies are already at work in developing Cuba by promoting enterprises on the island. American capital and industry will work such a revolution in the "Pearl of the Antilles" — an old name for Cuba — that the earlier inhabitants will not know their own land.

AN EXPLORATION OF LUZON. An increase of our army is thought necessary because of affairs in the Philippine Islands. The natives are in conflict with the United States troops, and no one knows how long the fighting may continue. Two officers of Dewey's fleet, who explored the island of Luzon (the largest of the Philippine group), say that the Filipinos, while ignorant of the world, are intelligent and eager to learn.

The natives were suspicious of the Americans, but offered no ill-treatment further than to make them give up their arms. One chief objected to a camera the officers had, and it was hard for him to believe it was not used for military purposes. If the natives are intelligent there is a chance that they can be made to believe in the good faith of the Americans.

THE CHAIN-LETTER SYSTEM. Much has been said and written for and against the "chain-letter" as a method of obtaining money for charitable purposes, but a consideration of the financial profit and loss involved ought to deter any one from starting a chain.

Each letter mailed implies the mailing of three more letters, and the forwarding of the original letter to its destination, inclosing its dime. Therefore four two-cent stamps are used for every dime that is contributed.

An additional two cents would not pay for the paper and envelopes used; and so we are justified in asking if any scheme is advisable where the expense of raising the money is greater than the sum collected?

It may be argued that the expense is shared by the many, while all the revenue goes to one; but this is true of nearly all organized charity, and in the chain system the *proportion* of expense is absurdly great.

And, aside from financial considerations, the chain-letter is an unmitigated nuisance. It is hard for a busy person to find time to repeatedly "make three copies of the inclosed letter," but it is still harder to decide what three friends shall be inflicted with the annoying missives.

Nine out of every ten givers are reluctant and unwilling, and are coerced into giving through the awful fear of "breaking the chain," so that the spirit of charity is woefully absent.

THE OCEAN CURRENTS. The force, speed, and direction of ocean currents are discovered by a systematic plan of throwing sealed bottles overboard and in time receiving reports of them. An explanation of this plan was printed in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1893.

These reports are indexed and classified, with the result that much valuable information is gained about the ocean currents.

For instance, a bottle thrown overboard November 16, 1896, was picked up March 26, 1898, during which time it had drifted 4700 miles. Another that was thrown over near Nantucket was found, 512 days later, off the coast of Scotland. Another, starting from Cape Cod, brought up at Cornwall, having traveled 2500 miles in 600 days.

Some bottles, however, have shown an average speed of thirty-one miles per day, while others have traveled along at the slower rates of twenty-six, fourteen, and even four miles per day. In the Pacific Ocean there are fewer chances of the bottles being picked up, but the experiments are tried there with fair success. As the work goes on, the number of bottles used is increasing, and the captains and skippers are becoming accustomed to finding the bottles and reporting them to the bureau.




TUNIS, AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama thought you would like to hear from an American boy in the city of Tunis, Africa. I am nine years old, and my home is in Chicago. I buy you every month now, but when I go home I want you to be sent by mail. New Year's Day we sat outdoors and heard the band play under the palm-trees. Arabs with their white burnooses around them, and Jews and Moors and Sardinese in bright colors, walked past. They speak French and Arabic here, no English. The old town is inside the gate, and mama calls it "Arabian Nights come true." It was built long before the time of Christ. Water is carried around in funny big jugs. Some is carried in goatskins on the backs of little donkeys and on men's backs. We like to visit the *souks*; they are the shops and markets of the Arabs. They sell perfume, jewelry, rugs, swords and guns, and many other things. A big mosque is in the center, but the name is too hard for me. I have only just begun to read in the Third Reader, and that name is in Arabic. Mama teaches me. I am in geography and multiplication. Mama is so afraid that I will forget about America that she keeps having me bound all the States and telling the capitals. Tunis has a bey. He is like a governor in the United States. The President of France tells him how to do things, I think. The bey lives in a palace at Marsa.

The ruins of a great Roman city named Carthage are near there. The Romans of Rome destroyed it because it grew so fast and became so rich. Many buildings in Tunis have pillars and stone taken from Carthage. Camels come in from the desert every day loaded with dates and other things from the oases. Biskra is the name of an oasis to which we are going. There are many French soldiers in Tunis. We saw some zouaves drilling. There is a French torpedo-boat here in the harbor now. Your loving reader,

BURNHAM GRÈVES.

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TAUNTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old.

I have been meaning to write to you for a long time. My mother took the first ST. NICHOLAS twenty-five years ago, and since then it has been handed down to my cousin, and finally to me.

My cousin has kept all the back numbers, and I read them over and over.

My favorite stories are: "Denise and Ned Toodles," "Miss Nina Barrows," "The White Cave," "The Prize Cup," "Two Biddicut Boys," and "The Lakerim Athletic Club."

I have had ST. NICHOLAS for a Christmas present for three years, and everybody in the house likes to read it.

Good-by. With much love, your devoted reader,

RUTH A. CROSSMAN.

P. S.—Here is a charade I made up:

My first is always white and neat;
My second runs barking along the street;
My third is a warrior brave and bold;
My whole is useful in case of a cold.

ANSWER.—Hand-(cur)ker-chief.

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JERSEY CITY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You seem like an old friend to me, for you have been in this family much longer than I have. I came here in 1888, but you came here (in this family) in 1873. We all love you very much, and every month there is a scramble as to who shall get you first.

My father is generally the successful one, but he does n't keep you as long as he wants to, because I always coax you away from him. Mama used to answer the puzzles when she was a little girl, and she has n't given it up yet. Papa helps too, and I often see them digging into the dictionary and other big books to find out words I never heard of.

Of all the stories I like "Two Biddicut Boys" best, then "Chuggins," and then "Denise and Ned Toodles."

I never wrote a letter to you before. Mama did once, when she was a little girl, and it was printed. I hope mine will be. Your loving reader,

FREDDIE S. FRAMBACH.

LE BOIS ST. ÉTIENNE, LOIRE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are a set of French subscribers from St. Étienne. We are three families, one of seven children (two of them are married); the other is of six children; and the third is composed of the three children of the eldest married girls of the first family.

Our feelings for the ST. NICHOLAS and the Americans are quite the same as those of the girls of Lugdarez. We know them very well, and they are very nice.

St. Étienne is a very beautiful town, and we like it very much, though it is a little dusty and dirty because of the coal-mines. But the surroundings are very beautiful indeed. We like to take long trips in carriage, on bicycle, or on our legs.

It is not only in England or America that Christmas is such a beautiful homelike feast. Our houses are decked with holly, ivy, and mistletoe. We make a crib and a Christmas tree for the little ones, who always put their shoes on the hearth.

The eldest pass the whole night up, talking pleasantly, singing "Noëls," and reading. We have a Jericho rose. We put it into water, and it bloomed during the Holy Night. At midnight we went to the mass, after which we had *réveillon* (that means a meal to hinder people from sleeping). The réveillon lasted till half-past three; then we went to bed. The next morning the children were very glad to see the Christmas tree. They were fifteen.

We liked very much your articles on "Books and Reading for Young Folks." We did not read many English books, but would you like to know our preferred French books?

We remain, with many good wishes,

Your faithful readers,

MARIE GRANGER,
MARGUERITE GRANGER,
MARGUERITE MURGUE,
MARIE-ANTOINETTE MURGUE,
MARIE-LOUISE MURGUE.

Thank you. We should be glad to have a list of French books suitable for young folk.

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HERE is a letter showing how a great public benefit may cause some private unhappiness:

WEST BOYLSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a beautiful town situated in a valley between two hills, and the Nashua River flows through the valley.

But Boston is going to take the valley and river for a reservoir to supply water for her people.

I feel sad to see my playmates moving away one by one.

The place where I was this summer, at the sea-shore, the pier was washed away.

I have taken your magazine for a year, and starting another.

I am nine years old, and in the sixth grade.

Your interested reader,

ANDREW J. SCARLETT, JR.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day, looking through ST. NICHOLAS with a friend of mine, we came across pictures of some bears. He told me a little story which happened last summer while he was in Yellowstone Park.

The party he was camping with had just returned from fishing, and, stringing their fish, hung them up at the back of the camp. My friend was walking slowly around the camp, and saw some black objects moving in the bushes. He quickly jumped in an empty barrel, and waited. He had not long to wait, for the cubs (which were the black objects), seeing everything quiet, soon came for the fish. As one was very near the barrel, he put out his hand and hit the cub on the back. Away they all went, and did not venture there again.

Your interested reader, F. J. S.

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WINCHESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed reading you for over two years, but my brothers read you for ten or more years before I was born. I liked reading "The Lakerim Athletic Club," "Two Biddicut Boys," and "Denise and Ned Toodles" stories very much, and hope there will be another like "The Lakerim Athletic Club," and that it will continue for a very long time. Last summer vacation we all went to Switzerland for six weeks and had a most enjoyable time. I thought perhaps you might like to know of my pets, all of which have not proper names. I have put them so that the one I had first comes first, and so on. Two black bantams, ——, a tortoise, "Jim," a rabbit, "Marquess," a canary, ——, a guinea-pig, "Tom."

These are all; I have only six. I am sending you all good wishes for the coming season, hoping it may be a successful one to you. I am a little English girl aged ten.

Yours truly,

LILIAS S. H.

The dashes after the words "bantams" and "a canary" mean that these pets are not named.

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NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I have read your stories for four years, and we both like you very much. We live in an apartment house, and there is a balcony in front of our window, and next door there is also a balcony, about two feet from ours, where lives a big black cat; and in the early part of the winter she jumped across to our balcony, and we let her in. But now Pussy's owners have put a wire netting between the two balconies, so that when the snow came she would not slip. And at Christmas we tied a Christmas card around her neck, and the next time she came, she had a photograph of herself, sitting in the snow on her balcony, tied to her collar with bright red ribbon, and it was very cunning. She comes to see us nearly every day, then finds a bit of sunshine and goes to sleep, or plays with a string; and we are all very fond of her. We have a canary and a little parrot, and when Pussy comes, we run and shut the birds up before we let her in.

Very sincerely yours,

VALEDA JOHNSON (aged nine).

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WE thank the correspondents whose names follow for their interesting letters and inclosures.

Fannie H. Bickford, Launce F. Wilson, Julian and Philip Marks, Edna Adelaide Brown, Willard B. Farwell, Jr., Tessie L. Oliver, Ray H. Spring, Bessie Marett, Emilie Louise Fiero, Helen Mary Majo, Amelia Ames, Robert Harris, John P. Phillips (who sends a photograph of Anthony Wayne's monument), Florence V. V., Bessie C. Spencer (who incloses a secret alphabet), Gertrude French, John R. Tunis (whose letter is written on a new typewriter, and is not so straight as it might be), Harold B. Woods, David Hanhart and Vincent Hanhart (whose letter is a product of a new fountain-pen), Edith S. G., Edith M. Meyer (who sends a poem she composed), F. A. C., Elizabeth G. Warren, Mason B. Starring, Alfred Provost (who declares the earlier volumes of ST. NICHOLAS almost as good as the later), Taber Loree, Gabrielle McLellan, Margaret Kennedy (whose family have always taken ST. NICHOLAS, and who incloses a clever little poem), Edna Bennet, William Caspar Rehn, Jr., Mary Stillman, H. E. M., and Isabel Patterson.



# THE RIDDLE-BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

Word-Square. 1. Rags. 2. Utah. 3. Gida. 4. Sham.

Connected Diamonds. I. 1. M. 2. Cat. 3. Carat. 4. Marbled. 5. Talon. 6. Ten. 7. D. II. 1. D. 2. Paw. 3. Pasha. 4. Dotard. 5. Wade. 6. Ant. 7. D. III. 1. D. 2. Cab. 3. Cages. 4. Daggled. 5. Below. 6. Sew. 7. D. IV. 1. D. 2. Sea. 3. Sambo. 4. Demeans. 5. Abase. 6. One. 7. S.

Diamond. 1. D. 2. Bid. 3. Level. 4. Bananas. 5. Disavowal. 6. Denoted. 7. Lawed. 8. Sad. 9. L.

Illustrated Additions. 1. Kit-e-hen. 2. Bay-o-net. 3. Fur-n-ace. 4. Spin-n-ing. "Cane."

Omitted Measures. 1. Speckled. 2. Shells. 3. Parade.

Oblique Rectangle. 1. G. 2. Ere. 3. Grand. 4. Enter. 5. Demon. 6. Robes. 7. Nests. 8. Steam. 9. Salic. 10. Minor. 11. Comes. 12. Reht. 13. Siren. 14. Tenor. 15. Nod. 16. R.

Some Curious Creatures. 1. Arara. 2. Teetee. 3. Koodoo. 4. Kakapo. 5. Tuko-tuko. 6. Octocerata. 7. Triple-tail. 8. Koolo-kamba. 9. Star-throat. 10. Avocet. 11. Sea-cow.

Concealed Central Acrostic. Lemon. 1. Heed. 2. Pique. 3. Hours. 4. Joint. 5. Manor. 6. Atone. 7. Waxen.

To our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the January Number were received, before January 15th, from Paul Reese — A. Hartich "Daisy Snell" — Jack and George A. — Nessie and Freddie — Mabel and Ada — Bob Sawyer — Mabel Miller Johns — Winifred M. Stern — Marjorie and Caspar.

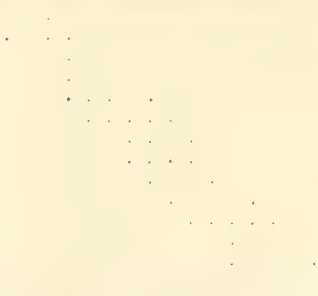
Answers to Puzzles in the January Number were received, before January 15th, from Marguerite Lewis, 1 — E. M. M., H. MacM. R., and M. R., 1 — Sara Jean Arnold, 2 — Drew and Constance Warren, 3 — Julia Cole, 3 — S. Edwin Earle, 2 — Audrey, Katharine Mather, 1 — Rose Carpenter, 1 — K. S. and Co., 3 — Robert Dean, 1 — C. F. V. de la Pettrie, 2 — Helen Dodge, 1 — Dora, Gertrude, and Clifford, 3 — Margaret Hyde, 3 — Lula B. Dawson, 4 — Edna Huddleston, 1 — C. D. Lucas and Co., 1 — Adeline L. F. Pepper, 5 — Sigourney Fay Nininger, 8 — Mabel and Eva, 5 — Marshall Lindley, 2 — "The B. and two Js.," 5 — No name, Holland Villas Road, 3.

### DIAMOND.

1. In element. 2. Termination. 3. A feminine name. 4. Agreeable sound. 5. Native. 6. Definition. 7. A plant. 8. A tropical vegetable. 9. In element.

"ALLIE AND ADIE."

### OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



1. In New York. 2. An insect. 3. To enrich. 4. This day. 5. A country. 6. Jerks. 7. The heavens. 8. Part of a flower. 9. Preserved. 10. To imbibe knowledge. 11. To draw off by degrees. 12. A river of Africa. 13. At no time. 14. Provision for successive relief. 15. A small animal. 16. In New York.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

### RIDDLE.

I have ever been a joy, a fear, and a means of livelihood to men; yet putting together my present and my past, I am a pastime of children. I have my share in the cares of life, and yet I am always in luck; without me physics, chemistry, mathematics, and, in fact, all the exact sciences would be a meaningless jumble. While I am an absolute necessity to princes, the poor man never feels the want of me.

Although I have my share of all practical accomplishments, yet in cooking I have made a mere beginning. In sweeping, dusting, and washing I am absolutely nowhere.

Now, if you cannot guess what I am, look carefully through your dictionary, though you could find me first in any good cyclopedia.

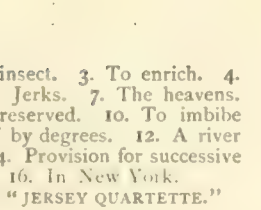
JANET C. C.

### CHARADE.

The boy sat by the fireside,
And stroked poor pussy's *second*;
Why should he *first* when asked to *whole?*
My *whole* 's for nothing reckoned.

F. E. SIBLEY.

### CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. Upper Square: 1. Hide. 2. A great lake. 3. An extended mark. 4. To abound.

II. Middle Square: 1. Tidy. 2. A feminine name. 3. A familiar Latin word. 4. Good-by.

III. Lower Square: 1. At the apex. 2. A weed. 3. Spheres. 4. A nuisance.

J. A. S.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a well-known writer; my finals, one of his books.

Cross-words: 1. A European rodent. 2. A classic deity. 3. To ransom. 4. One of the United States. 5. A city in that State. 6. A famous city of Europe. 9 An inclosure for birds. 8. A frozen pendant. 9. Closer.

CELIA BLOCK.

### ILLUSTRATED ADDITIONS.

If you add picture number 1 to number 2, you get number 3; but if you add number 4 to number 2 you get number 5. When you add number 6 to number 7 you get number 8, but if you add number 9 to number 7 you get number 10.



### HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. I took to the picnic a melon and a pie.
2. But one tear fell, I only heaved one sigh.
3. I think that is what I German silver call.
4. Just hear him pant! He ran after the ball.
5. It is very comical from my point of view.
6. What is in that bag? Nuts and raisins too.
7. Are we a selected few for this special thing?
8. It must be a very pretty place in spring.
9. Why should you rebuff a loader so, my dear?
10. There seem to be several new authors every year.
11. Has he epaulets to wear, as well as you?
12. What a very pretty badge! Red, white, and blue.
13. Where is my cap? I gave away my hat.
14. This purse is morocco; what d' ye think of that!
15. You 'll find near the log oats, I think, and hay.
16. That pretty rose will fade ere the close of day.
17. Put a new gourd dip or cup in each pack.
18. Shovel, kettle, pot, and pan, why are you so black?
19. "Can it be a robber?" in alarm she cried.
20. There, behind that bush, ye naughty children hide.

In the above are animals twenty—
One in each line; I think that is plenty.

E. R. BURNS.

### WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Paled. 2. Odor. 3. A certain number. 4. To correct. 5. A fop.

II. 1. A flower. 2. Old. 3. Narratives. 4. To choose. 5. Reposes.

HELEN MURPHY.

### RIDDLE.

Some fill me, some beat me,
Some kill me, some eat me;
I creep and I fly, and my color is green;
And though I 'm a season,
There 's quite a good reason
Why my end or beginning there 's no man hath seen.

A. M. P.

### CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

I.

1. Take the central letter from a word meaning to enslave, and leave part of the head.
2. Take the central letter from mercenary, and leave a kind of meat.
3. Take the central letter from listened, and leave a number of animals.
4. Take the central letter from heals, and leave hints.
5. Take the central letter from silent, and leave an archbishop of Canterbury.
6. Take the central letter from an under-teacher, and leave one who employs.
7. Take the central letter from a Flemish sloop, and leave a South African farmer.

The seven central letters will spell political confusion.

II.

1. Take the central letter from to chew, and leave large quantity.
2. Take the central letter from a pointed weapon, and leave a mineral.
3. Take the central letter from a botanical term, and leave an animal.
4. Take the central letter from a group of the same kind, and leave a famous German composer.
5. Take the central letter from a reason, and leave a covering.
6. Take the central letter from a kind of cloth, and leave a legal claim.
7. Take the central letter from metrical authors, and leave kitchen utensils.

The seven central letters will spell the name of a mythological deity.

G. B. D.

### ANAGRAM.

An American writer:

CRANK IN FAR MAPS.

### CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

When you seek for a sign of the spring drawing near,
You will know by this token that April is here.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. Should the czar borrow toothpicks and say they were rented,
The world would declare he was slightly demented.

2. And navies would gather from near and from far
Should folderol lodge in the brain of the czar.

3. Then woe to the seamen who feast on plum-duff!
They might scour the Baltic and not get enough.

4. Yet sailors have sense; they will not ask for more
If at breakfast and lunch there are napkins galore.

5. And if they have eggs dropped in milk when they rise,
Why, albumen is good for the whites of the eyes.

6 Should the czar use a knife in the place of a fork,
There 'd be rumblings of war in the Bay of New York.

7. But if only he 's minding his p's and his q's,
The world is delighted to pay for the news.

8. Though I should add length to this wise dissertation,
I really could give you no more information.

ANNA M. PRATT.

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